

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE
AUGUST 1920

15¢

John Fleming Wilson
Fannie Heaslip Lea
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Florence Livingston

Torre-Bevans



A sweater for every frock —now that you can wash them yourself



"I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other THREE girls I know."

"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear, it isn't a new one—it's just washed."

"That fuzzy, woolly sweater washed? I simply don't believe it!"

"Of course it's washed, goosey. In Lux suds just the same as your blouses. It does look new, doesn't it?"

Lux whisks into the most wonderful suds. You just swish your sweater around in them and squeeze the rich lather again and again through the soiled spots. There's not the least bit of rubbing.

Rubbing hard cake soap on wool is simply fatal, you know. Either you get the tiny fibres all mixed up and matted, or else you pull them so far apart they never can go back. And of course when

you scrub the soap out again, you're scrubbing the pretty colors out, too!

The Lux way is so different. It's so careful and so gentle with the delicate wool fibres. You can trust the brightest Shetland, the fuzziest Angora to these pure suds.

Your newest gay golf sweater with its short sleeves and big checked scarf that tucks through the belt and floats away—don't let it grow loose and baggy, nor get ridiculously small and tight. Launder it the Lux way. It will come out soft and shapely, fit just as perfectly as the day you bought it.

Lux is so easy to use, so wonderfully quick. And it can't possibly hurt any fabric or color that can be trusted to water alone. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO WASH SWEATERS

USE two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water and then add cold water until lukewarm. Work your sweater up and down in the suds—*do not rub*. Squeeze the suds again and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last water. This leaves your sweater softer and fluffier. Squeeze the water out—*do not wring*. Spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

LUX



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MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1920
BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR



Different Patterns

THE authorities who have been studying the sexes in politics have argued that women vote no differently from men. If the analysts of election returns are to be believed, the political world is made up of so many million voters, different only in the length of their hair, their garments and their hats. There is no sex distinction in the Presidential equation.

Of course, this isn't true. No two reactions under the sun are ever the same. The London fog caused a brilliant Englishman to write once that where the aesthetic caught an effect, the stupid caught cold; and so it is with politics and life. Certain temperaments are unreservedly for this candidate or that. Some women join clubs, wave flags, march in parades. Their candidate to them is perfection.

But not all women voters are unflagging protagonists. When women, too, leave the front porch of discussion for the arena of politics, they run into the underbrush of practical politics as men play it—with the serious solemnity of the male. Mr. Blank is asking for this appointment and promising that job. The perfect lady runs home disgusted with this business of government?

Some of our best intriguers and politicians are and will be, no doubt, ladies; but most women are direct, and impatient, and obviously motivated. Government is government to them; and no mere means to a job as inspector of a highway. The hope of extended suffrage is that the bulk of the feminine electorate is bored with the intricate ways of masculine politics. Which is upsetting to man, but a promise of progress.

FOLLOWING THE LEADER

FOR the young, it is an excellent sport. In boys and girls, it develops a zest for playing the game, the courage to see things through to a finish, no matter how hazardous the jump from the top of the hayloft. Yet there comes a time when one must stop and ask of the leader: Where?

Now we are not decrying the utility of political organization, the value of leadership. Convictions are thin things if their believers do not hunger after converts. But so many people, grown beyond other childish games, seem to go on following the leader instead of living their own political lives. As long as you know your leader, well and good. But leaders multiply; and so many generalities are uttered in the name of the next Utopia that the tired citizen, weary of the din, is only too glad to believe the nearest and noisiest orator. No good comes to any city or state or nation whose citizens listen not wisely, but too well.

Men and women have in the tops of their heads little areas of cellular activity, called the brain. Lodged there is the only faculty which sets us apart from the gibbering monkeys and the foolish sheep: the power of reflection, of intellectual analysis. To the monkey, the jungle; to the sheep, the boundaried pasture; to us, freemen and freewomen, the universe, to do with what we will.

But men love the beaten track, the familiar presence of the undissenting flock. Making up one's own mind is a lonely and tortuous business. It is so much pleasanter to go politically with the shouting crowd, to vote with the neighbors, to take their word for their candidates.

Yet the crowd is a mere rabble if Mrs. Brown and Mr. Smith do not do their own political thinking. Suffrage is a wasted gain if it does not add to the thinking electorate. Women, paradoxically, are both the more easily influenced, and the instinctively wiser sex. All the more vehemently then do we ask you to read and listen and reflect. Don't believe all that the neighbors and the world tell you. Be a little doubtful of this man's pretensions, a little sophisticated about the game of politics.

Listen politely to the candidate's speeches, but look into his record, his platform's promise, before you give him your vote. Can you believe what he says? How does he stand on social, industrial, and financial questions? Or are you merely voting for him because Mrs. Smith used to know his cousin in college, and says that he is a perfectly delightful man?

Vote with your brains. Vote as a responsible citizen, not merely as a woman. You and the crowd may all elect the same man for President; but if you exercise those powers lodged in your own little area of brain cells, you will not have failed your duty to the ballot. And you will lift this generation a little further away from the imitative jungle into the realm of a consciously intelligent State.

The Divine Sarah

SHE is the greatest living tragedienne, the greatest actress of the French theater, the greatest living woman genius. Even out in Keokuk, they would so acclaim Sarah Bernhardt. Genius is a hard word to define—Bernhardt's particularly. Her genius is many-sided. The world knows her as Sarah the actress, Sarah the sculptor—and now, in the final years of a long and triumphant career, she is Sarah Bernhardt the author.

The editor of McCall's has cabled over from Paris that she has secured for McCall readers the exclusive rights to an amazing series of short stories of the stage by this greatest living genius of the French theater. All her life Sarah Bernhardt has been trying to find time to write these vivid and brilliant tales of the theater, and of her glamorous career. Now, at that time of her life when her memories are richest, her creative power still flaming, she has finished a series of stories, packed with the romance and the passion, the comedy and the tragedy which are the essence of life, the stuff of the Theater. And she has written these stories exclusively for McCall's. They will begin to appear in the early fall.

No living woman has known more of life and power and fame. Bernhardt is a citizen of the Great World, but she is no less honored and applauded by humbler folk, whose hearts and imaginations have been stirred by her great impersonations, who have thrilled with her to the majesty of life. No other woman has had a richer measure of experience. And her magic hand is now setting down for the readers of McCall's the passing procession of life as she has looked upon it.

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THEY PREFERRED ANIMAL SOCIETY!



—Paul Thompson
WHEN THE ALEXANDRIA EGYPT B. C. HUNT CLUB WENT OUT AFTER CROCODILES, THEIR FAVORITE DOGS WENT ALONG WITH THE BOYS



From a painting by Arthur Rackham
BEAUTY WAS A KIND-HEARTED GIRL AND WAS GOOD TO THE BEAST, WHO TURNED HIMSELF INTO A PRINCE AND MARRIED HER. HOW IS THAT FOR GRATITUDE TO A GIRL?



THIS YOUNG PERSON, HARDLY OUT OF THE BABY CARRIAGE, IS OFF TO THE CHASE WITH HER FAITHFUL DOGS AND HER FALCON



World Outlook
IN CHINA, ELDERLY GENTLEMEN WALK OUT WITH THEIR PET BIRDS. WHO WARN THEM OF TRAFFIC DANGERS. WHY NOT TAKE YOUR CANARY MOTORING?



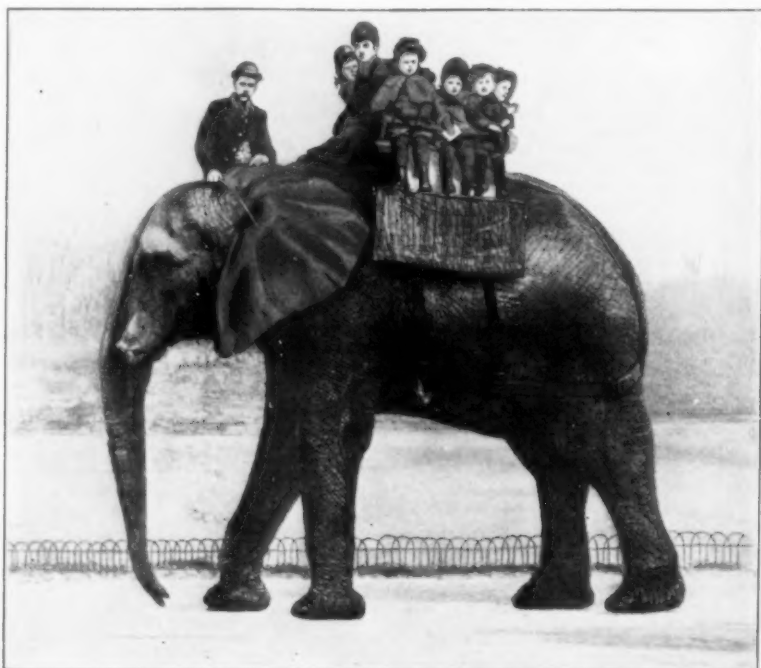
—Paul Thompson
ANDROCLAS AND HIS FAITHFUL LION—COMPARED TO WHOSE ETERNAL AFFECTION THAT AFFAIR BETWEEN ROMEO AND JULIET WAS A MERE SUMMER FLIRTATION!



—Paul Thompson
A PICTURE TAKEN LAST WINTER IN NEW YORK, WHERE EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO



EUROPA LEFT HOME AND MOTHER FOR A SEA VOYAGE ON HER WHITE BULL—A LITTLE TRIP WHICH LATER MADE HER FAMOUS IN THE BEST GREEK SOCIETY



JUMBO, THE PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S PET ANIMAL LEAGUE, IS HERE GIVING A SENSATIONAL THRILL TO THE YOUNGER SET OF THE EARLY NINETIES

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Rub the lather into your skin. Notice how grateful it feels—not a suggestion of irritation. Notice that it does not dry down nor go "flat", but spreads its velvety coat over your entire body.

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"LAND, NO! AIN'T NO MATTER OF STOCKINGS GOING TO STAND 'TWEEN YOU AND SOCIETY, CRINK. I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER PAIR IN TWO SHAKES."

THE CUSTARD CUP

By Florence Bingham Livingston

I—THE INVASION OF LETTIE

MRS. PENFIELD'S house had originally been a barn; but it had chanced to come up in the world as Mrs. Penfield went down, and they had met and joined forces to make a home where none had been intended. The only feature which had not suffered change was the main door, a huge sliding affair that precluded front windows and was like no other door for blocks around, belonging to the type that had gone out with the practical passing of the horse.

If fortune led you that way, you performed an operation on a small crank similar to grinding the morning coffee, a bell jangled, and in no time the big door creaked aside, and there was the plump figure of Mrs. Penfield. Her brown eyes had a look of youth that belied the iron-gray of her hair; and the cheerful curve of her lips gave you a welcome that preceded the words—because always she asked you to "come right in." Your name, your business, were secondary matters; you were first of all a human being and therefore interesting.

It was Monday afternoon. Mrs. Penfield had started the second washing of the day, when Crink returned from school. He was not yet ten, a mere sketch of a boy with narrow shoulders, a stubby nose, and crinkly brown hair.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Penfield in dismay. "Look what you've done, and those are the last stockings you got to your name."

Crink twisted his spine obediently. "Gee! It must ha' been when I clumb that fence. Do you mean I gotta stay in, Penzie?"

She laughed. "Land, no! Ain't no matter of stockings going to stand 'tween you and society, Crink. I'll make you another pair in two shakes—and one for Thad, too, while I'm about it."

From an apple box in her bedroom, Mrs. Penfield produced a pair of long black stockings, bestowed upon the family by one of the patrons of her laundry skill. She sliced off these garments at the ankle, saving the mended feet for polishing the stove, and divided the legs into unequal portions: the narrower cut for Thad, the wider for Crink. Staying the severed edges of the latter with stout thread, she hemmed them to receive the rubber cord which would hold the stockings below the tops of Crink's worn shoes.

The boy, watching her, wriggled nervously in the throes of meditation. "Say, Penzie, I been wondering lately—is it just only ladies that has feet to their stockings?"

She waxed her thread and gave him an amused smile. "Tain't for anybody to know who's got 'um and who hasn't."

"Gee, don't nobody know?"

"Sure they don't. Hain't you never noticed, Crink, the way shoes are made? They've either got a tongue under the lacing or a flap under the buttons, so you can't never know what's inside. Don't that prove that stocking-feet's your own private concern, to do as you please about?"

"Penzie," shrilled a small voice from the yard, "Penzie, 'ere's a heap of trouble." With the words, Thad dashed into the lean-to kitchen. He was a little fellow, with hair the color of a russet apple, and blue eyes fringed with long amber lashes. "Mis' Hill's fa'cet's busted," he announced happily, "and the water leaked down on Mis' Enslow's baby. And that ain't all. Johnny Farr's got toothache. You can hear him scream some'n wonderful!"

"Oh, dear me," sighed Mrs. Penfield. "And the clo'es just on the boil! But I sure got to go."

Pulling off the wash-boiler, she seized the water-tee, cotton batting, and some ginger; then set forth to cope with emergencies.

Nominally, Mrs. Penfield was manager of the six buildings designated by the first owner as Cluster Court. There were two small flats in each house, and they were grouped around a horseshoe driveway which enclosed an oval devoted to a single pepper-tree. On one of the crumbling stucco posts that flanked the entrance, might still be deciphered the words "Cluster Court," but no one ever used the name. By one of the earliest tenants it had been corrupted into "The Custard Cup," and the term had clung.

Space had been too limited to allow front yards. As for Number 47, where Mrs. Penfield lived, it had no frontage whatever, being approached by a cramped alley at the curve of the horseshoe. It had been rendered habitable a year before, when The Custard Cup had changed owners, and had been offered to Mrs. Penfield, rent free, in return for the most general supervision, including the collection of rents and the responsibility of reporting any calamities. The landlord had left her life easily livable, but the tenants, by bringing her all their daily troubles, contrived to make it difficult. It never occurred to them that her generous response was a personal service, but the increasing demands encroached sadly upon the washing and ironing by which the household was supported.

Her most important patron was Mrs. Horatius Weatherstone, who had become a factor at Number 47 and was referred to with flattering frequency, although the Penfields had never seen her. Negotiations were conducted through an efficient housekeeper. But occasionally Mrs. Penfield received a bundle of cast-off garments, usually clothing of Miss Geraldine and Miss Bonnie Weatherstone. Their mother would have suffered a fastidious shock if she could have seen Crink and Thad transformed by Mrs. Penfield's patient ingenuity into innocent caricatures of Geraldine and Bonnie; but the sight was spared her, and the Penfields were too sincerely grateful to criticize. Their small income was hardly elastic enough to cover the fundamental items of food and fuel, school books for Crink, shoes for two active boys, and such apparel as could not be counterfeited at home.

Just at present the Penfields were riding on a wave of prosperity due to Crink's securing two hours of work each day at the combined grocery and meat-market which served the neighborhood. So far he had been paid in merchandise—stale vegetables, shopworn fruit, groceries which had suffered accident, shafts of bone and the more muscular cuts of meat, shunned by patrons who possessed the wherewithal of choice.

Having finished work at the grocery, Crink often rounded out the afternoon by prowling about the dumps or over heaps of debris, bringing home countless bits of wood and cloth, of iron and tin, which could be pulled back into the field of service. Crink was always seeing possibilities; he had that wide vision that comprehends strange purposes never intended by manufacturers, and never glimpsed by the unfortunate whose eyes are dimmed by affluence.

THIS afternoon he came upon the heaped-up ruins of a recent fire. Squirming to the top of the mass, he discovered an incredible piece of luck, the wheel of a dismembered sewing-machine. He grabbed it. But at the same moment another hand also grabbed—a small thin hand. A pair of bright black eyes confronted Crink, the eyes of a girl about his own age who had come from the rear of the lot.

"Hey, leggo there," cried Crink.

"Leggo, yourself," retorted the girl.

"Shan't. I got here first."

"You didn't, neither. If you had, you'd ha' taken it, wouldn't you?"

Staggered by this reasoning, the boy ignored the remark and dug his toes deeper into the ashes and charred wood. Striking something firm, he braced the wheel with both hands. But instantly the girl strengthened her hold by exactly the same maneuver.

"Leggo, I tell you!" stormed Crink. "LEGGO, dern you!"

"Shut up," snapped the girl.

"Leggo, then. Stealer!"

"Snooper!"

"Spit-cat!"

"Sink-rat!"

Maddened, Crink threw his strength into a series of jerks, cunningly irregular. The girl's thin fingers gripped with diabolic frenzy. The wheel whipped up and down, and the air grew thick and thicker with unbreathable ashes.

"Leggo," spluttered Crink. "This here wheel's mine."

"Hub!" retorted the girl. "Just you make me one bit madder, and I'll show you whose 'tis."

"How'll you show me?"

"I'll punch you into purgatory!"

"Ho! You—a girl!"

"Would, too." With a shriek, she lifted one hand and landed a lightning blow on Crink's right cheek. "Want me to pick your gizzard out?"

There seemed to be so much possibility behind this question that Crink freed one hand and struck into the girl's neck. With the yell of a demon, she doubled both fists and lighted into him with a quick rain of blows. Her lean arms proved as strong as steel, her knuckles like sharp twists of metal. On the instant Crink abandoned the wheel and devoted himself to defense.

Kicking, striking, choking, they beat and scratched, pushed and pulled, clawed and twisted, slipping in the ashes, stumbling over charred lath and lumps of plaster, till they landed down in the grass in an angry snarl. Picking themselves up, they glared at each other one breathless moment, their hard young bodies intact, their hard young spirits unconquered.

SUDDENLY the girl made a dash for the heap of debris. Crink sprang to forestall her, but once more they grabbed the wheel with infuriating unanimity and sprawled with the prize between them. The ashy battle had gained no advantage for either side, except that Crink had more respect for his antagonist. She was smaller than he; but, golly, couldn't she hit out?

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Lettie. What's yours?"

"Crink. Gee!" he continued, venturing on the wily path of strategy, "you're the quickest thing I ever saw."

Her softened expression encouraged Crink to further flattery.

"Ye-ah," he expatiated, "you do things right off, in 'bout ten seconds, don't you? I guess your real name is Ten-Second Lettie."

Then he tested the result of his diplomacy by a quick pull of the wheel. Lettie, however, immediately justified her new name by an effective reaction, which restored matters to *status quo*. Presently Crink's curiosity impelled another question.

"Whatcher want it for?" He dipped his nose toward the wheel.

"I dunno. I have to take ev'rything."

"Why?"

"Get beat if I don't."

"Beat? Who beats you?"

"Women I live with."

"Beat you often?"

"All time—fierce."

Crink stared at her with a new expression, of wonder and incredulity. He was acquainted with hardship, but not with cruelty. "And if you take things home—do you get beat up then?"

"Nope. Not except when some'n else goes wrong."

A picture flashed across Crink's mind—Penzie, with the comfortable arms, the love that never failed. Slowly he lifted one hand, then the other. "Take it," he said shortly.

The small girl was amazed. "You givin' it up? Well, I'll be darned! If you hadn't fit so, I'd say you was a 'fraid-cat."

"Take it along. I don't get beat."

"Ye-ah, you don't!" she jeered. "Where you living at?"

Briefly he told her. In the telling, a startling thought popped into his mind. "Mebbe Penzie'd like you, too," he finished.

Lettie's lips curled.

He continued. "She's intrusted in kids that don't intrust anybody else."

This subtle flattery was allowed to permeate Lettie's consciousness before Crink overlaid it with a further contribution.

"We're going to have stew for supper."

Lettie gulped. She had had nothing to eat since morning.

"Come 'long to supper and let her look you over," he added.

"Did you say stew?"

"Uh-huh."

"Is it an honest-to-goodness invite?"

"Sure."

"Lay you down, cut you in two?"

Crink took the oath.

"I'll go," she shrieked.

"You can have all the junk here. Rattle your bones. I'll lick you if you go back on it now."

But Crink didn't go back on it. When they had gathered

up the surface treasures, he escorted Lettie to The Custard Cup—even to the high privilege of the back-door entrance.

"Penzie," he shouted, plunging into the lean-to in great excitement, "look what I brought you. It's Ten-Second Lettie."

Mrs. Penfield, having returned late to her interrupted work, was hurrying with a piece of ironing. She set down her flatiron and turned to see what she had unexpectedly acquired. As a matter of fact, she was not in need of any more children. She had already adopted two—neither Crink nor Thad having the slightest claim on her. By the loss of her husband and her three children several years before, she had been left alone; and after supporting herself for some time by acting as housekeeper in a wealthy family, she had come to feel that she must make a home again—and for children who had no home. She had found Crink and Thad, who were waifs without anchorage, and had cut down her earning capacity for the sake of giving them her love and care. Such were the economic difficulties, however, that she had no thought of extending the family circle; but her welcome to Lettie was unreservedly cordial.

"Bless my soul!" she exclaimed. "Ain't this nice? Come right in, Lettie."

Lettie did not move. Her black eyes had the hard, wary expression of over-experience, estimating, preparing for possible combat. Her curly black hair framed her face in ragged waves. Her presentation gown was of the simplest—a one-piece garment, obviously intended to close in the back, but long since refusing to close at all. Finding this a hindrance to untrammelled action, Lettie had faced the garment about and laced it down the front with pieces of twine, using the buttonholes and accidental perforations. Her emancipation from shoes and stockings was no affair of recent date. Her lean brown legs were heavily studded with bruises, like samplers of tattooing. With the mere substitution of a trifle of fringed grass for her scrap of shredded cotton, Lettie might appropriately have punctuated the pebbly beach of a sunny island in the South Seas.

"Sit right down here, Lettie," invited Mrs. Penfield genially, indicating the wash-bench. "I guess likely you're a friend of Crink's, ain't you?"

The cautious Lettie was not prepared to say. She took the seat, fixing her wary eyes again upon her hostess; but to none of Mrs. Penfield's leading questions, did she make any reply whatever. Her first remark had nothing to do with personal history.

"I'll stay to supper," she conceded, with marked condescension.

"Sure you will," agreed Mrs. Penfield warmly. "We're going to have a grand parsnip stew."

"Say, Penzie," put in Crink eagerly, "you oughter see Ten-Second Lettie fight. She spits and scratches and pulls and—"

Lettie, immensely pleased, looked brightly into Mrs. Penfield's face. "I've got a helluva temper," she acknowledged placidly.

"Have you, now?" inquired Mrs. Penfield conversationally. "That's good. Ain't nothing can move things faster'n temper. All you got to do is to learn when to use it, else you're likely to give the wrong thing a shove."

LETTIE was unwilling to allow even this modification to dim the luster of her chief virtue. "I don't leave nothing standing when I get to going," she continued; "not nothing, nowhere—nor nobody."

Having swept the earth clean of all obstacles, Miss Lettie devoted her whole attention to the saucepan on the stove, working her thin nostrils after the manner of a hungry dog. Mrs. Penfield's keen eyes took in this detail, as she went on with her ironing.

"Where you been living, Lettie?"

"Living? Hain't been living. I been hanging out with two old women—old devils, both of 'em." Lettie, totally at ease as the center of attention, threw out this information with great carelessness.

"And your father and mother—do you remember 'em at all?"

"Never had none." With a scornful grunt, Lettie repudiated all natural connections.

Crink, however, felt that she was carrying it too far. "Say, Lettie," he interposed hurriedly, coming toward her, "you had 'em, you know. All is, you don't remember 'em, mebbe."

"I never had none," she cried vehemently.

"Yes, you did. 'Course you—"

"Shut up," flashed Lettie, turning on him in wrath.

"Shut up! Don't you dare to sass me."

"But, Lettie, you know—"

"Shut up!" she screamed. "I'll bust your bean if you don't. If I say I hain't never had no father and mother—"

"Never mind, children," said Mrs. Penfield, setting her iron on the back of the stove. "Tain't always a matter that amounts to much. Don't nobody stay long at the starting-point; question is, what's he doing right this minute?"

Land, if I ain't most forgetting that I got cornbread in the oven. Ain't it wonderful we're having an extra-special supper just the night we got company?"

"Penzie," wheedled Crink, "don't you think s'e's had 'nough off so't we can keep her?"

Mrs. Penfield hesitated. "Well, I . . . Would you like to stay and live with us, Lettie?"

"I don't know," said Lettie frankly. "I'd have to see what I think." Then, as if to ease the blow of her ungraciousness, she added hastily, "But I'll stay to supper, anyhow."

Mrs. Penfield put her hands on Crink's small shoulders and looked into his eyes with unaccustomed seriousness.

"You know what it'd mean, Crink, if we was to take her in? Would you be willing to divide what we have to eat into fourths, 'stead of thirds. You know what that 'ud mean?"

"Sure," agreed Crink easily. "I'd as soon's not, and—"

"Lord!" exclaimed Lettie, aghast. "Do you think I'm a piker? I've always brung in more'n I've et. Lord!"

"Brought in?" queried Mrs. Penfield.

"From where?"

"Dumps and places," explained Lettie airily.

"Honest, Penzie," contributed Crink, "she's the quickest grabber I ever saw. I know she'd find heaps of wood and things."

Lettie broke in with amplifications. "I'm easy the best skiver there is," she proclaimed. "If anything goes to pieces or there's a fire or anything, you oughter see me. I'm sure Johnny-on-the-spot, horns and bells to boot. Way 'tis—if I don't get there first, I lick the feller that does, so it all comes out in the wash. Trust me for the best pickings!" She shrugged her thin shoulders, like one who carries honors easily.

Mrs. Penfield stood a moment in deep thought. So far from being dismayed by the child's confessions, she was the more drawn to her because of them. "Wouldn't no decent doctor leave a case 'cause the patient had a lot of symptoms," she was saying to herself. "The sicker the feller was, the gladder the doctor'd be that he'd got the chance to do something for him, I guess."

The question confronting Mrs. Penfield was complicated only by the limitation of food for the family. The ugly accretions of speech and behavior disturbed her very little, because she believed that underneath them, there is always a bit of life that is sweet and true; one has only to pry off the handicaps and give it a chance.

SHE roused. "I was thinking," she said briskly, "that it might be a mercy if Lettie'd stay. There's quite a lot of clo'es that's been given to us; and 'bout all the real diff'rance an extra one makes is that you're happier to have another one in the family. Now, Crink, you set the table—and be spry, 'cause I'm

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"WOULD, TOO." WITH A SHRIEK, SHE LIFTED ONE HAND AND LANDED A LIGHTNING BLOW ON CRINK'S RIGHT CHEEK. "WANT ME TO PICK YOUR GIZZARD OUT?"



"BUT I HAVE JUST BOUGHT THIS TABLE AND THESE CHAIRS!" EXCLAIMED PHILIPPA

LOVE AND A GATE-LEGGED TABLE

By Floy Tolbert Barnard

ILLUSTRATION BY NANA FRENCH BICKFORD

PEOPLE do not, as a rule, quarrel with strangers or fall in love with them while shopping for furniture, but Brian Burke, bachelor, and Philippa Harmon, spinster, did both.

The quarrel was a perfectly well-bred one, conducted on Philippa's part by means of delicately lifted brows and the faintest of disdainful smiles; on Brian's part by an aggravating impassivity of eyes and mouth but an unmistakable aggressiveness of chin. A quarrel is a quarrel, however decently carried on, and the two perspiring salesmen were not for one instant in doubt as to whether or not their customers were having a skirmish over the gate-legged table.

The falling in love was not so obvious. Indeed, it was entirely a subconscious affair, carried on far below the surface of their conscious thinking, in that region of the mind which psychologists tell us is beyond the will control. Had it not been, neither of the belligerents would ever have permitted the thing to happen.

Certainly no man would choose to fall in love with a girl whose very smile caused him to say to himself, down in the unchivalrous fastnesses that linger in every man's heart, that he "would like to wring her neck!" And certainly no girl who rejoiced in her spinsterhood would deliberately fall in love with a man whose chin she resented on sight, and whose meticulous courtesy betrayed her into a mentally muttered "Insolent creature!" when evenness of mind was her pet ideal. "Equanimity of temper," Philippa has been heard to say, "is a sign of enlightenment." Choose to fall in love with a man whose chin plunged her into unevenness of temper? Philippa would have repudiated the thought. So perhaps it is just as well that some part of the human consciousness is "out from under the will control." The love affairs of this world might be in far worse tangles if the capacious personal will had the running of them.

But that is neither here nor there. The skirmish which caused the two unhappy and conciliatory salesmen to wish themselves or their customers dead, came to pass in this wise:

Philippa—she was the assistant teacher of the violin in a really superior school of Fine Arts—had grown tired of boarding, and having found, after a pleasantly exciting search, an apartment at once big and little enough, was, on this Saturday, buying the furniture for it. She had completed her purchases for the bedroom and bathroom and for the "adorable" kitchen, and was giving her whole attention to the living-room when she came upon that perfect mahogany gate-legged table and knew it was to be her very own.

For a moment it seemed as though her purse would not be willing. That is if she desired to have chairs with the table, and she did desire chairs with it. In fact, the very chairs that were already circling it; Windsor armchairs, hospitably comfortable, sturdily inviting, six of them; and their price, like the table's, enough to make any girl's purse hesitate. But Philippa had seen a vision of her living-room, with the leaves of the table up and the chairs round about! Six could dine at it in all the spaciousness suggested by the luxurious Windsor armchairs, while eight—a picked eight, of course—could dine at it in jolly discomfort.

As she had seen another vision: the table with its leaves down, the mahogany-and-cane deep-cushioned davenport pushed up against one side of it, books, flowers and a reading-lamp on it, looking entirely innocent of dining-room usages—oh, she simply had to have that table! So she glowered at her purse, and very possibly reminded it of the brother whose brief quizzical letters usually ended with "Well, don't be bashful about wiring me—collect—if you go broke or land in jail," and the purse reluctantly capitulated,

to the extent of the table and two of the irresistible Windsor armchairs, filling in with four charmingly quaint straight-backed chairs with flag-seats.

"Between meals," mused Philippa aloud to her salesman who had followed her admiringly about letting her sell herself things, "between meals I can scatter the chairs about. Then in another month or so I'll get two more of the Windsor armchairs. Oh, I am so glad I saw this table! It is perfect, and it makes everything else perfect!" And Philippa sat down in one of the chairs to count out on the perfect table a rather appalling sum of money—from the purse's point of view, at least.

While she was waiting for the change, Brian Burke walked around from somewhere behind her, stopping on the other side of the table.

"Be sure the things are at my apartment not later than five," he was saying to his salesman, his eyes making a swift inventory of several things near by, including Philippa's gate-legged table and her chairs. Philippa, to him, was just another shopper who had dropped down to rest a second. But he noticed the quaint straight-backed mahogany chairs inserted by Philippa's salesman between the gracefully sturdy Windsor armchairs that she might see how harmonious the two were in their differences. He pulled one out to sit down in it testily.

"Where'd these come from?" he asked his salesman almost accusingly. "You did not show them to me. Good-looking little fillers. Comfortable, too, by George! Really made to hold a chap up. Put in four. How much?" He poised a fountain-pen over a check-book with nonchalant decision.

"But I have just bought this table and these chairs!" exclaimed Philippa, who had been obliged to ask "how much?" before she could say "how many," and who had called the chairs "ducky little old-fashioned dears," not "good-looking little fillers."

Brian got to his feet, chanting in unison with the astonished salesman, "I beg your pardon?"

"I have just bought these things," repeated Philippa with absolute finality.

THERE must be some mistake," suggested Brian—who was not Brian to Philippa but a mere nameless stranger. "I have just written my check for these things." His voice was pleasant but not a whit less final than Philippa's own.

She raised her eyebrows all but imperceptibly. Her lips curved into not quite a smile. She had made up her mind to have that gate-legged table or die. Brian being the brother of four sisters knew the look. All the pleasantness receded from his eyes and mouth, leaving his face as deliberately impassive as an Englishman's. He turned to his salesman.

"Possibly you have another of these tables—and more of the chairs?" His voice, without one particle of stress in inflections said quite plainly that the tentative question was not a conceding of Philippa's rights, but man's habitual concession to the unfair sex. "Nice" as Philippa's brother was, she knew that tone of voice as perfectly as Brian did the challenge of her eyebrows and lips. The challenge became a wee bit more pronounced as she turned to look at Brian's salesman.

The man shook his head. "But we can get another in—say two months."

"That is too bad," murmured Philippa. "But perhaps you could supply the—gentleman—with some other table until his came?"

Brian glanced across at her. It was a very straight, even if very brief, look. "She thinks she will get it just because she wears skirts," was the thought behind that glance, and the set of his jaw and chin became suddenly a subtle offense unto Philippa, who permitted herself the slightest of shrugs. It was then that Brian's unmincing masculine resentment clothed itself in the unchivalric words: "I'd like to wring her neck!"

He turned back to his distressed salesman, to add, aloud, "That is awkward. But you have my check! See that the things are delivered right away. The rugs, you told me, have already gone?"

At that instant Philippa's salesman returned, apologizing for his delay by saying that he had been making the necessary arrangements for a hurry-up delivery. Brian's salesman cut in, "But I have just sold these things to Mr. —"

Philippa's man stared resentfully at Brian's. "You couldn't," he interrupted shortly. "I just sold them to Miss —"

"You have my money!" said Philippa icily. "I had paid it before the check was written."

"But the check you saw me write was a supplementary check," Brian condescended to explain. "And there seem to be plenty of these little chairs. If not—" He did not trouble to finish the sentence, but all three of his listeners understood that he would give up to her in the matter of the comfortable little "fillers."

"But I bought everything else with this table for the—ah—"

"Key-note?" supplied Brian dryly, somehow putting Philippa's shopping over into a sentimental orgy, at which Philippa flushed faintly, recalling that "ducky little old-fashioned dears" of hers in contrast to his "good-looking little fillers," that were "comfortable, too, by George!"

The unhappy salesmen conferred hastily together as to the exact time of their respective acceptance of Brian's first check and Philippa's money. It appeared to have been simultaneous.

And so potent is habit, so powerful momentum—the two salesmen looked expectantly at Brian, who was, figuratively, looking expectantly at himself.

It was a savorless victory to Philippa, and a day of shards and ashes for Brian's salesman, for Brian quietly and calmly cancelled his whole order, saying suavely that he, too, (and he was not looking at Philippa, either) had got everything with an eye to that table. When reminded by the man that another could be had within two months, or, if they telegraphed, in half the time, Brian only shook his head.

"No—no—I'll take a look another day—for a new 'key-note.' But just now—" he held out his hand, and the man reluctantly put the two checks into it, wondering how on earth he could explain things to the manager, who would certainly maintain that, with a little tact, another table could have been sold. Meantime, Brian had walked serenely over to the elevator and disappeared, leaving Philippa to take in the implication that he would not care to have practically a duplicate of her furniture in his apartment.

"Insolent creature! Beast!" said Philippa.

Five months later, when two more Windsor armchairs had long since been added to the original purchase, and the gate-legged table had more than fulfilled Philippa's anticipations of multiple usefulness, when the apartment had shaken down into that pleasant compromise between order and chaos known as hominess, when Philippa was even beginning to be able to dust the table of contention without falling more or less victim to chagrined recollections, Mary Kent called up, to say:

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UNCHARTED REEFS

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FAY



RUMBOLD CAME TO ME AND DEMANDED POINTBLANK MY REASON FOR GOING INTO THE DINING-SALOON

AS I had somewhat to do with Robert Mason's training my interest in his career was always sympathetic. That he would have attained a high place in his chosen profession is my belief, unshaken by the fact that he abruptly abandoned it—left his rightful orbit at a tangent, so to speak. He justly says that he knew his own business best; I yielded to his arguments when he laid them before me, while I gazed at my promising pupil with rising bitterness; I fancy that those reasons are still strong, though I find that his philosophy was immature, perilous and partly unworkable.

He had risen to be second officer in the Pacific Transport Line and was assigned to the luxurious liner *Tamen Strait*, when I met him in San Francisco on the eve of his twenty-fourth birthday. Such anniversaries never leave me cold where my intimates are concerned. I am perfectly aware that time is a convention, a mathematical presumption, not measurable except by petty human span. But its swift and merciless passage from one incalculable infinity toward another more darkly mysterious seems to keep me in its stream. Robert and I had traveled many years in the same current, and on this windy, wet evening I felt especially tender toward him. I recalled my own twenty-fourth birthday when I had hopes of shining success and kind friends and a happy lot. My thoughts ran on much good counsel which I would offer the boy over a neat table; I was going to fix firmly in his mind the grim truth that all we hope for is merely the bright illusion thrown on the screen of the future by our spirits, rebellious against despair. I should (I thought) wait for the first note of discouragement in the lad's voice and plump out with my apothegm: "Bob, the only real satisfaction you will ever have is the consciousness of never giving up."

And before we were well seated at the table in the good restaurant he glanced at me with his sober, friendly eyes and said, "I'm going to quit going to sea."

I am afraid I did not permit him any explanation, much less demanded one. I began the warmest kind of a protest, illumined by pungent examples of young men who had given up handsome careers and failed forever. He listened civilly and unconvinced. I stopped suddenly and flushed. The thought hadn't occurred to me before.

"By Gad, you're in love with some girl!" I exclaimed bitterly.

Robert brushed his crisp hair with fingers as firm and steady as steel. His brown face seemed twisted by some impulse toward a comic rejoinder, but he was respectful: "I intend to be," he replied.

I glanced up at the waiter who bent obsequiously above him. I had my little instant of triumph. The servant caught the clear note of authority in the boy's voice and became absolutely motionless. There was no mistaking the fact that the lad was formed to command. And to think that he was never to stand on a big-ship's bridge and handle hundreds of capable men!

"And I suppose you dream you are going to be a tremendous success ashore?" I inquired.

"Guv'nor," he responded amiably, "I knew you'd take it hard. You sent me to sea after dad died and you've pushed me along famously. First, I want you to know that I like the sea."

"Like the sea but love a woman! Bad seamanship!" He dropped his chin slightly, a boyish trick he had when he was shamefaced.

"No woman in especial," he murmured. "Just—women."

The implication was ghastly, but I knew better. "Who," I demanded, "is the maximum of her sex—the sum of all women—whom you love?"

Robert lifted his eyes gallantly. "I presume it will sound foolish, guv'nor. But I've told you a main of foolish things, haven't I? Now, confess, I have!"

"Right, Bob. But nothing so—"

"Then I'll tell you this," he went on quietly. "Just as it happened, last voyage, on the *Tamen Strait*. I have been perfectly square when I told you there was no woman in particular. What actually happened was, to be precise, merely an instant."

I thought this over. I repeated it slowly: "Merely an instant."

"Yes," Robert assented. "It was just that. I'll confess I'd not thought matters out either way until something occurred which remains in my mind not as something said or perceived, but merely like the tick of a clock—of a clock that had been silent ever so long and then suddenly swung its pendulum and ticked—just once, becoming silent again."

"There are such instants," I admitted. "In the presence of a woman, often."

"Women," he corrected. "There they sat, down in the first-cabin saloon at dinner, with their escorts and husbands beside them, chatting and laughing and lifting their glasses slowly and glancing around. I was on the stairway-landing by the big mirror. I could see right down on the bald head of the steward. I had no business there at all. What business has a second officer in the dining-saloon at dinner-time? None. I had no business there."

"I suppose not," I said.

"But I was there because something had happened," he went on. "I'd been in my room on the boat-deck reading a magazine not ten minutes before, when a quartermaster tapped at the lattice and told me the third wanted me on the bridge. You know how a man's voice snaps you to him once in a while? I was up there in the dark in three seconds. The third officer grasped me by the arm and muttered, 'What d'ye suppose it could be?'"

"What could what be?" I asked.

"The chap pointed dead ahead and I saw a faint glow on the horizon like a wick taking fire. It shone a moment and then went out."

"That's the third time," the third muttered.

"There's no land hereabouts," I assured him. "Might be a vessel on fire."

"No," he answered, and I knew he was right. I stood by him and it appeared again, a faint glow above the sea line which increased in brightness, then faded.

"Dead ahead," whispered the third. "How far?"

I NEVER felt so discomposed in my life, guv'nor. Here I was the *Tamen Strait* steaming westward in the heart of the Pacific, under a good, clean sky—no breeze to speak of—a smooth sea and a clear course. I'd traversed that particular region a score of times. And here rises a strange glow out of the sea over our steamer's bows and defies us to guess what it is. You see? It was an impossibility. That glow didn't exist, except for the third mate and me. The fourth time it glimmered I thought I saw a slight path of reflection laid down on the sea by it, like a faint streak of moonlight. That was enough for me. The phenomenon had to be reckoned with. I slipped off the bridge and hurried down to the saloon-deck and found myself on that landing before I realized that I was—that I had no business there. But before I could retire softly a girl who sat second from the captain turned her head and looked me straight in the eyes. I fancy I had already half swung round to go up the stairs again, but that look stopped me dead. I forgot where I was for a moment. Then she dropped her eyes and I was released, if you understand what I mean, guv'nor?"

"I do," I muttered.

"Of course I hurried away and of course Captain Mackenzie had seen me and followed. He caught up with me on the hurricane-deck and I could see he was angry clear through. The gist of his complaint was that I had attracted attention, the attention in especial of Mr. Rumbold, a director of the Line, and of his daughter. Rumbold, I gathered, would never let him hear the last of such a breach of etiquette. Mackenzie gave me to understand that nothing could be so heinous as to allow passengers to so much as suspect anything unusual about a voyage. Then he came to the meat of my nut and flicked it out of me with a word. I told him about that glow."

Robert fell silent and his face reddened, as if he still felt the shame of that incident. Presently he gulped and went on: "He wouldn't even come to the bridge and look at it. Not he."

"When you get abeam of that steamer," he rasped, "you might wireless him that the reflection of his open furnaces disturbs the young officers on this vessel. Sign it with my name."

Robert fell silent. He had exposed his shame and I was partly relieved.

OF course you made an ass of yourself," I confessed. "I've seen the same phenomenon myself, caused doubtless by the reflection of ship's lights on a burst of steam from the pipes. Your invasion of the saloon was rather hard to excuse. But it's all nothing, really. Nothing to throw up a career for."

Robert glanced at me inscrutably. "There was no steamer," he remarked. "The glow came again twice, each time a little closer. Then the *Tamen Strait* checked in her stride just an instant and the bow wave fanned out suddenly till it ran straight out from either side of the stem. That was quite imperceptible to any but the third and myself. A little later the glow appeared again, far astern."

"By Gad!" I exclaimed.

Robert nodded. "Then I recalled the expression in that girl's eyes, in the eyes of Rumbold's girl. Do you see the connection, guv'nor?"

I fumbled in my mind and shook my head. There did seem to me to be a vague thread between the two things he saw; but I couldn't place it. Robert laughed carefully, like a boy who expects to be totally misunderstood, and flung out a feeler to see whether I would really take his meaning.

"There was just as unexpected a brightness in that girl's eyes," he murmured.

I made some inarticulate response.

"There had been that really unaccountable glow in the sky, dead ahead of the *Tamen Strait*," he continued. "Captain Mackenzie mocked me for calling him. He gave a commonplace explanation. He was wrong, for his ship was checked in her course right in mid-ocean. Her keel barely cleared something. And when that girl looked up at me on that stairway, for no reason at all, I stopped dead for an instant . . . there was something ahead . . . I suppose you will mock me for saying so."

I did not. Instead I stared around at our companions in the big, comfortable restaurant. They paid no attention to us. Yet it struck me how disconcerting it would be should one of the gaily clad, piquant women at the tables suddenly turn and steadily meet my eyes. It would, indeed, set me to thinking—especially if my nerves had just been shaken.

"Suppose," I said, "you make it a little clearer how you argued from this to giving up the sea as a career?"

"Mackenzie again," he replied. "It seems Rumbold inquired about my intrusion, was rather rigid about it. Mackenzie had to put a good face on it and said his junior officers had been 'seeing things.' Rumbold let it go at that a while, but he's a man who never is content without full information. He came to me and demanded pointblank my reason for going into the saloon right in the midst of dinner. See my plight? I couldn't explain without slurring the skipper. I had to play the fool, didn't I?"

I had an illumination. "But later you told Miss Rumbold."

"Guv'nor!" he protested, shocked.

"You did," I said firmly. "You allowed the director of the line to think you a stammering ass. But you tried to make his daughter understand you were cleverer than that."

Robert threw up one hand in a slight gesture of pleading. "It didn't get that far. She came to me a couple of evenings later while I was smoking my pipe abaft the chart-room and asked me why I stayed on the *Tamen Strait*. I wasn't in good form and simply gaped at her. You understand, the moment she asked me that question it was incredible to me that I could remain a moment in an inferior position, in a situation where I couldn't—where it was utterly forbidden to me to—to aspire."

"Masters of liners are gentlemen, frequently," I remarked.

Robert waved me away. "Second officers can't tell young daughters of managing directors that they are—er—adorable."

I said nothing and pretty soon he went on, more frankly. "Of course I never spoke with her again. They went ashore in Yokohama. But the instant she had given me remained."

I can't stay in the line. I'm going to make my fortune for myself. I'm going to be free to meet such women on an equality, anywhere. I'm going to be privileged to enter the first-cabin dining-saloon at dinner-time and take my seat beside them."

It was an exceedingly bitter moment for me. I think that to be a real master-mariner, as your phrase runs, is a noble ambition for the best of men. I cursed this foolish chit in my heart of hearts for her gorgeously simple coquetry. Miss Rumbold had merely looked up from dinner and seen what a straight, handsome lad Robert was. Then she had heard something obscure and mystifying about him. She had gathered that he was subject to censure. With a woman's direct fashion of doing harm she had satisfied her own private sense of power and dropped poison in his ear: "Why don't you arrange your career so that you can talk to a beautiful girl like me?" was what she really said. I fumed at the infernal success of her ill-timed maneuver. There was no doubt at all that Robert was in earnest about quitting the Pacific Transport Line—when he was well on his way up the ladder.

"Supposing you resign now," I said after a while. "What shall you go into?"

He leaned his chin on both palms and frowned. "I am going to make this one more voyage," he murmured.

"Miss Rumbold coming back from Japan on the *Tamen Strait*?"

He nodded abstractedly, as though that were understood. Then he reached out and touched my hand. "Don't be angry, guv'nor. I've thought it all out. You're worried because you think I'm in love with Maud Rumbold. I'm

not. I may be, some time, when I see my way clear. But I'm never going to stand on the landing of a main stairway again and stick there because I haven't a right to go on down."

"If you're not in love with the girl," I protested, "why expose yourself a second time, when you have no right to meet her socially, as you admit?"

Robert tossed his head back. "If you must know, I'm going to risk another look at that glow in mid-ocean," he responded.

"Why?"

"Mackenzie made fun of my reporting it. But the fact stands that the *Tamen Strait* felt the clutch of something at her keel and halted a fraction of a second out there where the chart is blank. You see, guv'nor? I'm under suspicion of not having all my wits by me."

"Mr. Rumbold, you mean to say, thinks you an ass, and you hope something will turn up to prove that you aren't. Naturally, he will pass the word along to his—er—family that you are a very wise young man." I was boiling over.

"That's hardly fair," Robert argued. "After all, I'm a seaman. I truly am. If I didn't clear up this mystery, all my life I'd worry over it. I'd never be sure, you see."

Because I had been going back over my own youth that day, I understood the boy perfectly. In his thoughts, that glow in the sky and that look from the girl were forever inextricably bound up with each other. If the glow was a phantasm, then there was no meaning nor oracle in the girl's glance. On the other hand, if that phenomenon were real, indisputable and fully proven, Robert would think himself absolutely justified in turning aside at the bidding of a woman. Youth, always on the lookout for portents, reasons thus.

"And if you shouldn't pick up this strange glow again?" I suggested.

I envied him from the depths of my being when he smiled confidently and said, "Oh, I'll see it again." But I felt my responsibilities and insisted on a proper answer.

"If I don't see it this voyage, I'll manage some way," he remarked vaguely.

"Manage what?" I demanded.

"To find out about it—about that odd glow, and why the *Tamen Strait* felt that sudden tug along her hull," Robert replied.

The sea is a mysterious element, quite unchanged by modern inventions and conventions. I wasted no time in debating whether Robert Mason was right or wrong in his conclusion as to the existence of that fire in the sky. I knew that Captain Mackenzie's passing explanation of it sounded all right; yet I was prepared to grant, on adequate grounds, that there might have been no other vessel within a hundred or a thousand miles. The problem presented no difficulties so far as its solution went, for whatever solution might be achieved didn't matter at all. What did matter was Robert's own definite course in the affair. If he quit the line, he abandoned his career. And the question in my mind was, what career was open to him and, what part was this girl going to play in his life?

THE *Tamen Strait* duly sailed next day and I bade Robert farewell on the pier. He looked fresh, able and cheerful as he went up the gang-plank to the rattle of the last gongs. I felt very sorry to lose sight of him. I ventured to draw my ancient crony, the dock superintendent, aside and arrange for any news that might come back by wireless, to be telephoned me promptly.

"By thunder!" boomed my old friend, "You, too! One 'ud think the *Tamen Strait* was an old bucket with tin plates and solder rivets bent on smashing ice to the Pole, the way you chaps seem to feel about her! The only news you'll get will be her daily run, up in the four hundreds, and her docking in Yokohama on time."

"Others inquiring?" I asked casually.

The dock superintendent pulled me from under the lines flailing down as the big liner cast off and slipped backward out of her berth.

"Say, why did Mackenzie quit her?" he whispered. "I'm all in the dark."

"Mackenzie quit her?" I repeated blankly. "I didn't know he had."

"Yes. Queer thing. Put up a yarn about his wife being sick. I tell you it's not Mackenzie's wife, it's Mackenzie himself who's sick. The man looked as if he were haunted when he came down for his mail. If I hadn't stood good for him the G. M. would have been mighty short with him. As it stands, he's likely to lose his seniority."

I learned no more and left the pier with a sense of having to deal with something which Robert might have explained but didn't. I was slightly acquainted with Captain Mackenzie. He was no man to yield to fancies. What had made him beg off from taking his big ship to sea this voyage? Robert?

I found myself wholly out of my reckoning and presently made up my mind to see Mackenzie and discover what I could. I had a fair pretext, anyway. I called at his house in Oakland and was met by his wife, a buxom woman of thirty-odd, who stared at me defiantly.

"From the pier?" she demanded, almost shutting the door in my face.

"Not I," I hastened to say. "I'm an old acquaintance of the captain's and came to ask him about a young chap I'm interested in."

So I got in, and Mackenzie received me amiably. He recollected me and my connection with Robert Mason. I felt right to my errand.

"Robert told me something of his having made a mistake which you didn't take kindly," I told him. "The lad is sensitive. He wasn't very explicit, but I gathered that he felt he had hurt himself with you—imperiled his prospects in the line."

Mackenzie was cautious. He failed to remember precisely the affair. I saw his purpose and was frank.

"He told me you had to make him right with Mr. Rumbold," I concluded. "He was terribly upset over his mistake about that light."

Mackenzie leaned forward anxiously. "Then he acknowledged he was wrong?"

I was honest. "No, the boy insisted he saw the light and that it was accompanied by another strange phenomenon. He felt that somehow he had made an error in calling your attention to it in such a way."

Mackenzie's hand shook as he picked up his cold pipe. "That's just it," he muttered. "I thought him rather a fool and told him so. I went back to my guests at table and sat down and was chatting with them. But my mind didn't drop the affair at all. To tell you the truth, I was about to excuse myself again and go on deck, when I was

struck motionless in my seat . . . something wrong . . . I held my breath . . ."

I caught the man's appealing glance and helped him out. "The *Tamen Strait* checked in her course an instant," I said. Mackenzie almost sobbed. "And Mason knew it! He was right! And I sat there at table, feeling that queer flutter under my feet, that tremor of plates caught by the suction of . . . something . . . then released . . ."

"And the glow appeared astern," I went on relentlessly. The captain of the liner looked pretty old that moment. He managed to light his pipe before he confided further in me. Then he told me about the time he had had with Rumbold and his inquiries. The director hadn't noticed that queer checking of the steamer's forward rush; he'd merely been insistent on knowing why a junior officer had appeared so obtrusively to summon his commander away.

"I told him just as much as I thought best," Mackenzie said. "But he was always coming back to it. He got on my nerves. Young Mason never referred to the matter again. But I thought he looked at me now and then in a curious manner. I couldn't get the affair off my mind. If there was something . . . Well, suppose I'd sat there and my steamer had struck it full? And suppose that something's still out there—glowing at night—invisible in the daytime—changing its bearings every tide? Suppose this voyage she—hits it?"

"I understand," I confessed. "Robert would hold your reputation in his hands—he and the third officer together." "Exactly," cried the unhappy man. "A thousand lives rushing through the darkness and I sitting at table talking . . . the boy would ruin me, and rightly so."

"Therefore you stop ashore this voyage," I remarked. "Let some other skipper take the burden, if anything happens."

"Even then I shall be guilty," he mourned. "Did—did young Mason tell you what it—what it—what it was?"

"No," I returned. Mackenzie seemed crushed. He gave me to understand that he didn't blame Robert.

"I was very short with him," he admitted. "Quite short, in fact . . . a high-spirited youngster . . . I can't censure him for not telling me any more . . . I couldn't expect him to confide in me . . ."

I presume I felt slightly triumphant over the turn affairs had taken and took advantage of my position. "I don't think Robert Mason will hold it against you," I said magnanimously. "But the third officer—friendly to you?"

Mackenzie thought so, more cheerfully.

I damped him down promptly. "Of course the other party—I suppose nobody can answer for silence there."

"Other party?" Mackenzie demanded curtly. "Who can that be?"

"Miss Rumbold," I remarked, and watched the effect. The man crumpled. I saw he was down to his last reserves of strength. He shook his head despairingly. "I fancied . . . she looked at me . . . oddly . . ."

"Managing-director's girl, too . . . I was a fool . . ."

"No doubt of it," I said brutally. "But the damage is done. So far as I can see, all depends on Robert Mason. He has—great influence with Miss Rumbold."

I had made my point at last and rose to leave. Mackenzie stared at me fishily. Then he gathered himself for his final effort.

I ASSURE you I should appreciate anything you might do," he said in a low voice. "Mason is a good boy—competent officer, I'd like him to feel I hold nothing against him—wouldn't stand in the way of his promotion—would be glad to help in any way I can."

"After all, you did him an injustice," I retorted inflexibly. "The least you can do would be to—"

"Of course," he answered hurriedly. "Anything!"

"Of course," I repeated. Then I clinched the agreement. "By the way, what do you think that phenomenon was, Captain?"

He looked at me appealingly, throwing his hands out abjectly. "Something . . . in the darkness . . ."

he mumbled.

I had played my cards excellently I thought, as I left and took a car for the ferry. But my pride soon ebbed. After all, Mackenzie was a good man, and he had been suddenly stopped in full career by an astounding and incredible incident which had shaken his spirit to its foundation. What—ever might be said in excuse for my taking the chance to set my pupil right, there remained the irreducible fact that there had been a mystery—that the *Tamen Strait* had barely escaped going to the bottom in mid-ocean with all hands, against all the charts and observations of generations of careful and meticulous master-mariners. My mind ran back to other ships which had sailed bravely forth and met some obscure fate, never cleared up. Would the *Tamen Strait* ever be heard of again?

On the seventeenth day I visited my old friend the superintendent of the docks. He greeted me curtly and presently drew me to one side. "You are too hanged secretive, by thunder!" he growled. "The *Tamen Strait* arrived this morning in Yokohama. That boy Mason you're so much interested in has quit her. D'ye think that's the treatment that we'll stand for on this line? If I remember rightly you moved heaven and earth to get him started with us. Now he quits us as if the *Tamen Strait* was a coal barge—jumps ashore and leaves the ship to hunt another second officer."

[Continued on page 32]



SHE CAME TO ME A COUPLE OF EVENINGS LATER WHILE I WAS SMOKING MY PIPE ABOARD THE CHART-ROOM AND ASKED ME WHY I STAYED ON THE *TAMEN STRAIT*

AT THE COPPER KETTLE

By Fannie Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD LUND

THEY met on the worn doorstep of the Copper Kettle and went in to dinner together. She had a sheaf of papers in one hand; and, in the shadow of an inconspicuous hat, her eyes were tired, with vague purplish smudges beneath their grayness. Also, her blue serge suit needed pressing and the collar of her cheap white blouse showed a tiny rent. She was like a rose that has stood long in a jar in the flower-shop. The man, too, was crumpled, but with an effect of carelessness that was almost gallant. He carried his old felt hat with an air. One felt that when he bowed it would be from the waist up—no mere casual nodding to life. They crossed the crowded, stuffy little room with its blended odors of food, its blended noises of feeding carnivora, and sat at a small and comparatively secluded table in the farthest corner. It was their special table. They sat there, together, almost every night.

Seeing them, a blond and overheated waitress came forward, smiling. "The *chili con carne*'s fine tonight," she suggested amiably. "Want to try it?"

They ordered along the lines of least resistance. And they did not speak until their plates were nearly empty.

Then, "Pierrot," said the girl, "I'm dog-tired. Do I look it?"

His name was Perry—an inadequate and uninteresting name—so she always called him Pierrot, and he rather looked the part: a thin, clear-featured face with a hint of enjoyable tragedy in the hazel eyes; more than a hint of humor in the wide, clean-lipped mouth. He wore his dark hair a trifle too long, but not deliberately. In the same way, his collars were apt to be soft, and his ties too loosely knotted. It was not that he scorned the finesse of masculine exterior, rather that a variety of amazing interests left him no time for finicking before a mirror.

He looked at the girl and smiled, an endearing, an abstracted smile, obviously occupied with other things; "Yes, you look tired," he said; "tired but awfully sweet. I like you when you're tired, you know. You seem so natural then—"

"Well," said the girl, pushing her plate away from her, "you must like me very much tonight, old dear, because I'm tired enough to die and never know the difference."

He looked at her with eyes a little troubled. "Hard day at the office?" he inquired presently.

"They're all hard days at the office. It's like being buried alive from eight-thirty to five every day." He smiled whimsically.

"Pierrot," she warned him sharply, "don't laugh at me! Don't—"

"Come on," he said pleasantly, "pick up your things and pay your check and come along like a good child! We'll go over on Morningside and sit on a bench and talk it out—"

She followed him, mutinously silent. The air of Amsterdam Avenue, the crisp chill air of the third week in April, cooled her feverish cheeks and blessed her heavy eyelids. Overhead the stars were scattered like gold dust across a cloudless sky. There was the earthy freshness of Spring, even in the city air. She drew a long breath, slipped her hand inside his arm and walked with a longer step to match his lazily-swinging stride. They found an unoccupied bench on one of the shadowy terraces. He took her by the shoulders and sat her gently down. Then he took her hand and held it with a kind of charming absent-mindedness, seating himself beside her.

Glancing at him sideways from under reasonably lengthy lashes: "Pierrot, I've got something to tell you—" she said. "It begins," returned Perry Lewis, "like the purplest of Pasts—"

"But it isn't—it's the crimsonest of Futures."

"Then why so depressed?"

"Because I'm a coward."

"That's nothing—being a coward is a feminine asset—"

"I don't want you to be clever tonight, I want you to be sympathetic."

"Well, aren't I?" asked Pierrot, gently amused. "Go on, my Columbine—we listen!"

She caught her hand away from his. "Nobody but you," she told him bitterly, "would ever have dared to make Columbine out of Milly Brown—"

"The operation was successful," he told her. "No?"

"I don't know if it was or not—I don't know if I like it or not—I'm so tired tonight—so ghastly, sickly, deadily tired, that everything looks all wrong to me. I want something real—I'm losing my nerve—I can't play any more, even with you—"

"And you're as full of I's as a peacock's tail—which is bad for the digestion, very!" said Pierrot, twisting a burnt match between his lean brown fingers. "My child, you talk like the first chapter of a Russian love-story. You shouldn't have had that *chili con carne* for dinner; you should have had milk-toast and rice-pudding, and gone to bed with a volume of Jane Austen."

"You're very tiresome, Pierrot—"

"You need to be scolded—I'm sorry for you, but I'd like to be a maiden-aunt, and tell you what I think of you—"

SHE gave him back her hand with a little pleading gesture, suddenly sweet. "Don't jump me—I'm unhappy—I didn't get the raise I expected today—and I can't quit, because I need the money."

"Oh, that's rotten luck!" he said, quickly. "Poor little Columbine!"

She burst out fiercely: "I hate offices—I hate business—I hate life! It's as sordid and ugly and dull as a ditch full of dead water. Seven years have I been digging away here—came here when I was nineteen—I've fed every hope and every ambition and every dream I ever had, and I'm getting



"COME ON," HE SAID
PLEASANTLY—"COME
ALONG LIKE A GOOD
CHILD AND TALK IT
OUT—"

older and quieter and grayer in my soul all the time—I'd have nobody in the world to play with, if it weren't for you."

"Well, but you have me," he reminded her blithely. "And your dreams," said Milly Brown, whom he called Columbine, "and your hopes and your ambitions are going the same way mine go. You can't sell enough of your stuff to keep you in decent comfort. If you make a living it will be with poems about breakfast food, and pictures of somebody's scented soap. We're failures, both of us—only you can play it isn't so—and I can't, any longer!"

Pierrot winced. She felt the faintest of tremors in the shoulder touching her own, as if a little cold wind had blown over him.

"Aren't you rather cruel?" he asked, quietly.

"It isn't me that's cruel, it's the truth." Columbine took off her hat and ran slim, savage fingers through the wave of soft red hair that fell over her forehead. She tilted up her little heart-shaped face, and the starlight fell coolly on eyes, hungrily deep, on the shadow of a dimple in a pallid cheek, on a mouth whose wistful lips were made for kisses—and had never known them. "I'm sick to death of the whole show," she said, "of my room, and the office, and the beastly crowded subway, and the kind of clothes I have to wear—and of seeing other women in big Juggernauts of cars, with smooth-haired, nice-looking men beside them."

Pierrot ran a guilty hand across the back of his own dark head. It seemed a bit long, his hair—devil take it! Not the cropped military smartness Columbine was pining for. But was a man to spend his whole life in a bally barber's chair—to meet a woman's whim! Involuntarily and most indiscreetly he chuckled.

"Funny, isn't it!" cried Columbine bitterly—"that I shouldn't be able to content myself with—nothing!"

They sat for a little while in silence of a corrosive and unhappy sort. Pierrot ventured at last, openly hurt and offended: "Of course we're neither one of us plutocrats—but I'd thought it had been rather fun, the last year or so—living so near—only a couple of blocks apart—eating together every night—seeing shows from the gallery—being pals, y'know."

He had a wonderful voice, goldenly toned and tender—a voice that lay like a hand on the heart-strings of any woman who heard it. "Aren't we pals, Columbine, honey?" he asked, softly.

"Yes, but what of it?" said Columbine stubbornly. "That doesn't make us any the less failures—driftwood—does it? We're like tramps, sitting together beside a fire in the black woods—eating scraps out of a dirty newspaper—while on the trains that go by us are people in lighted cars, sitting on comfortable seats, eating delicious food—and flowers and silver and thin shining glass."

"I say!" said Pierrot suddenly—"that's a good bit. It makes a picture—where did you ever see it?"

"Oh, what earthly difference does it make where I saw it!" cried Columbine in helpless exasperation. "That's the way you live, you see! You don't feel what I'm trying to make you feel. Nothing in the world matters to you if only you can get a picture out of it."

"I daresay you're right," Pierrot admitted regretfully. "Well, mostly I get 'em, don't I?"

"But you don't sell 'em."

"And of course a picture's no good until it's sold"—he waited a coaxing minute for her to contradict him. "But even you, Columbine, my lamb—even you, if you had all the money your hands could hold, couldn't buy a thrill."

"That's what I want to talk to you about," said Columbine, all at once becoming coldly determined. "Let's go back to One Hundred and Twentieth Street—up to my room. I've got a letter I want to show you."

They went back to One Hundred and Twentieth Street and up to Columbine's room, which was on the fifth floor, with the elevator sometimes running and sometimes not.

Pierrot switched on the light and shut the door, while Columbine took off her hat and dashed a little powder on her nose at a mirror behind a dilapidated Japanese screen. It was not a large place, but it managed to be bed-breakfast-and sitting-room all in one. The bed, when not in its official capacity, wore an apparently Turkish cover and several cushions, so that the proprieties were appeased and Pierrot by no means an infrequent, nor an improper guest. There was a student-lamp on the table, as well as pen and ink and half a dozen books, and into that unsparing radiance Columbine presently thrust the "letter."

"Read it," she ordered briefly. Pierrot sat on the edge of the table to do so, swinging one long and indubitably graceful leg. Columbine sat on the edge of the couch and watched him from under heavy lashes. He was smiling when he began, still smiling, but a trifle doubtful, when he finished.

Columbine said: "Read it aloud!"

He read, aloud:

"Greenville—Your home town, isn't it?"

Columbine nodded.

"MY DEAR MILLY:

"Your father gave me your address. I daresay you are surprised at hearing from me after all this time, but I am going to be in New York on business about the twentieth of this month, and I should like very much to see you again. I suppose you have not forgotten what good times we used to have together—success is apt to change people but I'm sure it hasn't changed you . . ."

Pierrot stopped reading and looked at the girl on the couch. Her mouth was curved in a little twisted smile and her eyes were lowered.

"Go on!" she said.

Pierrot continued in his drawing voice. "We are all very proud of you down here. Every once in a while, the Star has something about you. The town has grown a bit. You'd be surprised. The bank has had to move to new quarters. We've put a new building on Main Street—cream brick and terra-cotta. Very good-looking but nothing ornate. I don't know if your father ever wrote you that I succeeded my father as vice-president. I'm afraid your father's affairs haven't exactly flourished this year."

"Well, Milly, I am looking forward to seeing you again. Please save a lot of time for me. I am going to be in New York a week and we must do all the shows together. Shall be at the Waldorf. Please call me up the evening of the twentieth. After that I'll do all the calling, myself. I hope you haven't forgotten old times, Milly. I haven't. It will be great to talk them over once more."

Sincerely,

DOUG HENDERSON."

"H'mph!" said Pierrot slowly. "Doug?"

"Douglas."

"Tender and—true?"

"Looks rather like it," said Columbine, laconically.

"We must have a party for him," said Pierrot brightening up a bit. "Were you ever in love with him, Columbine?"

"Comparatively—from time to time. He was, dreadfully—for a while."

"What happened?"

"I WANTED to get away. I couldn't live in the same house with my step-mother. I thought I was cleverer than most people. I wanted to be free. I wanted success—I came here."

"For God's sake don't laugh like that!" said Pierrot suddenly.

"What's wrong with my laugh?"

He grinned at her endearingly. "It's flat and my ear is sensitive. . . . Be a sport, Columbine! Suppose you're not the female financier your friend evidently expects to see—you are free—and you're usually happy. We'll stage a regular party for him—dinner at the Brevoort—"

"I'm going to stage a better party than that," said Columbine calmly. "Do you think I'll let him come to these diggings after me? Go out to dinner with him—and shows—and dancing-places, in the only sort of clothes I've got? Do you think I haven't any pride—nor any nerve—nor any self-respect? You don't know me, Pierrot, my dear!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Pierrot uneasily. He added after a moment's anxious scrutiny: "Don't be a nut, Columbine!"

Columbine got up and came and stood beside him, folding her arms across her breast. She lifted her chin and her eyes blazed. "I'm going to be at a very decent little hotel on Thirty-sixth Street when he comes—and I'm going to stay there till he's gone."

Pierrot smiled, a slow indulgent smile filled with a gentle irony.

But Columbine was as cool as a corporation lawyer. "You think I'm mad as a March hare, don't you? Well, I'm not. I've got it all worked out in my head. I've thought about nothing else since that letter came this

morning. At first I was sick—I thought I'd have to let him come here, and he'd have to know—and he'd go back to Greenville and talk about it—and all this time, I have been a success, so far as Greenville was concerned, and this has made New York possible—if you see what I mean—?" She drew a long breath and unfolded her arms with a dramatic gesture. "I have taken two hundred dollars out of the savings-bank—and I have pawned my mother's engagement-ring for two hundred—and for one week," said Columbine recklessly, "the world is my oyster!"

"Did you have two hundred dollars in the savings-bank?" inquired Pierrot with deep respect.

"Two hundred and ten dollars and thirty-seven cents. I left the ten dollars and thirty-seven cents for a nest-egg." They laughed together.

"And you pawned your mother's engagement-ring? Wasn't that rather—heartless?"

"My mother would have wanted me to have one big, gorgeous party—just once in my life—she would have understood—" said Columbine, and tears came into her eyes. Her mother had died when Columbine was only seven, and Columbine would never have had that ring if the second Mrs. Brown could have helped herself. As it was, the ring was Columbine's sole inheritance.

The stupid, ugly, little room was very still while the man and the girl looked into each other's eyes. Suddenly Pierrot broke into an outrageous chuckling: "Y'know, it'll be a wonderful lark! Let's work out the details."

So they sat down, side by side, at the table beneath the lamp, and Columbine figured upon the back of an envelope with a fountain-pen: "I shall need one coat-suit," she announced, an excited catch in her voice, "one afternoon frock, one evening dress, two hats, three blouses, three pairs of shoes, three pairs of gloves, one set of—pink silk—which I can wash out in the basin overnight, you see!"

"I say!—pink silk—you are going it, aren't you!" said Pierrot. "If I sell that thing to the oatmeal people, y'know—those verses and sketches—I'll send you a box of roses the first night—you can tell him they're from a rich young stock-broker, whom you have persistently refused—shall I send a little poem with the roses?"

"Rich young stock-brokers don't write poems," said Columbine, regretful, but very firm. "No—put in a card, with something scribbled on it like this: 'I'll come for you tomorrow about five—want you to try out my new Rolls-Royce—we'll have dinner at a little inn I've discovered. Hope you liked the strawberries—they came from my place on the Hudson.'"

Pierrot laughed, delightedly. "Then I will refuse the Rolls-Royce to go out with Doug and he will be so thrilled—"

"And about the middle of the week," Pierrot continued with rising enthusiasm, "I'll send you a huge bunch of violets."

"Pierrot," said Columbine, reprovingly, "have you paid your rent?"

"Not for this last two weeks," said Pierrot cheerfully. Nevertheless he looked a little dashed.

"No rent, no violets," said Columbine sternly. She patted his hand with a quaintly maternal gesture. "Never mind, you can send me a telegram—that won't cost very much—asking me to dine at the Ritz."

"Which you won't accept," put in Pierrot a trifle sulkily.

"Whatever would you do if I did?" inquired Columbine. "No, I won't accept, old dear—but think of the impression it will make on Doug!"

"When is the twentieth?" asked Pierrot suddenly. It was one of his most engaging characteristics that he never knew the day of the month. Columbine who, among her other duties in the office of the very feminine publication she served, daily took down letters beginning "yours of the—instant received—" always did. She told him at once; "It's day after tomorrow."

"Then you can't possibly do it—haven't time."

"I have time and I can do it," said Columbine, pushing the soft, heavy hair away from her eyes with the back of one hand. "I engaged a room and bath at the place on Thirty-sixth Street today—I go shopping tomorrow—tomorrow night I go away from here for a week."

"Then I don't even see the clothes—and things—" said Pierrot disappointedly. "Not even a dress rehearsal, Columbine?"

"I don't see how," said Columbine. "I don't see how I could manage it. If it had been any one but you, Pierrot, I'd never even have told him about it."

WELL, that's something," said Pierrot. He got up reluctantly: "I won't forget the roses—nor the telegram—and you'll be back in a week, after all. Then you can tell me all about it. Honestly, Columbine, I feel as if you were going away somewhere."

"So do I, Pierrot," she told him, half under her breath; "isn't it funny?" But her big gray eyes were not funny, nor the nervous little quaver in her voice.

"Good night," said Pierrot, "I'm going home." He took her hand. "A week isn't much," he assured her; "I'll hardly have time to miss you." But his eyes were curiously wistful. Suddenly he began to laugh. Pierrot could always laugh, even when it was only at himself. "You are a plucky little beggar!" he said. "By gad, Columbine—you take an adventure like a hurdle, don't you? You're out-and-out wonderful."

Columbine stood inside the door when he had gone and set her teeth upon her soft lower lip. "An adventure!" she said to herself—"Just an adventure—as if I'd dare—if it were only that!"

Then she looked at her mother's picture, an old-fashioned, faded, sweet thing which stood in a small silver frame on her table, and cried a little. After which she went to bed and cried a bit more.

The last thing she thought before she went to sleep was this:

"I'm so tired of everything I've got—and everything I haven't got—that I'd do anything in the world to change my luck. And anyhow if it isn't Fate, it can't happen, no matter what I do!"

Next day she went shopping, and next evening she moved for one week into the room and bath at the decent little hotel on Thirty-sixth Street.

By evening of the twentieth, the new clothes had come home; and, dressed in the afternoon frock, which was a simple but seductive black satin with plaited white-chiffon frills at throat and wrist—and had cost more than a month's salary—Columbine sat down to the telephone to speak with her past. She had shiny steel buckles on her beautiful shoes, and her nails were pink and shiny from the very recent efforts of the manicure; but her heart pounded in her little white breast like a captive dynamo. Then, faint and fine and far, but with an accent and an inflection all at once ridiculously familiar, a voice came out of the silence to her waiting ear. It didn't say her name, it didn't use an old and half-forgotten tenderness, it merely clipped off briefly: "Henderson speaking."

Columbine said, almost faintly: "Mr. Douglas Henderson, of Greenville—?"

A subsequent flattered acquiescence was evident in the next clearer syllables. "Yes—who is this, if you please?"

"It's I, Columbine—" Columbine clapped her hand over her soft, pink mouth and uttered a groan—"it's Milly—Milly Brown," she cooed into the instrument. "How do you do—Doug?"

He did very well, of course. He almost at once desired ardently to see her. He was not tired from his trip. How sweet of her to call him. Had she dined? Neither had he. Would she—with him? Well, that was great. He'd be along in about fifteen minutes—hoped she was as crazy to see him as he was to see her. How about a show—something she hadn't seen—if there was anything she hadn't seen—?

Milly Brown admitted with a coquettish ripple of laughter that there might be one or two things.

"One thing," said the voice at the other end of the wire—"your laugh hasn't changed any, Milly! I'll get tickets, then—is that all right?"

Milly Brown said it was all right. And having hung up the receiver, she sat for a good five minutes staring at nothing, her chin in the palm of one hand, her finger-tips a little cold. Then she got up and put on one of the two new hats (a small siren thing of dark velvet, turned back Napoleonically from the brow) in which she looked a sophisticated nineteen or an amazingly innocent twenty-five, according to the eye of the beholder—and went downstairs, by way of a gilded elevator, to wait for Mr. Henderson.

He was there before her. He came to meet her, smiling so delightedly, that a tiny responsive thrill woke in the heart of Milly Brown and tightened her hand in his clasping fingers.

"Well, well, well!" he said. "I'd have known you anywhere—you haven't changed a particle!"

"That's hard on New York," said Milly sweetly. She saw at once that he did not know what she meant and changed her tone. "How awfully sweet of you! Honestly, you think I look the same?"

"A little bit stouter, perhaps. . . ."

[Continued on page 40]

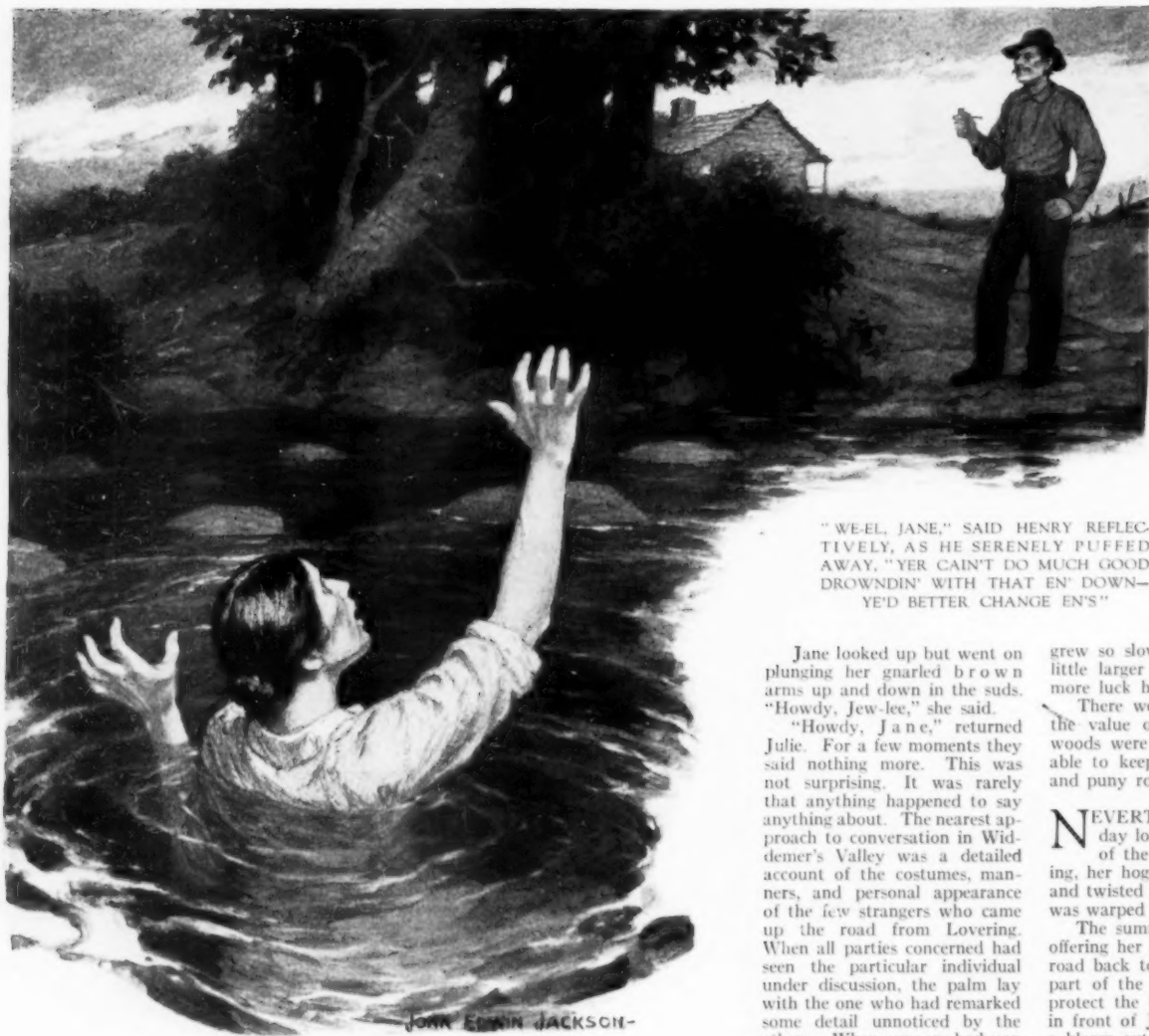


"MILLY—" SAID DOUG, A LITTLE HOARSELY—"I ALWAYS WAS CRAZY ABOUT YOU, MILLY"

THE SHOWING UP OF HENRY WIDDEMER

By James Mahoney

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN E. JACKSON



"WELL, JANE," SAID HENRY REFLECTIVELY, AS HE SERENELY PUFFED AWAY. "YER CAIN'T DO MUCH GOOD DROWNDIN' WITH THAT EN' DOWN—YE'D BETTER CHANGE EN'S"

JANE WIDDEMER had washed all morning. She left her tub only long enough to attend at intervals to the wood-fire smoking under the iron-pot full of murky foaming suds in which she was boiling some clothes. It was painful to her to drag her aching limbs from the front of the house to the rear and back again, every time she had to throw on another stick of wood; but the pot had been placed where it was by some one of Henry's ancestors, and there had never been, in all those years, any time to change it.

She suffered the toilsome pilgrimages from tub to pot and from pot to tub that she might not miss a single one of those rare passers-by on the narrow strip of red-clay road which followed the little stream down the valley. The stream found egress at the lower end; and there it joined a wide-flowing river on its way to the free open sea far from the shut-in spaces of the mountains, which enclosed the stream and the road and the cabin and Jane's washing and Jane herself, shutting them in and all else out, save those few persons a stern necessity sent up and down the road in the earning of their daily bread. Jane longed to escape with the river from the tyrannous cincture of the mountains; but Henry, like the pot behind the house, would not stir from the spot where his forebears had placed him.

Jane raised her head and wiped the sweat from her face with her dry upper arm. She held out her hands to string soap-suds from her spread fingers into the tub, as she looked down the valley for a moment's rest from her endless labor. She always looked down the road for, at its lower end, forty miles away, lay Lovering, the metropolis, the goal of her dreams, and out of Lovering came all that was interesting and all that was different from the dull monotony of the mountains. On rare occasions came automobiles daring the horrors of the mud-holes and gullies. She welcomed them with a well-defined thrill in her heart. They were as messengers from the Paradise outside of which she waited, a toiling Peri. Her own husband had slammed the gates in her face.

A woman in a black sunbonnet was toiling up the road, her hands on her hips and her body leaning forward with the stoop which the mountains mould upon their own. Jane fell to washing again. A moment was all that she could spare. When the woman passed her gate there would be at least an exchange of greetings, and she looked forward to this momentary companionship as she continued to rub the clothes.

The woman did not pass. She opened the gate, came in and sat down on one of the hickory-bottomed chairs in front of the door. It was Julie, Jane's sister, from two miles down the road where she lived in consecrated spinsterhood, "tending to" their consumptive father.

based on an effort to prove conclusively the personal inferiority of those who had missed seeing him.

Jane continued to wash and Julie fanned herself with her sunbonnet.

"Jane," said Julie at last, "Pap's dead."

Both the sisters had been expecting the death of the tubercular old man for years. Julie, who was unmarried, had colored her expectation with an unadmitted hope.

Jane withdrew her shining, dripping arms from the suds. With her right forefinger she forced the lingering suds down her left arm and let them drop with a squashing plump into the tub. She repeated the process with her left forefinger and her right arm and then wiped the palms of her outspread hands, rubbing them dry against her checkered apron.

"Well," said Jane thoughtfully, "now ain't that hell on Pap."

"Las' night," said Julie, "he jus' riz, spit, an' drapped."

Jane plunged her arms again into the suds and silently scrubbed away. "I got ter git shet er these clothes," she explained, "ter do Henner's cookin' fer him, agin he comes home."

"Jane," said Julie, "I'm a-goin' ter leave No'th Caliny. I'm a-goin' ter Lovering."

Lovering was in North Carolina, but North Carolina to Julie meant the mountains. Cities were all fascinatingly alien and exotic. Jane said nothing.

"Jane," said Julie again, after waiting a decent interval for an answer, "I'm a-goin' ter Lovering. Why don't you com' erlong?"

Jane stopped a moment. "I reckon I can't," she said slowly, "on account er Henner."

"Henner!" snorted Julie with vicious contempt. "He ain't no count ter you a-tall. Why don't yer leave him and come erlong?"

"I reckon I just sorta got used ter Henner, Julie," said Jane helplessly. "I reckon I just couldn't git erlong 'thout Henner."

JANE, yer a fool! Yer a plum' fool. He ain't never done nothin' fer yuh—an' you a-slavin' away here fer him, a-growin' his vittles an' a-cookin' 'em fer him, day in an' day out 'thout no rest a-tall. An' down yander ye kin git seven dollars a week a-cookin' fer Mis' Wetherby. Yuh tole me yerself she ast yuh."

"Henner won't go," said Jane sadly. "He ain't spoke ter me sence I ast him—an' I ain't a-goin' ter ast him no more."

"Ain't spoke ter yuh!" cried Julie. "Yer mean ter tell me he ain't spoke ter yuh sence Mis' Wetherby stopped here in her auttymobee last summer and ast yuh!"

"Nary word," said Jane.

"Jane, yer a plum' fool. I said it an' I say it ergin—a-slavin' away fer a man like that—not a havin' enough ter

eat—an' yer won't leave him fer ta go down thar where yuh kin have everythin' yer want and do nothin' a-tall but cook—That's livin' easy."

"Jew-lee," said Jane, "I reckon yer don't know much erbout bein' married. I reckon I jus' couldn't git erlong 'thout Henner."

"Well," said Julie rising and putting on her sunbonnet, "I got ter git erlong ter Pap. Yer a comin' ter the buryin' ter-morry?"

"Shor', I'm a-comin'," said Jane.

"You'uns come," Julie added hospitably, moving to the gate; "you'uns come!"

After she had gone out the gate and down the road, Jane communicated a thought to the remaining clothes in the tub. "I never did have no luck like Jew-lee," she said.

Julie had known of the wonderful opportunities in Lovering from Jane herself, and Julie was going while Jane remained behind. Now that Pap was dead, Julie was free at last. Lovering, with its shops and stores and ice-cream parlors and moving-picture shows and all the other gauds and glitter of a small metropolis, Jane had seen only once. It was that heavenly day when she and Henry had spent a year's savings in an afternoon's riotous dissipation at a Fourth of July celebration. She had never forgotten it and had never regretted the expense. From that day she had begun to save her extra coppers with another such expedition in view. The heap of coppers grew so slowly that now five years had passed and it was little larger than in the first six months. Henry had no more luck hunting 'sang.

There were too many people who had learned to know the value of the ginseng plant, so that every spring the woods were full of ginseng hunters, and Henry was barely able to keep his pipe filled with the few coppers the rare and puny roots he found would bring him.

NEVERTHELESS he tramped the mountain-sides all day long in quest of it, while Jane was the real support of the establishment with her corn-patch, her garden, her hogs and her cow; and the incessant toil had bent and twisted her until at thirty she looked sixty, and her soul was warped and dulled within her.

The summer before had come Mrs. Wetherby, a goddess offering her Paradise. Mrs. Wetherby had taken the wrong road back to Lovering. Damaging her tires over the stony part of the road until there was little left of the tread to protect the fabric, she had been compelled to halt at noon in front of Jane's house to wait until her chauffeur changed a blown-out shoe.

"My dear, I'm simply starving," said her companion, Miss Lincoln.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Wetherby, "if we dare ask here."

She indicated Jane's cabin with a wave of her hand.

"I could eat anything!" said Miss Lincoln. "Anything!"

"Well, we'll try then," said Mrs. Wetherby. "But, I warn you, the food will be perfectly awful."

They went into Jane's front yard. Jane was in the doorway. "Howdy, strangers," she said amiably.

"How do you do," said Mrs. Wetherby. "Can you give us something to eat?"

"We're ravenous!" said Miss Lincoln.

"There are three of us," Mrs. Wetherby went on, "this lady, the chauffeur, and myself. I'll give you three dollars for the meal."

"I ain't got much vittles," said Jane doubtfully, "and ye'll have ter wait."

She wanted very much to have them in her house. She wanted to hear them talk. She wanted the three dollars. Above all she wanted the chance to display her cooking, an accomplishment in which she took great pride, to these exotic strangers.

The two ladies sat on the chairs outside the door while Jane cooked within. Jane loved to cook. It was the one thing in all her life of drudgery from which she obtained any real satisfaction. This day it was a joy. As she cooked she sang, her cracked voice quavering and sliding between the uncertain notes of her singing.

When the ro-oll is called up yander,
When the ro-oll is called up yander,
When the roll is called up ya-an-der—

"I wish I did have time ter make these here strangers some rolls."

The mountain air, redolent of rich earth and pine-needles, the pungent smell of the wood-fire, and the intoxicating odor of sizzling sausage were whipping the appetites of Mrs. Wetherby and Miss Lincoln into a frenzy. When Jane at last appeared in the doorway and announced, "Yer snack's ready," they fairly exploded into the house, betraying an interest in the food which was far from conventional. They said little. They were too much interested in their absorption of fried sausage, hot buttered biscuit, apple-butter flavored with cinnamon, and sweet milk.

After they had finished, the ladies talked low and earnestly outside the door. Jane caught a few phrases. "To think that she could cook like that—a treasure, a perfect treasure—you know what servants are nowadays—oh, if only she would—I'd pay any price—"

When they came in to pay her the three dollars, Mrs. Wetherby made her a proposition which rolled back the

[Continued on page 28]



CLAIRE, NOT TRUSTING HERSELF TO LOOK AT HIM, GAZED OUT INTO THE SUNLIT GARDEN. "AND—ALINE IS STILL—" "ENGAGED TO ME," HE COMPLETED.

BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

PART THREE

For Synopsis, see page 31

SINCE Lord Tremont's accident, Claire Wilton had busied herself with ministering to the needs of Breeme House and had even taken up the work of Lady Jane among the cottages on the estate, going about her helpful tasks with a confident spirit of quiet waiting. Sir Geoffrey Brooke had promised that he would come to her, and that together they would untangle the skein for Aline and Alec; and that promise brought such contentment to Claire as she had never known before. In all her years of travel and diversion, she had never been touched by so much as the thought of a lover. Her unusual frankness and aloofness of temperament had effectively kept at a distance the ardent or avaricious intentions of hosts of suitors. Nor was she inclined to consider the men she met from the point of view of possible husbands. Her love of life embraced all humanity—men, women and children.

Claire sat this afternoon in the bower to which she had tracked Aline that evening when Lord Tremont had discovered them. She had taken no book or other excuse for occupation. She was waiting—as indeed she had found herself doing frequently of late. Claire did not deceive herself. At that moment when, with Aline's unconscious head in her lap, her eyes and Sir Geoffrey's had met, she knew that she loved him. At first she wondered how it had come to her so suddenly; but then she realized that it had been there, unconsciously, from the time when she had first met him.

But what of him? Did he love her? Or did he love Aline? That question she could not answer. And it gave her that feeling of fear which, to Aline, she had boasted she had never experienced about any man. She was not sure of her ground. She half despised herself for her timorousness, even while she gloried in it as proof of the reality of her secret. There were times when she thought she would flee from him, panic-stricken, like any schoolgirl, if he should suddenly appear.

"Found you at last," a voice was saying, and Sir Geoffrey, himself, stood smiling at her from the entrance to the bower.

Unless she ran into his arms, it was difficult to see whither she could escape. "I began to think," she said, "that you had repented of your promise. But I know, of course, that you've had your hands full with your invalid. He's to come back to us tomorrow, I hear?"

"Yes—Alec's been pretty lucky to come out of it so easily." Sir Geoffrey laid aside his hat and cane and sat down beside her. "You know that Aline came to see him?"

"No—she didn't tell me."

"He really loves her, as she loves him," he said huskily.

Did Sir Geoffrey, then, regret it, wondered Claire? Had his engagement to Aline not been mere knight-errantry after all? The question swept through her mind like a winter wind. "And—Alec; did he tell Aline? But I forgot—of course he couldn't now—honorably."

"I told him that he must; that he had my permission," Sir Geoffrey explained.

"You mean that they're engaged, then?"

"No. He told me that he knew he could not marry her—couldn't afford to. I told him that he owed it to her to let her know it, as amends for the past. He's been rather cruel to Aline, you know. He must have done it very beautifully—she seems to have been happy, poor child, from that day."

Claire, not trusting herself to look at him, gazed out into the sunlit garden. "And—Aline is still—"

"Engaged to me," he completed. "It's best for the present, until we have found a way—"

"And how," she questioned, "how can that be done?"

"That's just the question." His smiling eyes again searched hers, to their depths.

"Oh!" Claire exclaimed, "how absurd it all is! This ridiculous pride! Here am I with so much more money than I want or can use, loving this place as my own, yet not allowed to raise a finger to help. It's not Lord Tremont I want to help; not even Lord Breeme, nor my dear little Jane—it's Breeme, Breeme itself. Is there no way it can be managed, Sir Geoffrey?"

NOT in that way; not a chance! I'd lend Tremont what I could afford, myself, but the boy says he positively won't take a loan from anyone. No—there's only one way that I can see open to us." He paused. "I've just been having a talk with Rufus Tremont. He is willing to pay Alec twenty thousand pounds or more for the Van Dyke." Claire gasped. "And you—you think that is the way? It—it shall never be done; never! Rufus Tremont ought to be ashamed to suggest it."

Sir Geoffrey regarded her calmly, understanding.

"I know," he said. "But Alec must have money, or the shock to the Earl of Unterberg's latest threat would probably be fatal."

"But the sale of the Van Dyke would kill Lord Breeme. And you mean to say that Lord Tremont has accepted the offer?"

"No—he's spurned it."

Claire was relieved.

"I'm afraid, dear Miss Wilton, that Alec will find himself forced to accept it before long. Certain large payments have got to be made, or far worse will befall the House of Breeme than the sale of the Van Dyke."

"I cannot believe," said Claire confidently, "that anything worse can befall the House of Breeme. When Rufus

Tremont takes the *Lady Jane*, he will rob this place of the soul of Breeme."

"Mr. Tremont would probably agree to leave the picture in its place during the Earl's lifetime," Sir Geoffrey added in extenuation of the plan.

"Not even the Earl is Breeme itself," she said simply. "Why," she added, "I'd pay double its value, myself, just to see it left here—in its place."

"They—they wouldn't permit you to do that, Miss Wilton. I'm sure."

She sighed in desperation. Then, "Some other way shall be found," she cried. "I'd give my life to save the Van Dyke for Breeme—and Breeme for the *Lady Jane*. They shall not sell it, Sir Geoffrey!"

Sir Geoffrey looked at Claire, her face transfigured with the inspiration of her challenge. "The face," he thought, "of one who would meet martyrdom for a cause she had at heart!"

He recalled that Alec Tremont had confided having asked Claire to marry him, and that she had not said "no."

"It is a tangle we can't unravel at once," he comforted her and himself.

It was night at Breeme House.

Aline Parkes was sleeping peacefully.

"Aline!" She sat up quickly. Claire in wrapper and slippers stood by her bedside, a candle in her hand, her red-gold hair flung around her face. "Someone is prowling around the gallery," Claire whispered. "I heard a sound and I opened my door to listen. There is someone down there, certainly—someone who has no right to be there. Will you come with me to investigate? We won't frighten the others till we're sure."

Aline was already up and Claire led the way—cautiously along the gallery, to a window-alcove, from which they could watch both the hall and stairs. The hall was flooded with dim bands of moonlight, and into one of these moonlit streaks a tall figure passed stealthily. The girls felt rather than saw the figure approach the stairs.

"If he comes up, he will pass us," murmured Aline, fearfully.

He was coming up now. Once or twice the man stopped as though he were listening, then on the turn below the alcove he came out again into the moonlight. Aline gripped Claire's arm with a start of relief. It was Rufus Tremont—still in evening-dress, but in stocking feet; and he must have been out, for it was raining out of doors, and his hair and shoulders were wet. In a moment he turned, and went stealthily across the hall again and out, closing the door behind him.

"It looks queer to me," Aline said, when they were safely back in Claire's bedroom. "Why should Rufus Tremont be



"SOMEONE IS PROWLING AROUND THE GALLERY," CLAIRE WHISPERED, "SOMEONE WHO HAS NO RIGHT TO BE THERE"

creeping around the house, like some thief, at this hour of the night?" Aline's small face between its masses of fluffy hair was witch-like.

"I don't know what to think of it," said Claire. "Aline, don't you think it's just a little rash, having him stay here? What, after all, do they know about the man?" Reason as she might, the seed of suspicion grew. Who was this Rufus Tremont? What was he looking for?

It was the day after Claire's and Aline's midnight adventure. Although Claire Wilton's departure had been postponed by the urgent need of her during Alec's convalescence, the Earl insisted upon giving in her honor the masquerade he had planned, as soon as Alec was sufficiently recovered. It was to come off this evening.

Claire was dressed early. She wanted to spend a few quiet minutes in the hall, communing with the spirit of the place, and more especially with the Van Dyke. Fastening the rude Saxon chain-ornament absently around her head, she glanced carelessly at the effect in the glass and, satisfied with the rather obviously beautiful reflection, she slipped out and down the stairs. The hall below was shining with lights that made an underworld of the polished floor, and gave life to the flesh-tints of this painted ancestor and that. Van Dyke's *Lady Jane* between two blazing chandeliers, reigned supreme for all her timidity. Claire stopped opposite on the stairs, remembering with a little flash of triumph Rufus Tremont's threat to carry the portrait away with him. She had pledged herself to a defense, but after all, Breeme House was its own defense. She wished that she might have played a part, might have woven herself a little into the web of *Lady Jane's* history. It yet might be, if she could find a way.

Claire paused, leaning over the balustrade. Her face at this moment was on a level with the portrait, and she gazed into the large, soft, shy eyes of *Lady Jane*. As she looked, an uneasy sense of loss possessed her. Tonight the picture somehow failed. It lacked a spirit, an essence. It was suddenly a thing of mere paint and canvas. Claire was bitterly depressed. Just now, when she was trying to realize the charm to its fullest, that she might never forget, the charm had failed. The spell was broken. It was as though a blight had fallen on the hall. Claire felt it almost superstitiously. She was afraid to look around lest the beautiful proportions and time-deepened color of the room might have shrunk and faded to a commonplace. It was like the mysterious transformation of Cinderella's ball-dress into rags—a withering disenchantment.

Claire's eyes filled with tears. She began bitterly to sense other disillusionments. The shadows that had rested upon that charming group of people under the trees—the Earl of Breeme himself—Alec and Jane—yes, even Jane—after all just modern people with sordid, modern problems—not the people of colorful romance as she had imagined they were.

The musicians began to arrive, grouping themselves near a bank of flowers under the gallery. The sound of their talk and laughter came up to Claire. There was a footstep across the hall. Claire gasped. It was Rufus Tremont!

In the court dress of King Charles, velvet and lace, buckles of silver, knots of wine-colored ribbon, a plumed hat in his long, brown, supple hand, and sword at his side, he came with swinging tread along the polished floor, and stopped inevitably before the picture of *Lady Jane*. The face, framed by Cavalier curls, was strikingly handsome; the eyes idly mocked.

Claire was about to call down to him when suddenly his eyes lifted their gaze from the Van Dyke to the gallery above, and there came into them such a flare of triumph and mastery that Claire, too, glanced quickly where he looked. There, backgrounded by dark wainscoting and illuminated by softly moving candle-light, line for line, tint for tint, stood Van Dyke's model, charmed into life: ringlets and scarf, silvery skirt and fillet and little slipped feet; even the quivering, timid pose. It was complete. Claire drew in her breath. There was no disappointment here, only witchery; she felt a thrill of superstition. The soul of *Lady Jane* had left that thing upon the wall, and had entered completely into the warm flesh and blood of her descendant. Jane turned her shy glance on the cavalier-earl waiting below. She, too, flushed; her lips curved into their tremulous smile.

"There's something almost uncanny about them, isn't there?" asked Aline as she joined Claire a few moments later in the hall. "He is the missing portrait—the story always had him the handsomest of the line. Has he come back for her, do you think?"

The house-party began to take possession of the hall, awaiting the arrival of the guests: Lord Breeme in his wheeled-chair, as merry as old Capulet; Alec, gaunt and pale in a court-jester's costume, and obviously not in the humor of his disguise; Aline, a slender little Babbie, with red berries in her hair, a high color in her thin face, and eyes unfathomable. They danced and laughed and amused themselves, admiring costumes and exchanging banter and compliments. But Claire could not enter into the spirit of it. She was suffering from some nameless, indefinable thing, the poignancy of which was out of all proportion to its cause. Her mood of melancholy was broken into suddenly by a crash and loud outcry: "The Van Dyke! Oh, my God! The Van Dyke!"

Robins had dropped a tray of refreshments in the middle of the hall, and stood gaping with horror, his face pale and distracted, at the portrait of *Lady Jane*. Dancing and music stopped. Everyone turned to where the old man pointed. "Mr. Tremont will bear me out, your lordship," he began, excitedly. "Twice him that said he'd noticed it himself. A sad thing!" Robins babbled on confusedly, directing himself to Lord Breeme.

Rufus Tremont laid a hand on his shoulder. "What's the matter, Robins?" he asked. "What's wrong with the Van Dyke?"

"Oh, sir! You remember that shadow-like of a dog's head on the skirt? Look sharp! I ask you, is that portrait its real self at all, sir?"

Claire watched in keen suspense. She saw Rufus fling up his chin, his face stiffen and pale into a look that might have been one of fear. "It must be the effect of the light," he stammered.

"No, sir! It's not only the shadow. Look at that hand, look at the eyes. Your lordship—" He turned piteously to Lord Breeme, pleading his point. "Shouldn't I know the Van Dyke? That's not the Van Dyke!"

Lord Breeme raised himself, in alarm. "Not the Van Dyke, Robins? Do you mean—?" He fell back. There was a babel of conjecture, curiosity, alarm.

"The copyist," said Robins. "It must have been him! That foreigner—Cardoni." Then, to Lord Tremont: "Oh, sir, why did you give him permission, my lord?"

Alec turned. "Cardoni? I give him a permit? I never did!"

"Oh, my lord!" Robins fumbled in a pocket. "Between you and me, my lord, just look at this."

Claire saw Alec take the paper offered. *This is to permit Mr. Otto Cardoni to copy the Van Dyke portrait at any time or times best suited to his convenience. Signed Tremont.* He read, aloud, and having finished, looked up sharply. Everyone followed his eyes where they rested questioning upon the young American. "Must be a forgery! I never gave anyone permission to copy the Van Dyke," he said. "Tremont, do you know anything of this?"

He held out the paper to Rufus, who took it, coolly. Rufus glanced down at the irregular, hasty scrawl, then inquiringly at Alec. He did not speak, and somehow Claire found herself praying that he would. Ugly discomfort seized her. This notion was preposterous, hateful, unwelcome, but it had come to her of its own accord. And she could read it in every face below—even in the flushed face of Jane. Rufus stood in the center of a circle of cold, inquiring eyes. Claire wondered if his ancestor, that other Rufus, had ever suffered so sudden and complete an exile. She wondered, too, if he was feeling it. He stood at his ease, one hand resting lightly, as though from habit, on the hilt of his masquerading sword. But the other hand, under his lace ruff, she perceived, was hard clenched.

It was Aline's voice that broke the silence at last. "Mr. Tremont," she implored.

He turned to her, and bowed slightly.

"Miss Parkes?"

"What were you doing down here, and out of doors, in stocking feet, in the middle of the night?"

Claire gasped. Why, of course! She had not thought of that. Suspicion flashed from face to face. Rufus Tremont looked them over, one by one, and last at Jane. Then, without a word of explanation, "You had better look to Lord Breeme," he said. "I am afraid this disturbance has been too much for him."

The Earl had fallen in his chair. And at that moment a flustered footman at the door announced the arrival of the first guest.

Lord Breeme had suffered a second paralytic stroke, and his condition absorbed the attention of the household. The neighborhood was alive as to the fate of the Van Dyke, and the possible complicity of the rashly entertained American "cousin." Claire spent a wakeful night. She loved Lord Breeme deeply, and the doctor was dubious of his condition. "I can't bear it if he doesn't live," she kept saying to herself.

She was in her room watching the beauty of day-break from her open window when there came a rap. "Miss Wilton," said the heavy-eyed servant, "Mr. Tremont would like to know if you'd be good enough to see him in the hall for five minutes. I believe he's leaving, miss."

After a moment of consideration Claire decided, and went down.

Rufus Tremont stood below the Van Dyke. His face, uplifted and struck by the early-morning light, was bleak and expressionless, except, Claire thought, for that unmistakable expression of will. He turned to her as she came down.

"This is very good of you," said he. "But I want to see someone. I'm off on the six-o'clock train to London. Can you listen to me for ten minutes?"

Claire consented. She sat down on a settle opposite the picture, and Rufus stood before her.

"We've had the picture down, Robins and I," said he, "and the trick's perfectly apparent. The original canvas has been cut, and this clever copy very skillfully put in its place. The copy is a marvel, and means have been used to give it a genuine look of age. That was why Cardoni took it off to London. He came back with it, I think, only last night."

"When you were prowling about the hall?" asked Claire, with intentional lightness.

"No. By the time I began to prowl he was well away with his booty. I heard the sound of his motor on the lawn, back of the shrubberies. I was sitting up late, reading in my room, and disturbed by what must have been the removal of the picture through that window there." Claire looked and noticed that the catch had been wrenched off.

"I heard the hum of a car, near the house, and I went down, stocking-foot, in order to rouse no one. As it turned out, I made more disturbance than I thought." He stopped, and, looking at Claire, smiled in such a quick scornful way that she felt the color rise in her cheeks. Rufus continued, "It was dark and raining. I saw nothing; no wheel marks. I came back to the hall, and, as you say, prowled about. I found no trace of any intrusion. The picture, of course, was to all appearances as usual. If it had not been for Robins, I believe we should never have made the discovery. I believe—" He stepped back a few paces, and fixed his look upon the counterfeit face of *Lady Jane*. "I believe I should have taken this little masquerader here away with me from England."

Claire made no secret of her understanding and dismay. "Then you still entertain your original purpose?" she asked.

"Nothing can turn me from it now," said he, in his most deliberate fashion. "Nothing. I may fail in every other purpose of my life, but the Van Dyke is mine!"

"You are talking rather dangerously, I think." She could not resist this warning.

"For a man under suspicion, you mean?" His look searched her, and he shrugged. "How is Lord Breeme?" She wondered for a moment at the abrupt change of subject. "No better? I'm glad to remember that he lost consciousness

before matters took just the turn they did. I hope he'll never know."

Claire said nothing. She was looking at him now with a fuller sympathy.

"There were reasons," he went on, "why I didn't choose to discuss the authorship of that note of Cardoni's. I am going to London to get on Cardoni's track. I hope you will tell Lord Tremont as much. I am moving my baggage to the Breeme Arms, and I will leave an address there. I expect to be back soon—with the original portrait, itself."

He was silent. "I should have liked your belief in me, Miss Wilton," he said, "merely as a matter of courtesy from a compatriot. I have felt your watchfulness and your antagonism. You guessed my purpose, and naturally you resented it. But I shall win out. You'll have to forgive me that."

He paused. Claire felt instinctively that a proud and sensitive nature was in pain. For all his curious, cool composure, he suffered.

"As far as suspicion attaches to you for the disappearance of the picture—which I know is absurd, however black it looks to others—you have an ally here. But, with my consent, you shall never have the Van Dyke."

His retort flashed back. "Nor you—with mine," said he. Then, "The portrait," he added, determination in his face, "is the least part of what I want to take from Breeme House. I want Jane."

Claire took him in slowly. "Have you told her so?" she asked.

"Yes, I have." He smiled a little. "She did what one would expect her to do. She ran away. She's stayed away ever since. I meant to speak to the Earl or to Lord Tremont about it, but—this has upset all my calculations."

Claire hardly knew how to take him. Evidently courtship was new to him, but he approached it bravely and his desires were as the very breath of his body.

"I have never thought of you and Jane," she said, studying him.

"No," He sighed. "I don't suppose anyone has thought of us. I, of course, have thought of very little else. I can see no obstacle that matters, if she can care for me. That must be my part—to make her care."

He paced again. "I don't know how much of an ally you mean to be," he began again. "I'm wondering if you would be one to the extent of keeping her mind open. I'd like mighty well to see her—to talk to her myself—but with her father ill, it's only decent for me to keep out of her way. Besides, I'd like to clear this matter up first. I'd rather not know if, even for a few minutes, she—" He stopped and turned abruptly, with an appeal which touched Claire profoundly, to Van Dyke's picture.

"Queer!" he said, after a moment. "How the soul's gone out of it!"

"Yes," said Claire sadly; "the soul has gone out of it;" and she looked mournfully about the hall.

"I will bring it back," he said confidently. Then, "I must go. You'll tell Lord Tremont why I've gone, and you'll be my friend with Jane?"

"I will. And I wish you success in your quest."

He was off and Claire went up the stairs. She found Jane moving restlessly about the gallery. "Mr. Tremont—" Jane began timidly at the sight of Claire—"has he gone?"

Claire watched her curiously. "Yes," she said with gentleness; "he has gone."

Jane, still without looking at her, turned and walked quickly away, and Claire saw her fumble with her door. Claire turned away. "Dear little Jane!" she whispered. "But she will never let him take it." And her head was still throbbing with the weight of this new problem, when Lord Breeme sent for her.

The old Earl's face sunk deep in pillows, brightened eagerly at her entrance. "You are my good friend, aren't you, Claire, eh?" He spoke feebly and slowly.

"You surely know that I am your friend," she said, sitting beside him, caressing his hand and smiling bravely. A reflection of her splendid vitality shone faintly over him. "Then it's—all right, eh? All right. You'll see to it, you promise?"

Claire not understanding, was puzzled.

"Don't you guess what he means?" Lady Breeme asked her.

Claire shook her head. "My Alec was in here," the Earl went on. "I'm something of a fool about Alec, you know. He may have lost his Van Dyke, but he's won a wife, hasn't he?"

Claire slipped to her knees by the bed and rested her soft, smooth cheek against his hand.

"You want a wife for Alec?" she asked softly.

AH! She'd guessed it! He struggled against his weakness. "I'll tell you what I want you to do for Alec, eh? Now you're to find a wife for Alec. She must be beautiful and good and fine—brave—that's the main thing. And I'm afraid she'll have to be rich, for we're very poor ourselves." His face clouded for an instant, then cleared. He lifted his hand and let it fall upon her soft, gleaming hair—"and a wise head and a heartful of love. Will you find all that for Alec, will you? Promise me, Claire?"

Claire looked up smiling through tears. "I'll do my best. I'll find her—for Alec. There! The nurse says I must go."

"Don't you forget, now," he admonished her; "you've given me a promise."

Claire was white; even her lips had lost their color; her eyes deepened. She looked helplessly away from him. "I'll do my best," she said quivering, "dear Lord Breeme—my best." And, not to be a traitor to their joyous comradeship, she smiled.

One morning, a week after Lord Breeme's stroke, a man of stout figure in conspicuous tweed strolled in masterful fashion up and down the reception-room at Breeme House, glancing with an air of proprietorship at this choice piece of furniture and that. He was not an attractive visitor. There were bluish-white puffs of flesh under his eyes, and the dewlaps of the jaws joggled a little as he walked. But he had an air of tremendous assurance. He had sent in his card to Lord Tremont, and he had been waiting, already, half an hour. But this did not seem to surprise or annoy him. Perhaps he was used to waiting. He had not, as yet, so much as glanced at his watch.

Two or three rooms away, meanwhile, Alec Tremont sat crushing Mr. Unterberg's card in his fingers. His hour of reckoning was upon him, and it found him unprepared. He was cursing himself a little, the gentleman a great deal, and Fate most of all. "I am a fool!" he thought. "A fool!" Only that morning he had seen his father and had promised to ask Claire to be his wife. He had meant to be honest with her. He would not ask her to marry him on false pretenses. If she wanted his title and his house in exchange for what he wanted—wealth and the happiness of his father—

they were hers for the taking. Why had he dabbled so long? He had lost his picture, for which Rufus Tremont would have paid a fortune, and now, perhaps, he had lost his chance with Claire.

A hint to Unterberg of his engagement to an American heiress would at this time probably slip the noose off his neck. Why had he waited? When he had spoken to her on the ride to Lone Tree Hill, her look, though enigmatical, had been far from discouraging. If he spoke to her now!

Alec stopped before the open window. There on the lawn, playing with Humphrey, her golden hair glorified against the green turf, Claire sent up to him an uncertain smile. Alec's heart was pounding. "Miss Wilton," said he awkwardly, "I should like to speak to you. May I come out?"

CLAIRE regarded the ball in her hand with the air of a crystal gazer. "I'll come in." She tossed the plaything to Humphrey and went round the ivy-covered corner of the house. A moment later she was with him, closing the door, with an air of self-possession that somehow failed to put him at his ease. Alec was certain that she knew what was coming. "My father's illness," he began, flushing under his pale, narrowed eyes, "and—my own accident—have put off something that I wanted to discuss with you." Alec had never been more ill at ease. He hated himself and would have liked to hate her. But she looked that morning very grave and pure and good. He plunged desperately in. "We're both sensible people, I fancy—pretty well grown up and modern, eh? I've felt all the time that you understood me, amazingly. In fact, I think you've understood us all. You are wonderful, you know."

He looked at her. She was as expressive as cool, chiselled marble. "I was—I wish that we hadn't been interrupted when I was speaking to you on the way to Lone Tree. I could have put it all before you much better. I've been so unhappy and so bothered lately. But—this morning I had a talk with my father."

Alec turned away and back. His lips were pale. "I would do anything in the world—" his voice was suddenly as broken as a penitent boy's—"anything in the world to help him back to life."

She gave him a quick, low answer. "So would I—almost anything!"

He came impulsively to her side. "We both love him, and he loves us. Claire, you know, don't you, what he wants most—what he lies there hoping for?"

She did not speak.

"Jane is devoted to you," he went on. "You see, it would be the most natural thing in the world. You are quite one of us. And what I can give you—I admire you as much as any woman I know. Is this a hateful way to put it? I don't fancy for a moment, you know, that you're in love with me. But we've got more than most people have to begin on—a mutual friendship and respect."

"Even at that, Lord Tremont, you take a very great deal for granted," she told him. Then, to his horror, Claire began to laugh. It was not happy laughter, but the laughter of humor—with a touch of ridicule, a grain of bitterness and tears in it, somewhere.

Alec stiffened. The flush spread, covering his face.

"Alec!" she said presently, using his name for the first time, and put out her hand. "I'm crying most, and my laughter wasn't all for you. A great deal of it was for myself. I'll try to explain." She had dried her eyes, and he saw that she was shaking.

"I am afraid," he said stiffly, "that I must not wait now to listen to your explanation. I am to tell my father, then—"

She was beside him now, her hand gripping his arm. "You shall tell him nothing!" she cried. "Nothing! I have made him a promise myself. Listen—"

A servant knocked. Alec turned coldly to Claire and excused himself.

Mr. Unterberg received Alec with a great show of cordiality. He had much to say for himself, and it was a good quarter of an hour before he got down to business. When he did, however, he bellowed. Alec was in terror lest the words should reach his father's sick-room. "Let me tell you, my dear sir, that there's ways of bringing you slippery young gentlemen up; pretty sharp ways, too! Ain't able to raise the stuff! I know better. The Van Dyke alone is worth ten times what you owe me."

"It's gone already—stolen," said Alec, humbly.

Unterberg laughed. "You'd better tell that lie to someone else," he jeered. "If it's stolen, I guess there's more than one thief in on the deal."

The door behind them opened and shut. Alec looked round with an oath—there stood Sir Geoffrey Brooke and Rufus Tremont.

"Excuse the interruption, Alec," said Sir Geoffrey, "but what Mr. Tremont has to tell you probably has an important bearing on the matter in hand—if you'll listen to him for a moment."

Alec had been tried enough for that morning. He stood, head thrown back, glaring from one man to the other.

"I am quite able to listen to him," said he, "but I fail to understand what interest he can have in my affairs." He turned to Rufus: "I gathered from Miss Wilton's account of an interview which she had with you that you were very kindly occupying yourself in the matter of the Van Dyke."

"I have brought it back," said Rufus, quietly.

Alec dropped the chair-back. His face flushed. Then, rather shamefacedly, he held out his hand. "Good work, Tremont," he said heartily. "You're a prince. How did you do it?"

At this moment Unterberg would have made a getaway, but Rufus took a step toward him, and fixed him with a look that held him in his place. He decided that discretion was, at this juncture, better than insolent bullying, and subsided with comical suddenness.

Then, turning toward Alec, Rufus remarked coolly: "I shall be glad to answer your question when we have completed our business, Lord Tremont." His tone was stiff, and left no doubt as to which member of the party was in the saddle.

"I am offering you," he added, deliberately, "twenty thousand pounds for your Van Dyke." Alec could never look back upon that moment without a revival of his helpless hatred toward Rufus Tremont. The man stood there as hard as granite, a cool triumph in his eyes. Alec was as much in his power as he had been a few minutes before in Unterberg's. Here was Rufus restoring to him a beloved possession with one hand, and taking it away with the other.

"I will arrange with you," broke in Tremont quickly, "not to take possession of the picture during your father's lifetime. Lord Breeme need never know of the transaction."

There was silence. Breeme House was very still while Alec deliberated. There was no one to take up the defense of *Lady Jane*.

"On those conditions—I accept." Alec was defeated. He spoke flatly, his eyes on the ground.

Rufus Tremont took out his check-book and began to write. Alec did likewise. And in the course of a few moments, Mr. Unterberg had been paid in full for his loan, and Breeme House saw the last of him.

As the door closed upon the money-lender, Alec threw himself into a chair; his face wore a look of dazed bewilderment. Sir Geoffrey felt the need of a tactful easing of the situation.

"And now, Tremont, tell us how you accomplished it," he asked briskly.

"Oh! it's not so fearfully complex," Rufus began, "though one may, in a way, call it the climax of a drama begun about three hundred years ago."

Alec looked up. To do him justice he was game; he forced himself to assume a look devoid of all resentment.

"You see, it seems to have been in the very blood of the American branch of the House of Breeme to acquire the *Lady Jane*. Perhaps it was to us the symbol of the act of that Cromwellian, Rufus Tremont, who lost his birthright in the cause of democracy. I can only say that the determination to possess the Van Dyke came down to me as an inherited obligation, which I must fulfill at every sacrifice. It decided me on my career—"

(Continued on page 31)

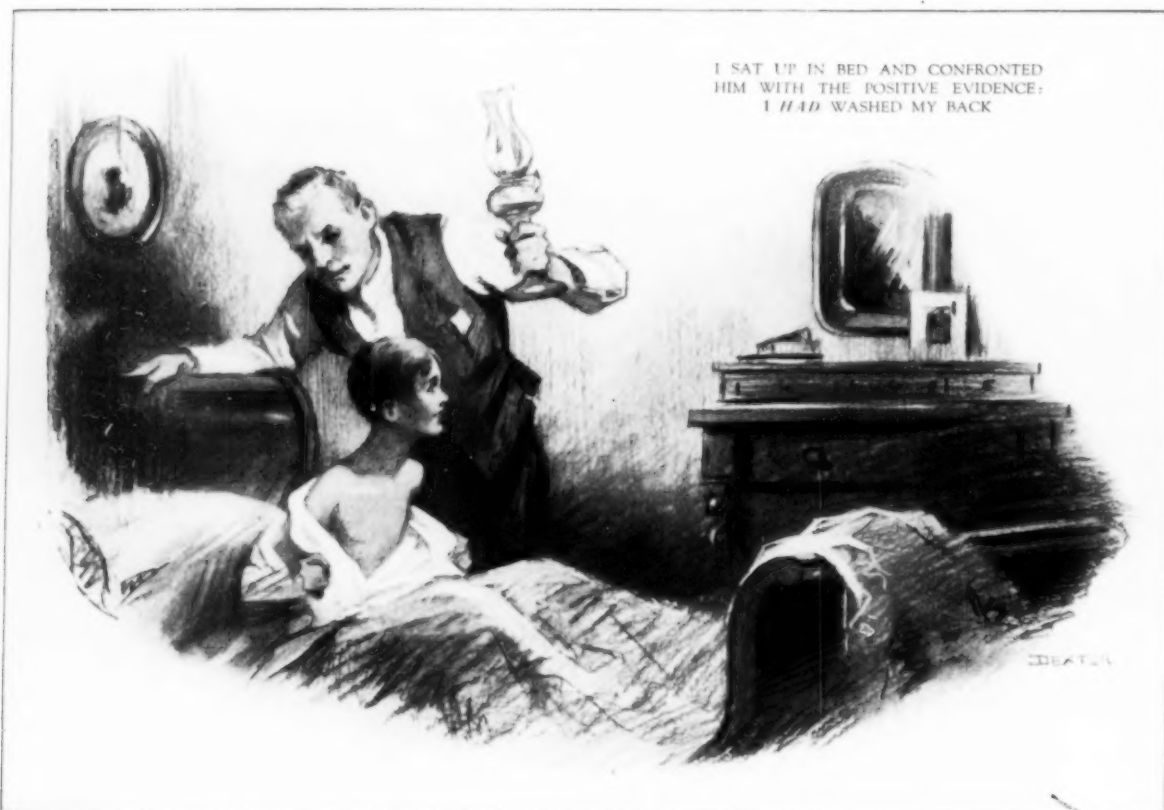


THERE WAS A CRASH AND A LOUD OUT-CRY: "THE VAN DYKE! OH, MY GOD! THE VAN DYKE!"

The Hardest Job Ahead of the Modern Father Is Learning the Difficult Art of GETTING ON WITH THE BOYS

The Story of a Father and His Sons

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILSON C. DEXTER



I SAT UP IN BED AND CONFRONTED HIM WITH THE POSITIVE EVIDENCE: I HAD WASHED MY BACK

I AM almost forty, and the father of two boys. I have always been regarded as a hard-working man, but I want to confess that nothing I ever tackled has kept me so on the jump as my solemn determination that I will, at any cost, be a good father to my sons. I am not a good father if my children become hostile strangers to me as they change from little boys to young men. To keep them my friends, I must think and remember and imagine. I must be quickening my sympathies continually with the memory of the boy I, myself, used to be.

My boys make me think ahead to keep pace with their curiosity and imagination. But more important, if I am to stay their comrade, I must think back in order to understand them. They force me to remember the kind of little boy I used to be. I must imagine my boys standing in my stubby shoes, wondering why it was my father sometimes proved so disappointing. I must become that little boy again, if I am to realize what it is my boys are asking of me, their father.

I write for fathers and mothers. I write as I wish someone could have written to my parents when I was the age of my boys. Writing will help me argue the case for my own boys; I hope I may argue as well the case for other boys. Most of all I hope I can get some more parents to stop a moment and try to imagine what their children are thinking of them.

Youth has been represented as wishing above all else its own way. I do not believe this is true. Youth is perfectly willing not to have its own way, but bitterly resents being thrown out of court without a hearing, denied the ordinary simple privileges of democracy. Youth does not demand its own way, but it does demand recognition, the privilege of submitting its evidence and putting the case to a fair-minded jury. And youth is seldom so honored. Youth awakens in a world where adults have already laid a heavy hand upon it. Youth struggles to achieve not so much its independence as its identity. Boyhood and girlhood are battlegrounds, fought over every step of the way, youth advancing, adults retreating, seldom gracefully, until at last the foe, defeated, cries, "Enough! I surrender. You also are a human being, with preferences, prejudices, reasoning powers, rights. You have at least the privilege of being heard."

I remember distinctly when my father threw up his hands and surrendered. I had been fighting him for more than ten years. During that period I did not know that I was fighting him and he did not know it, but I see it very clearly now. And I had been fighting not only him, but the entire adult world. This grown-up world had taken from me my identity as a human being—my rights—and I fought to get them back.

If I sketch in the background of this struggle, the episodes will be more vivid. It was a New England village, rapidly passing from its agricultural to its industrial era, with fewer farms and more factories each year; dwindling Yankee stock and a steadily increasing immigration—Irish, cotton-mill English, French "kanucks." My father was the minister of the village church and was always made to feel, chiefly by my father's parishioners, that I was the most conspicuous member of the community, and yet, because I was a child, I was denied all the rights of community membership.

Probably my childhood was not entirely normal, for my mother died before I was seven. My first resentment against the adult world dates from her death. I had not known that she was seriously ill. I remember being called into the bedroom one evening after supper. Mother was lying in the bed with her eyes closed; she did not know that I was there. The next day there was commotion in the

house; three days later a funeral, and I was dressed very carefully for it. I did not understand.

There was a short service at the house. I sat in a side room with my father and relatives. After the service, father led me into the parlor where the casket was. I do not recall that I had ever been in the room before. He wanted to know if I wished to kiss my mother. I did not, but I did not dare to say no. According to all the rules of the adult world, I ought to have wanted to kiss her. The touch of her cold forehead was awful, hideous. I shudder now, for I recall it as though it were yesterday.

At the cemetery, I was expected to cry when the casket was lowered into the grave. I didn't cry. I didn't understand why I should. If I had wanted to I would have been ashamed to cry before all those people. And yet that story followed me until I left the village, and probably is being repeated today. "He did not cry at his mother's grave."

Every time I think of this episode my indignation rises. What right had those adults to demand that I express myself in their way? that I interpret my mother's death as they interpreted it? Many were the times after that when I did cry in my loneliness—but I cried after the lights were out, when I was supposed to be asleep, or out in the woods when I knew I was alone.

The atrocities practised by adults on children at funerals make me wonder, sometimes, that we even dare to call ourselves civilized. A child has as much of a right as an adult to express himself as he pleases at a funeral. And nothing but harm comes from attempting to invest a child with an adult set of emotions.

Another episode a year and a half later stands out with great clearness. The father of Mikey McTigue, the boy I played with, was an ice-man. During Christmas vacation, Mike's father began to fill his ice-house, and Mike told me that his father had engaged him at regular wages to help the men. I wanted to be a workman, too. The first morning I showed up bright and early at the ice-house, and tried to make myself very useful, especially when Mike's father was in sight. I did not dare ask him to employ me, but I hoped that my industry would attract his attention and that he would make the advances. The forenoon wore on and yet Mike's father made no response. Mike rubbed it in a little. He was working for wages, and I was not.

NOONTIME came and still I was not engaged. No more disappointed human being ever went home to his dinner. All the morning I had been picturing to myself my triumph when I could walk into the house and declare to my father that I was employed for wages. On the way home I revolved the situation over and decided to take a chance. It was true that Mike's father had not engaged me, but I could not see how any fair-minded man would be able to overlook the fact that I was useful, and I assumed further that he would certainly give me at least a little money when the work was done. Therefore I announced to father that I had been engaged to help get in the ice and would be paid for it. Father seemed pleased and I was very happy.

Three days later the last load of ice arrived and I helped put it in, or at least thought I helped. Mike's father came and paid off the men. He ignored me. It was a bitter experience. I felt cheated. I had worked hard. I had a feeling that I had been discriminated against because I was a child. I was in an awkward situation; I would not be able to show my father any wages. It was humiliating, and so, on the way home, I evolved the idea of a little dime-bank that Father had on his desk. I took the money, four dimes, one for each day's labor. Their value

to me lay in the fact that with them I could go to my father and say, "See, I am a workman. I can earn money, I have a value in the world."

The next morning my father's face was very grave. I felt a storm impending and was not surprised when he called me into his study. I had stolen. I had stolen money. I was a thief. Boys who stole were put in the reform school. And then my dear stupid father spanked me. I had tried to make the adult world recognize my worth. I had been haled into court, lectured, and punished. I was utterly wrong. I had lied and I had stolen. My punishment, however, made it seem perfectly clear to me that the world was against me because I was a boy. I felt sure that neither Mike's father nor mine would have even dared to treat a man of their own age as they had treated me.

Not long after this, my stepmother came. I recall the thrill which went through me when my father gravely consulted me as to whether it would be wise for him to marry again. Of course I assented. I would have assented to any proposition put to me in that fashion, for my father was recognizing me, a boy of nine, as a human being with a right to an opinion of his own. That is all I ever asked for, and I was seriously disappointed not to receive recognition as an individual.

But stepmother also was an adult. I was prepared to like her. I was very happy when she used to sit by my bed at night and discuss with me how I would like to have my room done over, but those days and nights did not last very long. She had a peculiar theory that boys had an excess of energy which ought to be worked off regardless of the worth of the object toward which it was directed. I had a theory, which I still hold, that the wise man accomplishes the most with the greatest economy of effort. She held the same principle for herself and for Father, but not for me. I was a boy.

Stepmother used to send me on errands. I was willing enough to go, but I objected seriously to being sent twice to the same place when a little foresight on her part would have made it possible to accomplish both errands at once. I wanted to argue the case. She accepted the argument until it was perfectly plain to both of us that I had won, and then she sent me out of the house. I was not a human being with a right to draw on the realms of logic. I was a child. How I despised her for not recognizing that the common-sense law of adult life applied equally to childhood.

Then came that tragic time which comes to every child when he discovers that adults not only are not all-wise, but cannot even be depended on to tell the truth. The night I made this discovery about my stepmother the bottom actually dropped out of my universe. It all came out in a dispute as to whether I had washed my back. True, I sometimes omitted washing it, probably was in the habit of doing so. Because I was a child I had to submit to the indignity of an inspection after each bath. I knew that no adult would be expected to submit to such a thing. One night I actually did wash my back, put on my night-dress and started for bed. My stepmother, making the assumption which was usually safe, called me and ordered me to wash my back. I rebelled and tried to argue. She declined to listen, whereupon I turned on my heel and went to bed. In a few minutes my father appeared at the bedroom door, ordered me to return to the bathroom to do as my stepmother had told me, quoting her as having declared that I had not washed my back. Then I sat up in bed and

[Continued on page 32]



HE PUT HIS ARMS AROUND MY NECK AND SAID, "PAPA, I THOUGHT YOU WAS ONLY FUNNIN'"



A Regular Buoy

While everybody loves "the good old summer time" no one enjoys cooking hearty meals over a hot stove at this season.

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Every Mother—Every Baby

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

DIGESTIVE DISTURBANCES OF INFANCY

THE two kinds of digestive troubles that give the mothers of young babies most anxiety are diarrhea and constipation. Until we learned the proper methods of baby care, every mother dreaded the approach of summer because of the extreme prevalence of diarrheal diseases. The opposite type of digestive disturbance, that is, constipation, is common among babies throughout the year. Because these two conditions lie at the base of most baby illness, every mother should know just how she may prevent or correct them.

NORMAL HABITS

For the first few days after the baby is born, the bowel movements are black and sticky, and there may be as many as four or five a day. As soon as the baby begins to take milk from the breast, the movements become yellow in color, of rather thin consistency and usually there are three or four a day. When the baby is fed from the bottle there are not apt to be so many movements a day, perhaps not more than one or two. Even if there is only one, however, and it is firm, without curds or mucus, it may be considered sufficient.

Diarrhea in young babies is usually due to wrong feeding. Milk, which is not absolutely fresh and clean, is most frequently the cause, although sometimes it is too frequent feeding or a milk mixture that is too strong. Heat is the cause only as it tends to lower the vitality of the baby or to cause the milk to spoil. Lack of fresh air, lack of proper bathing, wrong feeding or disregard of any other proper hygienic or sanitary condition may be the cause of digestive disturbance.

PREVENTING TROUBLE

The way to prevent diarrheal diseases in babies is to see that they are well cared for throughout the year. Fresh air, sunshine, proper feeding (preferably from the breast), daily baths, sufficient exercise, sleep and quiet, freedom from nervous excitement, protection from flies and mosquitoes—all these must be considered. Particular care must be exercised during the hot weather to see that the milk which is used for the baby is kept absolutely clean and very cold until it is used. If there is the slightest question about the purity of the milk supply, it should be pasteurized. Breast feeding should be continued if possible and no baby should be weaned during the hot weather unless under the advice of a physician. The baby should be given plenty of cool boiled water between feedings, which should be not less than three hours apart; four hours is preferable. See that the food is not taken too hurriedly or in too great quantity. It is normal for babies not to gain weight during the summer and does not indicate that the milk mixture should be strengthened. On the contrary it may be better to give it in more diluted form than usual.

Usually diarrhea starts with the occurrence of a large number of loose movements, watery in character and containing undigested food, mucus and lumps. Sometimes the movements are greenish in color. Nearly always there is a good deal of gas or wind. Sometimes the baby will vomit. Fever is almost always present and the temperature may go up to 102 or even 104 degrees. The baby usually is irritable, restless and cries a great deal.

TREATMENT

The first thing to be done is to stop all milk feedings of any kind, either breast or bottle for twenty-four hours and to give the baby plain water which has been boiled and then cooled, or barley water, in place of the regular feedings and in the same amount. In addition, at least two ounces of cool boiled water should be given between each two feedings. For medication, castor oil is the best remedy we have. A dose of from two teaspoonfuls to a tablespoonful should be given at once. If the baby is vomiting and there is any difficulty in



THE HEALTHY BABY IS THE PRODUCT OF
GOOD TRAINING

Photos by Brown Bros.

retaining the oil, calomel may be used instead. This should be given in one-tenth grain tablet doses every fifteen minutes until ten doses or one grain has been taken. The tablet may be crushed to powder and dissolved in a teaspoonful of water.

In simple cases of diarrhea, this treatment is all that is necessary. Feeding should be resumed very slowly and carefully, the milk mixture being diluted with water, half and half. The interval between feedings should be not less than four hours and the child should be given plenty of cool boiled water between feedings. Feeding in regular amounts and at regular intervals should not be commenced before three or four days. During the time the baby is sick, it should be handled as little as possible and should be kept away from other people in the quietest and coolest room in the house.

IF THE SYMPTOMS CONTINUE

If the weather is warm, one tepid bath should be given each day and at least two cool sponge baths. Tub baths should not be used at this time. If the symptoms do not subside at the end of twenty-four hours, a doctor should be summoned. In cases where this is impossible, a colon irrigation may be given. Use an ordinary fountain syringe with a soft rubber catheter attached to the end of the tube. Into the bag of the syringe put one quart of water and a tablespoonful of ordinary table salt. The water should be about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit and may be tested by the mother's placing her elbow in it. If it feels lukewarm, it may be accepted as quite right.

Place the baby on his back across the bed with a piece of oilcloth or rubber



AT the base of most babies' illnesses lies either constipation or diarrhea. Correct feeding, proper care and the habit of regular elimination are the best preventatives.

The habit of regular elimination and other habits to be cultivated or broken which are very important will be dealt with in next month's Every-Mother—Every-Baby article.

If you have any questions about your baby's health, Dr. Baker will gladly answer them. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope and write her, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th St., New York City.

sheeting under him, so arranged that the protecting sheet will hang down over the side of the bed and drain into a pail. Oil the end of the catheter and let some of the water run through it. When it is running freely, raise the baby's legs and insert the catheter very gently into the rectum, pushing it forward until it goes in about six or eight inches. Within a few minutes the water should flow out of the rectum, but if it does not the catheter should be withdrawn and, later, may be inserted again until all of the water has been used.

If the baby has a high fever, cool sponge baths are advised. If he seems to be prostrated, with cold hands and feet or blueness of the finger-tips or lips, he should be wrapped in blankets, with hot water bags at his feet and on either side of his body, care being taken to see that he is not burned. Remember that diarrhea may be a symptom of serious illness, and if it does not respond to treatment at once, there should be no delay in summoning a doctor.

CONSTIPATION

While constipation does not occur often in babies who are breast fed, it may be exceedingly common in bottle-fed babies. At any event, no effort should be spared to correct it as early in life as possible.

In breast-fed babies, constipation may be due to the mother's milk. Too much fat in the milk will sometimes cause it, and occasionally it is caused by too little fat. Insufficient or scanty milk or too little fluid in the feeding may be a reason. In bottle-fed babies the difficulty may be due to the feeding. Frequently not enough water is given either in the feeding or between meals. It may be due to irregularity in the time of feeding or to too frequent feeding or, in older babies, to too long continued bottle or breast feeding.

In the case of all babies the use of some fruit juice may be begun at a very early age. Babies who are bottle fed should begin to take orange juice as soon as they begin feeding. In breast-fed babies the use of orange juice need not be begun until about the third month, and then only in teaspoonful doses diluted with an equal amount of water. The amount should be increased gradually until, at the age of nine months, the baby is getting two tablespoonfuls of the juice, undiluted. It should always be given one hour before or one hour after the first morning feeding. The juice of stewed prunes or the strained juice of canned tomatoes may be used in place of the orange juice.

REGULAR FEEDING

In all babies, regularity of feeding must be established. If the baby is fed from the bottle it may be necessary to try several methods of altering the feeding. Constipation frequently is due to too little fat. In such cases an additional teaspoonful of cream should be added to each feeding or a teaspoonful of olive oil can be given after the morning and night feedings. However, if a top milk mixture or one rich in fat is being used, it is a good idea to dilute it and omit some of the cream from the formula. In babies who are bottle fed, oatmeal water may be substituted for the plain water or barley water. Drugs should not be used without a doctor's advice, but it is permissible to use milk of magnesia, which is excellent in teaspoonful doses with the morning and night feedings. It is a mild laxative and also tends to correct stomach disturbance.

The most important way to correct constipation is to establish proper habits. Any baby may be trained almost from birth to have regular bowel movements. From a practical point of view, it is just as well to wait until the baby is about a month old. Then a regular time should be established for the bowel movement each day. Usually the best time is one hour after the first morning feeding but whatever hour it is, it must be adhered to strictly, and effort made to have the bowels move at exactly the same time every day.



An Endless Chain of Approval

THIRTY years ago many mothers bought Johnson's Baby Powder for one simple reason: their infants seemed wonderfully cool and contented after a Johnson's shower. The cause didn't matter; the powder did.

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—TO KEEP BABY'S SKIN IN ACTION; IN BETTER CONDITION THAN WOULD ORDINARY TALCUM.

It was pointed out that a baby's skin was more than a “covering”—that on hot summer days it was really a “cooling system,” vital to health.

And it naturally followed that a *scientific* powder was and is the kind to use,—a beneficial powder made by the world's largest makers of surgical dressings.

Today thousands of mothers advise the use of Johnson's for *your* baby—and for your grown-folks.

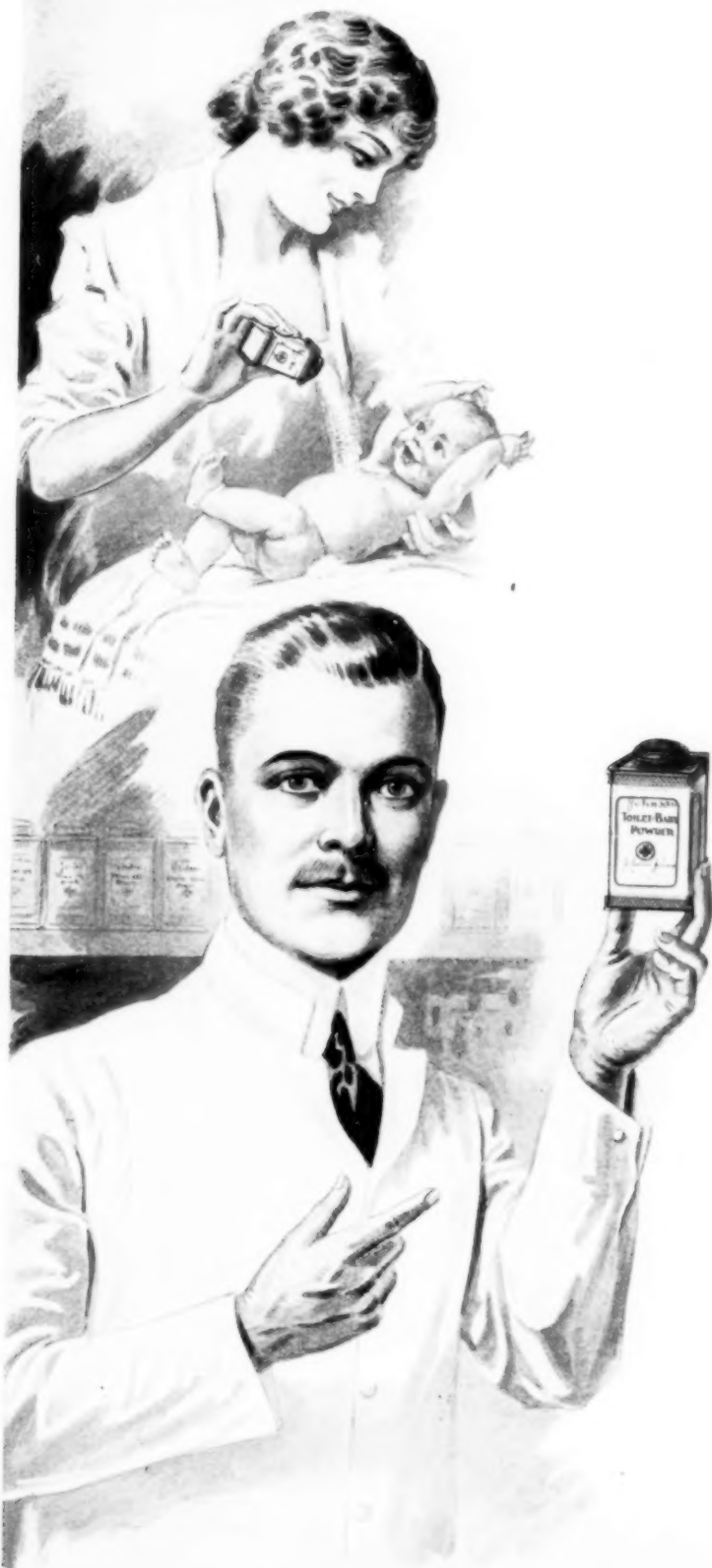
Johnson's BABY POWDER

“BEST FOR BABY — BEST FOR YOU”

There is one in every community—a man or group of men—who, day after day, in every season, gives the largest proportion of his personal time to the welfare of others. Ready to assist in safe-

guarding your health, he naturally deserves a just return—a just share of your buying patronage. And, as you will naturally expect us to say—he is your druggist.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.





Copyright 1920—The Palmolive Company

Simple home treatment which makes your hair thick and beautiful

Are you satisfied with the condition of your hair? Is it thick and glossy, as healthy hair should be, or is it thin, dry and brittle?

In this case begin at once the simple home treatments explained in this advertisement. Follow them faithfully and they will soon stimulate your hair to healthy vigorous growth.

Only 10 minutes a day—an hour every two weeks

These treatments require so little time no woman should neglect them. It takes only 10 minutes a day for the brushing and massage which brings healthy blood circulation to the scalp and keeps the hair soft and smooth.

These daily treatments must have the foundation of a scalp thoroughly clean to the tiniest pore. You can't allow dirt, dandruff and excess oil to clog pores and hair cells. You must learn to give yourself a scientific shampoo. Hasty, careless washing and drying is quickly followed by bad results.

Use Palmolive Shampoo

First, you should use Palmolive Shampoo, the scientific shampoo mixture, in which every in-

gredient has been selected because it is beneficial to the hair.

Ordinary soap is not suited for shampooing. Even when you melt it carefully, its composition does not agree with the hair.

Palmolive is made from palm, olive and coconut oils, scientifically combined into a wonderful fluid cleanser. You massage this potent cleanser into the scalp, so that it penetrates every pore, removing every particle of dust, oil and dandruff.

This massage produces a wonderful thick, profuse lather which brings out the beautiful natural color of your hair and leaves a becoming, glossy sheen.

Send for the free double sample of Palmolive Shampoo

Send for the *Free double sample* of Palmolive Shampoo which is gladly sent free on request. You will receive two trial size bottles—one for each of the washings necessary for a thorough shampoo.

We invite correspondence on all questions regarding the scientific care of the hair. All questions are conscientiously answered, in confidence.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

PALMOLIVE

Directions for shampooing

If your hair is inclined to be very dry, rub a little vaseline into the roots before shampooing. Pour about a tablespoonful of Palmolive Shampoo into a cup. Be sure to wet the hair thoroughly with water before applying. The wetter your hair the thicker the lather.

Then apply with the finger tips, massaging lightly into the scalp. The rich lather will envelop your head like a cap.

Wash the entire length with this profuse stiff lather. Rinse thoroughly. Then—repeat.

Brushing and massage

Between Palmolive shampoos your healthfully clean hair should have at least ten minutes brushing and massage every day.

Massage comes first—vigorous manipulation of the scalp with the ends of the fingers for at least five minutes.

Then finish with thorough brushing. Separate your hair in two sections and brush each thoroughly. This keeps your hair clean and glossy between washings.





MAE MURRAY SAYS: "HYGLO is an indispensable feature of my Traveling Outfit." MAE MURRAY

A Stage Secret

BEAUTIFUL stars of the stage and screen are forever in the limelight of critical inspection. They realize that every detail of their toilette—especially the finger nails—must be perfect. Else a fair face, lovely figure and exquisite gowns go for naught.

Stage secrets are not jealously guarded, so Miss Murray and other renowned beauties admit that they owe much of their fame for beautiful hands to the use of

HYGLO Manicure Preparations

So simple to use and so certain in results.

In addition to manicure preparations, HYGLO products comprise compact face powders and rouges in all shades, to beautify without injuring the skin; cosmetic for eyebrows and eyelashes, in black, brown and blonde (removed with water), lip sticks, eyebrow pencils, etc., at 35c, 50c, 65c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Small trial samples of Hyglo Cuticle Remover and Nail Powder sent on receipt of 10 cents in coin.

GRAF BROS., Inc.
Established 1872
119 West 24th St., N. Y.
Harold F. Ritchie & Co.
Inc., Selling Agents
171 Madison Ave., N. Y.



Secrets

Many secrets you will find revealed in the green box of

Nadine Face Powder

They are secrets which every woman would solve—secrets of personal charm.

The secret of a rose-petal complexion—NADINE'S own gift to womanhood.

The secret of lasting charm, charm which endures throughout the day.

The secret of skin comfort—of refreshing coolness, with never a hint of harm.

To you, as to a million other women, NADINE will reveal these intimate secrets.

It remains only for you to procure NADINE from your favorite toilet counter or by mail—60c.

NATIONAL TOILET CO.
Department M
Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

*Flesh Pink
Brancette
White*

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

For example Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance, Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.



The Ethiopian struggles for straight hair while curly locks are our ambition

The House the Girls Built

By Mary Gordon Page

WHAT do you want that every girl or woman in the universe who hasn't it longs for? Why, beauty, of course! Beauty isn't our whole aim in life, to be sure. Happiness is the prize we are pursuing. But happiness comes to the average person from loving others and being loved and admired by them. And there is not one of us, who, in her heart, does not believe that the love of her fellow beings comes more readily to her who is charming to look upon.

And so this whimsical paragraph in a recent letter will probably be of more interest to the other girls who come to the House than the bigger problem the writer thought:

"It seems to me that if I had a beautiful face I would be happier, and altogether more worth while. Everything is so much easier for pretty girls, don't you think so? And I am not pretty—there is no blinking it. I can't be, and it isn't because I haven't tried hard enough. There was never a more faithful reader of the beauty pages, nor one who tried the recipes more persistently."

Beauty is important, and much to be desired. There are few of us who would not pay lavishly out of our qualities to get it, if only an exchange were possible. We might find that we had made a bad bargain, but most would risk it and take the consequences. We hopefully read the beauty recipes, and dose our faces with bleaching lotions. We wield a hair brush with tired arms when bed seems the most inviting place in the world. And we do often get results. A well-groomed skin, dainty finger nails, thick, gleaming hair, a well-proportioned body bring one nearer to beauty.

BUT when we have done all we can we must admit that the more which we have always disliked is still too long, or too short, or too chunky. Our mouth has not the slightest resemblance to a Cupid's bow and our coloring—well we would never have selected it if we had been consulted.

And "Handsome is as handsome does," never gave a bit of consolation to the girl who ached to see a lovely face look back at her from the mirror, and to have the tribute that a beauty-loving world pays to beauty.

"If I had a pretty face," a charming woman once said to me. "I would be tempted to sit down behind it and take a long, long rest," which was her version of "Everything is so much easier for the pretty girl."

"But you are pretty," I said. While she talked, I had been enjoying the play of expression on her face, the humorous twist of her lips, and the light in her Irish eyes. "Oh, no! I do well enough I daresay, but I'd like to look like that girl," and she nodded toward another table in the restaurant where we were lunching. I saw a cold, marble looking woman with classic features, but she was altogether lacking in the something that would have made her beautiful to me.

"You couldn't rest long behind that face," I told my friend. "She is nothing but handsome," and we plunged into an argument about beauty, for we had stumbled on one of its interesting angles, the matter of standards and individual taste.

For beauty is in a great degree a matter of these things, and of geography. There is hardly one detail of physical appearance that, admired in one country or civilization, is not frowned on in another. Take

the mere matter of hair. Every woman wants curly hair and will go through any amount of discomfort to get it, while the would be beauties of another color are undergoing like tortures to rid their hair of kinks, or even the least suspicion of a wave.

It is amusing to think about, but perhaps not very comforting, because it is not an abstract ideal of beauty we are aiming to approach but simply the taste of the people around us. Not comforting, and perhaps not very helpful except to those who have learned that there is always help in the humorous facing of a problem, and a recognition of it for what it is.

ONLY recently I told of my friend who, in her very young girlhood accepted her lack of beauty, and set about cultivating her brain and her social graces to supply the lack. Friendly, humorous, clever, she has gone much farther on the road of achievement than any of the pretty girls of her group. For loveliness of form and feature and coloring are only a part of beauty; so small a part that without other qualities they amount to little.

They can even lose their effectiveness through such mechanical things as a frock that is ugly in line, a color that is unbecoming, a wrong arrangement of hair. Lose their effectiveness as they do with one girl I know who twists her abundant bright hair so tight that no one realizes its sheen, and whose luminous, satiny skin is always deadened by the wrong color.

But these are mechanical things that every girl must discover for herself, seeking out the arrangement of line and color which will best reveal her. It is an art to be studied.

One's self, which includes one's bodily equipment, is one's world. Whatever it is, it is all that one has to make a life with. We must accept its limitations and make the most of its possibilities. And, if we are worth-while we shall not be content that that most be little. For in beauty, as in everything else, the spirit is the great essential—the thing that gives meaning.

The zest with which we attack life, the awakeness, the joy of living, these are the things, which give significance to a face. The loveliest face in the world grows ugly with soddiness; the plainest takes on a kind of loveliness when it is awake, alive. There is not one of us who has not seen these miracles

of change wrought when happiness or love has transformed a face.

To be happy, to be interested, to be hopeful, to be awake to the possibilities of life—these things go a long, long way toward creating beauty in any face.

AND beauty so created is not a thing of the minute. It leaves a record on one's face that even Time—the destroyer of physical loveliness—is powerless to mar. The great women of the world—the women of achievement, and thought and high emotion, have the story of these things written in their faces, and it gives to them a charm that the freshness of youth did not furnish.

It is then the inner light that matters most of all—the zest, the spirit, the belief in one's self and one's friends. Each new interest, each new hope firmly held and gallantly striven for, each new enthusiasm, will light the face, and transform it. If we can have them, and loveliness of features besides, we are rarely fortunate. But without them the features matter little. For the temperament is the woman.

DeMiracle

Every Woman's Depilatory

Before Your Dip

You should remove unsightly hair from any part of the exposed body with DeMiracle, because it is the safest, nicest, cleanest and easiest way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

When you use DeMiracle there is no messy mixture to apply or wash off. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original, sanitary liquid and it is gone.

Write for free book.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes War Tax.

DeMiracle

Dept. 015 Park Ave. and 129th St., New York



FACE POWDER fragrant with Mary Garden Perfume

Write for "L'art de la Toilette" to—

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. NEW YORK

FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can master a skilled game of piano or organ in quarter-hour lessons. It is the only book that shows you how to play in 10 days. It is the only book that shows you how to play in 10 days. It is the only book that shows you how to play in 10 days.

Write right to your name for the greatest advantage of superior study. For the beginner or experienced player. Endorsed by great artists. Unsurpassed excellence everywhere. Scientific and easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Pianos granted. Write today for free book.

Quinn Conservatory, Studio E-8, 298 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.



Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

IS your skin especially hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure; do they constantly irritate and roughen its delicate texture?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. Every night use the following treatment:

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in the famous booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; and samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Facial Powder and Cold Cream.

Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1508 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1508 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



Conspicuous nose pores can be corrected. Read the special treatment for this condition given in the famous booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



The Old Swimming Hole Made Safe

By Dr. E. R. Hunter

Director, Bureau of First Aid, American Red Cross

RE-ED! Oh, Red. Wh-i-i-r-r-st." The Boy Next Door twisted his lips in a grotesque wreath, emitted a shrill whistle and held up two dirty stubby fingers. He wore trousers which hung limply below his knees and under his arm he nonchalantly carried a faded blue cloth bundle which frequenters about the Carroltown lake might identify as a bathing suit.

An answering whistle revealed "Red," and soon two small boyish figures were trudging down the dusty road that led to the lake.

Across the street, lounging in the comfortable shade of a well-kept piazza, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sixtus Ward and their son Junior had observed the scene.

Mr. Ward observing casually over the financial columns of his paper, was carried back to the days on the Connecticut farm when he and "Dutch" used to hie to the old hole of a hot summer's morning.

Mrs. Ward observed the scene critically, over her intricate embroidery. She said nothing, but her lips narrowed to a thin line as she glanced from the dusty ragamuffins in the street to the immaculate Junior.

Junior himself observed the scene with a growing dissatisfaction for his own lot of porch, shade, clean linen and story-book.

"Mother, can't I go swimmin'?" Please, Mother, let me go just this once. All the kids go—I don't see why you never let me."

Junior's mother gave no sign. "Let him go, Mother," said Dad unexpectedly. "He'll never learn younger."

Mrs. H. Sixtus Ward dropped her embroidery, turned quite pale. The expression in her eyes reproached Dad for even faintly considering the idea. No word was spoken, but Junior saw that all was over.

She had never heard the theorem, "The water is a good friend but a deadly foe."

EVERY SWIMMER A LIFESAVER

"Every swimmer a life-saver," is quite possible of achievement as the Red Cross life-saving instructors have shown at beach and lake resorts for several seasons past.

Suppose your son or your neighbor's son becomes unconscious in the water and has been brought to shore apparently drowned. Naturally, you will want him in the open air and will summarily order away all bystanders.

Now, lay John face down. Raise his arms to his shoulder's level or higher. Turn his face to one side, removing any foreign material from his mouth. Kneel astride his body at the hip joints. Place your hands, palms down over the floating ribs—they are just below the regular ribs. Your thumbs should be extended on each side of and parallel to the spinal column.

Then with arms stiff (perfectly natural) lean your weight forward on the ribs and count six. Then suddenly remove your weight (which relieves the pressure), but not your hands, and count four. Repeat this in regular rhythm about fifteen times a minute for at least an hour unless the boy starts to breathe before that. This method of resuscitation forces a current of air into the lungs, and gives three times as much air as natural breathing. It is far superior to any mechanical mode of inducing respiration known.

As soon as your patient breathes again, cover him with blankets and rub him upward toward the heart, under the blankets. This will help in restoring warmth.

When he is able to swallow, but not before, give him a little hot coffee.

Nothing could be simpler or more efficacious than this mode of action and yet ignorance of it has cost many a life.

TOWING IN A TIRED BATHER

But John need never have reached such a desperate condition had there been a swimmer near who knew how to bring a frightened or helpless bather out of the water with safety. Knowledge of these simple rules makes swimming as safe as it is delightful.

Swimming on your back with a kick-stroke use a "two hand hold" covering the patient's ears and tow him on his back.

But if you are a good side stroke swimmer, as most women are, approach the person carefully from the rear, and pass one arm across his shoulder and under the opposite armpit. Protect the armpit from your finger nails by using the thumb against the hollow. Holding the arm in this way—snugly against your upper side—use the underwater arm and both legs for swimming.

Should he reach for you, it is easy to render him harmless by depressing the holding hand, thus putting his head under water. This warns him not to struggle, and it need not interrupt swimming progress.

Now, suppose the object of the rescue happens to be a frightened woman who has become tired when swimming. Tell her to turn to a floating position. Then take hold of one of her arms near the shoulder with one of your hands, and lift her with your elbow under her waist, where she needs support.

This leaves you one hand and both legs to swim with.

The "tired swimmer methods" may be used in swimming long distances, provided the patient is calm. To do this, allow her to put both hands on your shoulders while you swim by the breast stroke, using both hands and feet.

LOOSENING THE DEATH GRIP

Then there is the "death grip," so tragically common in swimming accidents. Great strength is not necessary to break this hold. If your subject grabs you by the wrists, simply turn the leverage of your arms against the holder's thumbs, and when free, quickly turn him around into one of the carrying positions.

Perhaps however the helpless person will clutch you around the neck from the front. In this case immediately take a good breath, cover the other person's nose and chin and push his face away from you with your right hand on the right side of his face. At the same time lift the encircling right arm over your head and put yourself into a carrying position. Get the patient in motion as soon as possible.

To break the back strangle hold, first guard your throat by putting your chin down to cover it, then "tread water" until you get a good breath and let yourself go under as you pull against the holder's wrists, with the hips against his abdomen. With your hand strike him a blow in the face in order to make him loosen his grip. The blow should not be hard. Retain hold of his right arm as you back out, under and behind him. Then use any rescue method.

Swimming may be the safest, as it is the most delightful, sport on earth, or it may be fraught with peril at every stroke.

It all depends on whether your boy and his playmates are protected by a safe and sane knowledge of the elementary rules of rescue and resuscitation.



It is film that dims the teeth

It is the film-coat that discolours, not the teeth. When that film becomes cloudy the teeth lose their luster.

And that film is the cause of most tooth troubles.

See how the teeth glisten after ten days with Pepsodent. It will be a revelation.

In Striving For Beauty

Remember the teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Remove the film

Glistening teeth are essential to beauty. Do not overlook them.

That viscous film which you feel with your tongue, if left on teeth, becomes a dingy coat. It dims the luster by absorbing stains. In places, often, it forms the basis of black tartar.

But it destroys more than tooth beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Few people escape them who do not fight that film.

Over 98% affected

Among civilized peoples statistics show that over 98 per cent meet tooth troubles. And those troubles are constantly increasing.

Yet the tooth brush is used by millions. But the ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve film, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

The film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Careful people twice a year have a dentist remove it by instruments or pumice. But in the meantime, night and day, it may do a ceaseless damage.

How film destroys

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that is alarmingly common.

Dentists long have known that film caused most of the tooth damage. They have known that brushing did not end it. So dental science has for years sought some way to combat it in the home.

The way is found

Now the way is found. It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of pepsin is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. Now science, however, has discovered a harmless activating method. Countless tests have proved this. Now active pepsin can be every day applied.

Three new methods

This active pepsin is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And able authorities recognize that this new tooth paste meets modern requirements.

It combines three great essentials, each of which aids tooth protection as no other method does.

* * * * *

For five years Pepsodent has been subjected to convincing tests. Every effect has been repeatedly proved with scientific care. Every action has been carefully studied.

Now leading dentists all over America are urging its adoption. Millions of teeth are every day benefited by it. And the use of Pepsodent, among careful people, is fast spreading the world over.

The test is free

To quickly make this method known, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Every home should have it. Let someone use it, then watch results. Compare the teeth now with the teeth in ten days. The clear effects will show you quickly what is best for you and yours.

This is highly important. It may bring you priceless protection. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.



White teeth everywhere now

Millions of teeth are now brushed with Pepsodent. You see them everywhere—white, glistening teeth.

But this means more than beauty. The teeth are cleaner and safer. The effects may be life-long and vital.

This ten-day test will show you why careful people everywhere now use this new-day method.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, in a tooth paste complying with all modern requirements. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

Results are quick and apparent

Send this coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. Then judge for yourself what is best.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 646, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



"I Wonder How Van Camp gets beans like those"

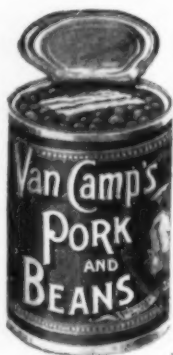
Perhaps every woman says that when she first tries Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

No matter how you bake beans, or what ready-baked beans you know—the first dish of Van Camp's will surprise you.

Save the Summer hours

This is the time to know Van Camp's. It means hearty dinners always ready, hot or cold.

The dish is ever welcome. It is not, like old-style baked beans, served but once a week. You will save many a hot hour in the kitchen when you make baked beans inviting. Keep a dozen cans on hand.



We do this for you

We get beans grown on studied soils—selected by analysis. We cook them in water freed from minerals. Hard water makes skins tough.

We bake in modern steam ovens. Thus the beans are baked for hours at high heat without bursting or crisping. They come to you mellow and whole.

We bake in sealed containers, so all flavor stays intact.

We bake with a sauce which has never been matched for delicious tang and zest.

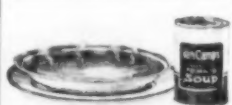
And we bring them to you in cans of three sizes, so you open what you want.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It
Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's
Tomato Soup

Based on a famous French recipe, but greatly perfected. There are 18 kinds. Try the tomato.



Van Camp's
Spaghetti

The prize Italian recipe, but made with ingredients such as Naples never uses.



Van Camp's
Evaporated Milk

From high-bred cows in five rich dairying districts.



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

TO PREVENT A FULL PAN OF MILK FROM SPILLING while you are carrying it, keep moving the hands slightly, to keep the pan slowly turning from left to right, or vice versa.—Mrs. E. H. G., McPhersonville, South Carolina.

KEEP A KITCHEN CHART with separate column for each store where food is bought. Set down each item with price, and buy certain standard goods at the store which sells a cent or so cheaper. Compare from time to time and keep up your interest by footing up the pennies saved.—Mrs. S. V., Caledonia, New Jersey.

IN THICKENING GRAVY a fine substitute for milk and flour is the water in which potatoes or rice has been boiled, adding some browned flour if necessary.—Mrs. F. S., Braddock, Pennsylvania.

THE DISCARDED THERMOMETER CASE is a safe place for bodkins and darners. It saves many a hurried search and is especially useful in traveling.—Mrs. H. E. K., Peru, Indiana.

THE GLASS TOP OF THE PERCOLATOR broke at an inopportune moment. In haste I looked around for a substitute and found it in the glass lemon-squeezer, which solved the problem until a new top could be bought.—Mrs. A. L. H., Akron, Ohio.

RUB THE BREAD-BOARD WITH A CUT LEMON, wash off with cold water and set in the sun to dry. It will be clean and white.—Mrs. A. L., Mansfield, Ohio.

DURING A MONTH'S QUARANTINE, my nursery was stripped of rugs, curtains and pictures, leaving it bare and unattractive for the sick children. I bought crepe paper with Christmas, Halloween and Thanksgiving pictures, and using pins freely, hung curtains and other decorations everywhere. As the little ones became convalescent, we took down a strip at a time and cut out the figures with blunt scissors. It whiled away many a tedious hour, and when the quarantine was lifted, all was quickly burned.—Mrs. E. F. J., Detroit, Michigan.

WHEN PUTTING CUCUMBERS DOWN IN BRINE, if the following rules are observed, the result will be successful. The cucumbers when gathered should be cut very carefully from the vine, leaving on a little of the stem; as the brine softens the skin, care should be taken so this will not be bruised or broken. When packing the cucumbers away, place first a layer of cucumbers then a layer of salt until the jars or stone crocks are filled. On the top place a heavy plate or cover, smaller than the jar; this will press the cucumbers down and the brine will soon cover them.—M. A. F., Hereford, Texas.

Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government vacation and home booklets. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described above; the other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Bureau, always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Service Medals and Insignia

"REWARDS FOR SERVICE" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the War Department. It contains illustrations of all the awards issued by the War Department and Congress to members of the military service, the insignia worn by the various branches of the service, and illustrations of the divisional insignia worn by the American Expeditionary Forces. A copy may be obtained through our Washington Bureau.

Beautifying the Farmstead

"BEAUTIFYING THE FARMSTEAD" is the title of a booklet recently issued by the office of horticultural investigations. It deals with the need of beautifying the farmstead, the desirability of making plans for improvements in advance, the location of buildings, walks, and drives, arrangements of trees, shrubs, and vines, and care of the lawns. A copy may be obtained by asking for F. B. 1087, addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Summer Care of Infants

OF all the babies born in the United States from 12 to 20 out of every 100 die during the first year of life, and the majority of these deaths take place during the warm months. Children are very apt to have bowel troubles during the heated season, which may be the forerunners of a serious illness and call for immediate medical attention. This booklet, issued by the Public Health Service, tells how to take extra precautions with babies during the warm months. Our Washington Bureau will gladly obtain a copy for you on request.

Culling the Poultry Flock

THIS is the month when close attention should be given to culling the poultry flock, for intelligent culling is of the utmost importance for success even with the small back-yard flock. This booklet tells how to pick out the poor producers and thus make more room for those which are to be kept over for another year. A copy of this booklet may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for Department Circular 31.

Home Canning and Jelly Making

THE Department of Agriculture recommends this booklet as a guide in home canning and jelly making in the Southern States. It contains canning and other methods of conservation, tells about equipment needed, contains a table for blanching and processing, and gives special instructions for canning all the common fruits and vegetables and for jelly making. A copy may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 853.

Cold-Pack Canning

"HOME CANNING by the One-Period Cold-Pack Method" is the title of a booklet the Department of Agriculture recommends for use in the Northern, Eastern and Western states. It contains full directions for canning all of the common fruits and vegetables by this method, including a timetable for blanching and processing. A copy may be obtained by asking for booklet F. B. 839, and addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.



The Girl of an American Summer

The fine exhilarating atmosphere of the North American climate has its complement in its variability—its quick changes of temperature that play havoc with skin and complexion.

The summer girl must ever regard *her* season as a trying time, indeed. She must continually seek to protect the heritage of her complexion, to preserve its bloom, to enhance its loveliness. Out-door life, and the natural activities of summer, exposing the skin to dusty, drying winds, and the sun's intense heat, are factors to be considered, or disastrous effects may result. The ravages of hot, enervating days should never be underestimated.

Throughout the widely-varying American seasons, and decidedly in the summer time, Resinol Soap is beneficial to a high degree. It preserves and improves the complexion, for its cleansing qualities are made still more valuable

by its purity and its pleasant stimulative effects. Resinol Soap is valuable, particularly, in checking the arrival of skin-imperfections, due to climatic irregularities, and offers a gratifying means of achieving a rare, clear beauty of complexion.

Generous sample free. Write Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



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It so quickly cools and heals my cheeks and hands; at the same time it does make the skin so soft and smooth that I know my complexion is kept in better condition all summer by its daily use. Ask for

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Honey and Almond
Cream

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wherever you may be—in city, town or village, at seashore, lake, mountain or other inland resort—and you'll find it in the shops where such things are sold. That's another reason why I prefer Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is so easy to obtain.—And it is so economical—only a few drops at each application, two or three times a day, rubbing very gently indeed; but not rubbing at all if the skin is irritated or sore. It will aid you in retaining that most treasured personal charm—a girlish complexion—fresh, fair and attractive.

FOR TRIAL: Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Trial cake soap 8c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from laboratory.

A. S. HINDS

217 West St., Portland, Maine



At last! A New Idea in Talcum Powder!

WOMEN everywhere are talking about a wonderful new, improved kind of talcum powder made by the specialist who created the popular La-may Face Powder. This new invention package is also new. The box is so is two articles in one. It can be used attractive that it makes a beautiful dressing-table ornament. When you use this new La-may Talcum you will understand why it is almost impossible to get enough boxes to supply the great demand. If your local druggist has not got it yet he will cheerfully order it for you.



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An Evening Frolic Full of Fun and Fancy

By Claire Wallis

ANYONE who has hobnobbed with a studio crowd can tell you what fun "stunt parties" are if each one is willing to do his share in contributing to the general amusement. But "stunt parties" are apt to fall very flat when only a few are willing to provide something ridiculous or semi-professional for the entertainment of the others. It is a long step toward popularity, this reputation of having a stunt, or being known as one who can give at a moment's notice some delicious piece of nonsense or creditable bit of entertainment. Those who are lucky enough to be good mimics, who can sing a song, or dance, need not worry, but there are many of us not so gifted. Here are some stunts that anyone can do, as much of their fun depends upon the travesty and the costume.

*The Wonder Child.
Watch Her Grow!*

A small girl with a babyish face and short hair can put her audience into hysterics with this "growing up" stunt.

When the "curtain" or screen is removed she is discovered, dressed in a nightgown with short puffed sleeves and rounded neck, lying flat on the floor facing the audience. She wears a baby cap, bib, and teething ring. Reciting some very foolish child's verse, or prattling incoherently, she hunts excitedly for her rattle. In doing this, she unties the strings of her bib, cap and teething ring, and stands up. Since she is now a little girl with wide sash and short skirts she may sing a kindergarten song, tell some jokes in a lisping voice, or recite a Mother Goose rhyme. Following this, she lets down the nightgown, which has only been tucked up under her sash, to ankle length, pulls the sash to her waistline, shakes down her hair, and produces a diploma from under her sash. Behold the sweet girl graduate, who recites, with much faltering and stage fright,



Another of her specialties is Cleana Batha, who is an Eastern dancer with draperies of Turkish towels, sponge earrings, a basin head-dress and bath slippers.

BUNGLER, THE JUGGLER

He may be dressed in any fantastic form, with padded muscles on arms and legs; he lifts rubber balls or balloons with a great show of strength and walks a tight rope stretched directly on the floor.

A PRIMA DONNA

Anyone who is at all clever at mimicry can do this easily. Stand in front of a concealed phonograph and go through the antics of an opera singer, a violinist or the conductor of an orchestra, without, of course, making a sound.

RAGGED RECITATIONS

TAKE any hackneyed poem, such as "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" or "The Face On the Barroom Floor," and "rag" it to the tune of a popular piece of jazz. This is done with a ridiculous effect. It is not sung but is recited in synopated ragtime, very fast and breathlessly.

SCREENLESS MOVIES

If someone at the piano will play typical movie music, one person or several may act out a thriller. The music serves as much as the acting to indicate the "plot."

PANTOMIME DANCES

Pantomimes are always good, but if they are done to dance time while someone plays a waltz or fox trot they are funnier. A famous stunt of this sort is a "flirtation" waltz, done by two boys; one of whom is supposed to be a lone damsel on a park bench, the other acting the part of a gay cavalier.

A HIT-OR-MISS WEDDING

Lots of fun can be had at a mock wedding. Let the hostess or a self-elected committee gather up all the odds and ends of costume properties available, ribbons, hats, spectacles, neckties, canes, umbrellas, sheets, portières, cushion covers, feather dusters, rubbers, or anything ridiculous that may be worked into a costume. Divide them into as many bundles as there are guests. There will be one for the bride, one for the groom, one for the mother of each, for the minister, for the bridesmaid, best man, flower girl, page, small brother, fathers, maiden aunts, rich uncles, and poor cousins, according to the number of guests to be costumed. Each bundle should be numbered; even numbers for the men, odd for the girls. Each guest draws a paper slip numbered to correspond, and claims his or her costume bundle. When all are clothed, the wedding begins. If something funny like this does not happen it will be strange: The largest girl in the crowd is likely to draw the mosquito netting, paper bouquet and sheet for the bride, and the smallest man, the white gloves, high paper collar, and high hat of the groom. Someone's lace blouse and black skirt are going to turn a chubby, little man into a jolly minister with charcoal "side-boards," and the ring on a cushion is apt to be carried by a six-foot page.

a ridiculous valetictory with extravagantly stiff gestures! To finish out the farce, someone behind the scenes may prompt her in loud tones.

PATHETIC DANCES

One need not know how to dance to travesty the esthetic dances now so popular. A sheet and ribbon fillet for the hair is a sufficient costume, or if you want to go into it a bit more farcically, you might try the following: To Grieg's "Morning" played on a victrola or piano, do a stretching dance. When the alarm clock goes off, timed to ring at the beginning of the dance, a sheeted figure is seen to unfold herself from a heap on the floor. She may even have her hair in curlers and wear an old-fashioned high-necked, long-sleeved nightgown. Slow, measured steps interrupted by yawns, stretches and grotesque poses make up the entire dance. As the last strains are played, the dancer may collapse on the floor, and pull the sheet over her head, to signify a return to bed.

TO Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," a travesty may be done by a girl dressed in brilliant green cheese-cloth, wearing bright pink cotton stockings for "bare feet." She binds her hair with string, and ties a bunch of radishes over each ear. A stuffed parrot is fastened to one shoulder, and she carries onions, lettuce or some other green vegetable which she feeds to the bird from her mouth.



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Fortunate are the children in homes made musical by the Columbia Grafonola. An honest liking for good music comes to them naturally, and quite without conscious effort or teaching.

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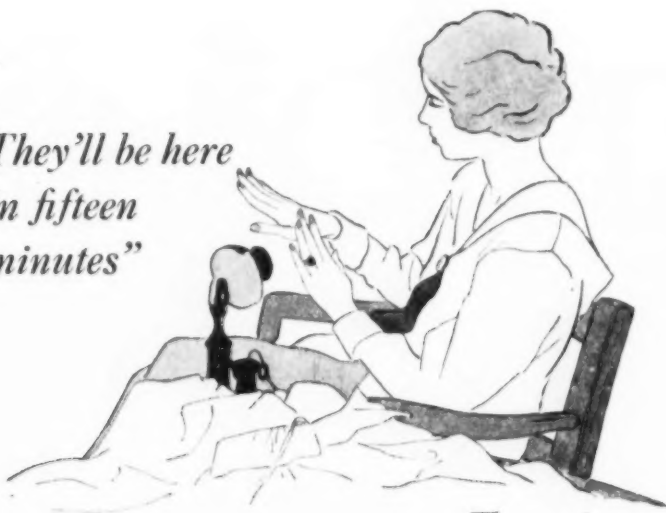
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"They'll be here
in fifteen
minutes"



"And my nails
aren't fit to be seen!"

THE telephone bell rang. "I'm so glad you are at home. We'll be right over," said a voice. "Good!" she cried. Then her eyes fell to her hands. Her heart sank. Such battered looking nails!

She knew, too, that no amount of magnificence and good grooming on formal occasions would efface the impression made by once appearing careless in an off-guard moment.

Have you ever been caught in such a predicament? Does the unexpected occasion always find your hands at their loveliest? Exquisitely cared for nails, that so unmistakably tell to the world their story of personal fastidiousness.

It is the simplest thing always to be sure of your nails! Just a matter of giving them the same regular attention that you do your hair and teeth.

Do not clip the cuticle. When you do so it is impossible to avoid cutting the sensitive living skin, too. The skin tries to heal these cruel little hurts and, growing quickly, forms a thick, ragged cuticle. It gives to your nails a frowsy and unkempt look.

But you can have nails so charming that it will be a pleasure to dis-

play your hands! Just soften and remove the cuticle with Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover.

Twist a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in



Don't do
this
The nail root is only
1-12 inch below the
cuticle. If you cut the
cuticle, you are sure to
injure the delicate root.

the Cutex and gently work around the base of each nail. Push back the dead cuticle. Then wash your hands and push the cuticle back while drying. Always when drying the hands, push the cuticle back.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle smooth and unbroken—the nails in perfect condition. Make a habit of Cutex.

If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Cold Cream and Nail Polish are each 35c.

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Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you an Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

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The Showing Up of Henry Widdemer

(Continued from page 12)

firmament and revealed all the glory of Heaven to her unaccustomed eyes. Jane thought she was going to faint. She staggered and clutched the back of a chair.

"Would you come and live with me at Lovering?" Mrs. Wetherby had said. "I will pay you ten dollars a week and give you a little house of your own to live in and furnish you part of your clothes. You would do the cooking and make the beds in the morning. Once a week we would clean the house thoroughly—I always help in the housework."

"Will ye say that agin?" said Jane hoarsely; "specially that about the dollars."

Mrs. Wetherby repeated her offer. Jane stared for a space out through the doorway and down the road toward the lower end of the valley, as she allowed the words to drip through her being, giving new warmth to her soul. "In—Lovering!" said Jane as one who repeats the words of announcing angels in a vision. Presently she again became aware of her surroundings.

"Well, ma'am," she said, "ye see—thar's Hennerly. I couldn't leave Hennerly."

"But the house I can give you is large enough for the two of you," Mrs. Wetherby went on. "There are chores enough to do and your husband can attend to the garden in the summer and to the furnace in the winter. I shall pay him the same amount I pay you—it is an ideal arrangement."

Twenty dollars a week!

"I'll have ter see Hennerly," said Jane. "an' I'll send yer word by the mail-man."

"And do say yes," implored Mrs. Wetherby. "It will solve the problem of the age for me."

Jane laid the matter before Henry that evening as she gave him his supper.

"Jane Widdemer," said Henry, wiping the grease out of his beard with the back of his hand, "I ain't a-goin' ter go ter Lovering, an' you ain't neither."

Jane protested, dilating on the advantages of twenty dollars and the light work, and upon the delights of metropolitan life. Unfortunately, she did not take into account that, after all, it would be more work than he had ever done in all his shiftless life.

"Jane," said he, "this place was good enough fer my paw and his paw, an' I reckon it's good enough fer me. It's right alongside the road an' ye kin see everybody whut goes by. Yer see that thar hole in the door. Well, my paw cut that hole. He got so old he couldn't set outside no longer an' confab with the folks goin' by—so he jus' pulled his bed up ter the door and laid thar with his haid a-stickin' out an' kep' on a-hollerin' at folks till he died. I reckon I'm a-goin' ter stick my haid out that thar same hole—"

"But Hennerly," Jane went on, "in Lovering, yuh see folks all the time."

"See 'em all the time an' they ain't interestin' no longer," said Henry philosophically.

Jane began to sniffle as she beheld her high hopes die.

"An' yer kin jest quit that thar whinin' an' git that idee outer yer haid. I ain't er goin' ter go," he went on.

"Hennerly, I reckon I can't git it out—"

Henry brought his great palm down with a bang on the table.

"Looka here!" he roared. "Yer got-ter git it out—I ain't goin' ter stan' bein' bothered. I ain't goin' ter speak nary nother word ter yuh till yer git that idee outer yer haid—"

He banged the table again—"plum!" out!

And those were the last words he had spoken to her.

Summer had gone; winter had gone; and now it was the end of spring and the beginning of another summer. The torture of the continual silence had been frightful. Instead of ousting the idea from her head, she had cherished and used it for the nourishment of her dreams until it had become the one comfort of her barren, toil-worn existence. If only she could "bring Hennerly around." She redoubled her slaving toil to make him comfortable. She cooked his favorite dishes day after day, hoping against hope that feeding the beast would tame it at last to her wishes. But silent he had remained. And, at times, if it had not been for the spark of hope she fanned within her bosom, she might have died under the unspeakable shame and torment of his silence. And now Julie was free at last and Julie was going!

"Oh," cried Jane as she wrung out one of Henry's red flannel undershirts, "I can't stan' it no longer!" Then she sat down suddenly upon the ground and cried, rocking her tired body backward and forward and making no sound. At last she ceased her weeping and sat and gazed. "I'll make him speak ter me," she said. "I'll make him go."

As she gazed she caught the glint of the sunlight on the river where its surface was

ruffled from beneath by a shoal of stones. Fascinated, she rose to her feet and, abandoning her work for the first time in her life, Jane went slowly out the gate and stood upon the bank "arin' into the river.

"It's shaller," she said herself as she contemplated the land, the bid stream, "but Gabe Summerses owned in it." A strange idea fawned in her—an inspiration, romantic and sudden. As she turned from the river the cabin and her drudgery again, her fists were clenched defiantly and her weather-beaten face glittered with a smile of satisfaction. "I'll make him!" she said.

When Henry came in to his victuals that evening, she spoke to him. "Pap's dead," said she.

He turned his back and said nothing.

"Hennerly, I said, 'Pap's dead—'"

He made no answer.

"Hennerly, Pap ain't the only one whut'll be dead termorry." Her voice held an ominous note belying the smile she could not keep from her countenance.

Henry filled his corn-cob pipe with grave deliberation, then opened the door of the stove, took out a live coal, and laid it upon the nest of tobacco. He puffed. He said no word.

"Hennerly," said Jane again, "I'm plum' wore out. I can't stan' it no longer, an' I reckon you ain't a-goin' ter be able ter git erlong 'thout me—I'm a-goin' ter do somethin' turrible."

He seemed to pay not the slightest attention to her tragic words.

Exasperated, she went out the door into the early mountain twilight, down the path to the gate, crunching the gravel beneath her heel to make her passage audible. She opened the frail gate with a vicious shake, clattering all its feebly-fastened slats and shut it behind her with a bang. Without a backward glance she went out upon the bank of the river. How Henry would plead with her—how he would beg her not to destroy herself!

Deliberately she waded out into the icy flood, oblivious in her exaltation of the piercing chill of the water, and sat down flat upon the stony river-bed at its exact middle. The stream was so shallow that the surface of it came only to her neck. She thrashed her arms about and uttered strange gurgling cries.

Henry ambled out slowly, shuffling down the path and came and stood upon the river-bank. Puffing his pipe, he contemplated her efforts with coldly curious eyes. "Jane, Jane," he said presently—the first words he had addressed to her in nine months—"what be ye doin' out thar?"

"Good Gawd, Hennerly man," yelled Jane, screaming with impatience, "cain't yer see? I'm a-drowndin' myself."

"We-ell, Jane," said Henry reflectively, as he serenely puffed away, "yer cain't do much good drowndin' with that en' down—ye'd better change en's."

Jane rose from the water. The muddy current dragged at her skirts. For a moment she thought of casting herself full length into it again to perish miserably. But the chill sting of the water whipped her tingling flesh into new life, and she felt a supreme contempt for what had been the former object of her slaving devotion—that shiftless creature standing there upon the river-bank drawing at its corn-cob pipe. She strode out of the river and paused to confront him. Her figure was erect as it had not been for many dreary years.

"Hennerly Widdemer," she said, and her voice was raucous and low with the disgust in her soul, "I reckon you ain't no use ter me a-tall." Then she marched on into the house, stripped off her dripping clothes with ferocious energy and changed into her best percale. She tied on her sunbonnet and left the house, setting out down the valley toward Julie's. After half an hour's walk she came within sight of the light in Julie's cabin and within hearing of the gaily of the folks who had come to "set up" with Pap. She found her sister in the doorway, gazing off toward Lovering.

"Jew-lee, I'm a-goin' with yer ter Lovering."

"Jane," said Julie, "them thar words is the first sense ye've ever showed. We'll start termorry, right after the buryin'."

Henry watched the figure of his wife until the gloom had absorbed it completely. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and went into the house, took the key from its hiding-place in the case of the clock over the stove and went out the door. He tried to thrust the key into the keyhole, but suddenly with an impatient gesture he flung it into the river, his arm swinging out with the vigor of despair.

"It ain't no use lockin' up," he muttered, "I reckon I ain't never a-goin' ter see this place agin." Dejectedly he set out toward Julie's, and thence toward Lovering.

Love and a Gate-Legged Table.

[Continued from page 27]

"Lo, Philippa! May I bring Brian Burke along to dinner with me? I knew him hundreds of years ago in the horrid town where both of us were born. He has a gilt-edged reputation! And, hist! Oodles of money. He might be inveigled into taking us to a play. Not the movies. A play! So whatever you do, don't cross him. He hates not having things his own way—What's that? Money, child, you can't refuse. He's sitting right at my elbow—hearing every word you say. And he isn't a bit—either. Shall I bring him?"

Naturally, Philippa said yes. Brian Burke, by name, was quite unknown to her. She even added on inspiration,

"I'll call up Hal Wallace, and make it a party."

At seven, Hal Wallace opened the door for Mary and Brian, explaining that Philippa was battling with a temperamental mayonnaise, and had asked him to greet them. Mary disappeared into Philippa's room, leaving Brian to dispose of his hat and coat and follow Hal into the living-room, now in its dining-room make-up. He was just in the act of sinking into the deep-cushioned davenport when his attention was caught by the four Windsor armchairs in their places at the beautifully-laid table.

Scarcely realizing what he was doing, he bent his head a bit to one side for a look at the table below the overhanging damask. That look fairly lifted him out of his seat. On his lips a dismayed "Great Scott! You don't happen to know of a reasonable excuse to get me out of here before Miss Harmon comes in, do you, Mr. Wallace?"

Hal stared at him in amazed silence.

"She'll be furious when she finds out—" said Brian. "And if I'd had the ghost of an idea where I was being brought—Where's her telephone, man? I'll get my hotel—and you pretend the hotel got me—that I'm wanted—tell them anything! So that's who Mary's Philippa is! Good Lord!"

He was back in the hall and reaching for the receiver when Philippa's voice behind compelled him to turn.

"Mr. Burke, of course?" Her hand was held out in welcome, her voice cordial, and then he was facing her. In her surprise she jerked back her hand, while Hal Wallace stared from the living-room and Mary Kent from the door of Philippa's room.

"You!" she blurted out, stiffening.

"Yes!" he admitted ruefully, with a little bow.

Then Philippa's sense of humor came to her rescue. She held out her hand again—demurely, this time—and she said in a voice vibrant with laughter:

"The gods do grind exceedingly small, don't they, Mr. Burke? Were you trying to get away? Why not stay? I'll not poison your coffee at—my—table!"

Brian took the hand and bowed over it. "I shall be glad to stay. Even poisoned coffee at—the—table."

They laughed a little, and Mary came out of her trance to remind them that she and Hal were there and dying of curiosity.

"If Philippa is one of the countless women you have been engaged to, why didn't you say so?" she demanded of Brian.

"I have never been engaged to Miss Harmon, Mary, dear," repudiated Brian calmly. "Though we did once have—our—furniture all bought and paid for. And now that your curiosity has been assuaged, I do hope Miss Harmon lets me carve—or whatever it is you do to chops. I'm sure I'd be inspired to do it perfectly at—this most inviting-looking table."

"Very well," Philippa agreed. "Hal, you may change places with Mr. Burke."

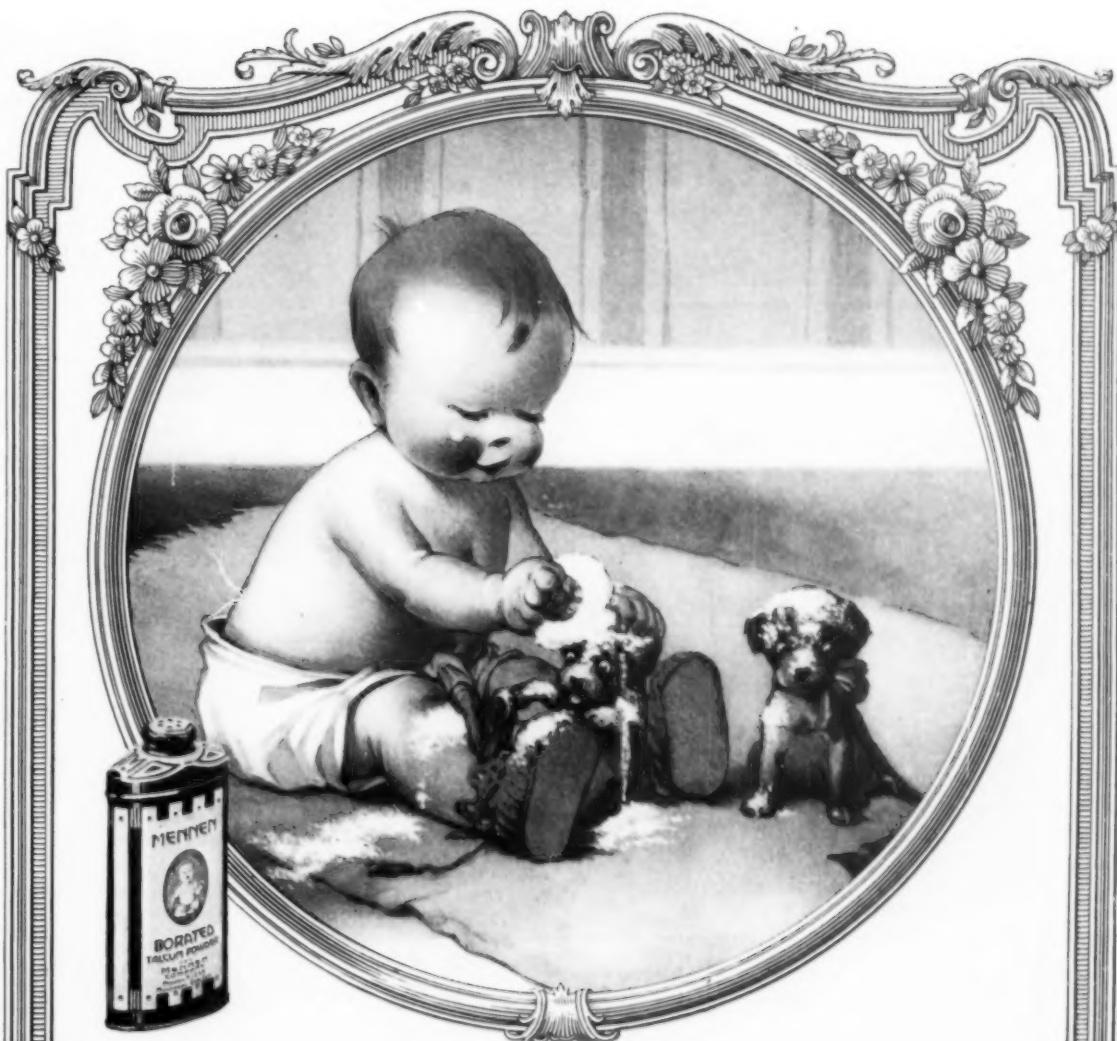
Her voice was matter-of-fact, but Brian had the satisfaction of seeing the color deepen in her cheeks, the malicious joy of finding her eyes a bit defiant.

The ensuing skirmish, waged well within the amenities incumbent upon host and guest, was a delight to Hal and Mary. To Brian, who would not have supposed from his first encounter with Philippa that she had a sense of humor, it was a revelation. As for Philippa, she had to catch herself up rather sharply once or twice over the growing conviction that Brian was an interesting man who talked rather better than even interesting men talk, as a rule. She had to look hard at his chin—which could be so odiously aggressive upon occasion—to get back her proper hostility. Philippa wished she had not let him stay.

As though he had heard her thoughts, Brian glanced across at her, half smiling, and Philippa somewhat abruptly rose to her feet, though the men had not finished their coffee.

"All right!" observed Hal, standing reluctantly. "I can exist without my coffee! Perhaps yours is poisoned," to Brian, "and she repents at the eleventh minute. With your permission, Philippa, I'll take my coffee along while you whisk this room into

[Continued on page 30]



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Don't Use



This Narrow-Neck Bottle is dangerous. It is too choked for perfect cleaning. It endangers baby's life every nursing, 5,000 times a year.



Love and a Gate-Legged Table

[Continued from page 29]

its other make-up. It is a trick-room, Mr. Burke. She hasn't a magic carpet, but a magic-legged table. You'll see! Why don't you begin to clear up, Philippa? Then I will play for you."

Philippa had resolutely avoided Brian's eyes as she listened to Hal's banter. She was aware of them for all that. She took a most unreasonable, if silent, exception to his deft aiding of Hal in the matter of "folding up the table's legs and leaves," as well as to his detached appraisal of the effect when the books and flowers and "heathen idol" were in place. To Hal's gesture, suggestive of having produced the whole thing out of his sleeve, Brian laughed. "Wonderful!" he conceded. "Some magic! I once dreamed of being able to do things like that myself—but alas!"

Then Hal played music that brought peace and joy as unquestioning and uncalculating as the peace and joy of little children. When Hal turned away from the piano at last, Mary Kent got out of her chair with a wistful smile, all her incorrigibility subdued.

"Take me home while I've got religion!" she said whimsically to Brian.

The three went quietly away. Philippa gave Brian her hand in silence. He took the hand and held it for a second without a word, but not without an inquiry!

Philippa, as she turned out the lights after a long dissatisfied stare at the really beautiful gate-legged table, sighed.

"I wish I hadn't nodded. I don't want him to come back! But I believe I could have liked the creature if it hadn't been for you!" Which was hardly fair to the table.

Now, it is bad enough to nod, however faintly, to a man who asks if he may come again by a mere challenge of brows and smile, but it is worse—oh, infinitely worse—not to have him come after you have nodded! Six whole weeks slipped by with no sign from Brian other than an enormous box of jonquils, followed after a month by a box of lovely iris.

And so time went by until Philippa had ceased to be expectant when the telephone rang, or to answer her door-bell with a swift, unaccountable shyness. She regarded the table more and more askance, and remembered with increasing vexation the odious friendliness of her nod! Then he appeared so casually, and Philippa was so surprised that for about five minutes she behaved more like seventeen than twenty-seven, and then became appallingly cool and composed as a counter-balance. Brian, chatting easily, seemed content with both behaviors.

"I've been out of town," he told her, "or I should have 'come through' with those theater tickets Mary mentioned. Which reminds me. Caruso will be here next week! That will be just the time for me to give my return party! You will come, of course? I'll write Mary, and call up Wallace. And then—Mrs. Fiske is coming in something soon. Perhaps you'll go with just me, to see her?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I've promised to go with Hal," lied Philippa serenely, making a mental note that she must call Hal up the first thing in the morning and tell him what he was in for. As for Brian, he merely made a little gesture of resignation: "Then he won't be taking Mary! So perhaps she will go with me. How about that English play at the Metropolitan? Have you seen it? No? Then we will go—tomorrow night?"

When Brian went—and he went rather early—Philippa sat down in one of the Windsor armchairs to enumerate the kinds of fool she had made of herself.

Wherefore she behaved with faultless propriety the following evening at the English play, and Brian took her home wondering "how in thunder" he had got the impression—the night Mary "let him in for that dinner"—that Philippa had a sense of humor, or any other charm, to offset her snappiness. He even turned away irritated at the thought of the coming Caruso party.

But the party turned out a bit better than Brian had anticipated, thanks to Mary and Hal, who were amused rather than disheartened by Philippa's persistent perfection of manner and speech. The party became almost a success. Enough of one for Brian to accept Mary's invitation to come up to Philippa's the following Sunday afternoon to hear her play.

Philippa, the musician, was like none of the other Philippas he knew, or thought he knew. This, Brian told himself, was the real Philippa—and smiled up at her with eyes that told quite plainly that he liked this Philippa.

But she missed the liking in his eyes, though she smiled back, because Mary had left the chair she had been sitting in to curl up beside Brian, her cheek leaning against his coat-sleeve. The very fact that

Brian continued to sit with his hands clasped about his crossed knee somehow impressed Philippa more than if he had turned to put an arm about Mary. It seemed to her—as it really was—so perfect a welcome on Brian's part as to need no dramatization of gesture.

It was two weeks before she saw him again, and then he called her over the telephone before he ventured to come out.

"Do come!" granted Philippa, and hung up with flushed cheeks, hardly waiting for him to finish his quick "Thank you! I'll be right over."

Tremulous for no reason whatever, she answered the door-bell. Hal Wallace, greeting her confidently, stepped in.

"I came over to play to myself, Phil. And when I need to play for myself there is no one like you to have listening."

"That is fine!" Philippa managed to say without crying. "M-Mr. B-Burke just telephoned that he is coming over, so you will have two inspiring listeners."

Hal turned to give her a keen look. "See here, Phil," he said sincerely, not a trace of banter in voice or eyes, "say the word and I'll get me hence instantly. From being a piano-playing gooseberry, good heavens, deliver me!"

And because he was so amiably willing to go, Philippa became immensely relieved to have him there.

"Nonsense!" she laughed, "I am glad you came. It is really rather trying to talk to a man all by yourself when you know he doesn't really like you. I fancy he couldn't find anyone else at home, and was looking for someone to talk to."

"Well—all right," agreed Hal doubtfully. "I'll stay."

If Brian felt any disappointment at Hal's presence he was most successful in concealing it. He settled himself in one of the Windsor chairs, and for half an hour the two men talked, while Philippa listened in comfortable silence. But at last Brian said abruptly:

"Play for us, Wallace. And don't dare stop until you've sent Philippa over—wait until I settle myself in the other corner of this lounge—to cuddle against my arm just as Mary does."

It was the first time Brian had ever called her Philippa, and the "face" she made at him did not turn out to be quite so nonchalant as she meant it to be.

Philippa brushed her hair somewhat savagely as she reviewed the evening. Why did she always simmer like the silly New England spinster every time "that conceited friend of Mary's" hailed in sight? She hoped he never came again.

But he did. Several times, not at all far apart. She even went out to dinner with him twice, explaining to herself most carefully that she had nothing better to do.

And Philippa wondered why she rather dreaded her vacation, when other summers she could scarcely wait to take the first train for home. She did not speak of her vacation to Brian. It was Mary who told him. And this is the way she did it.

"What in the world do you mean? Coming to ask me to go for a drive on Philippa's last evening in town? I'll excuse you," she added. "Go on! I'll drive with you while she is away."

But Brian had a sudden inspiration. "Don't be silly! Get in! We'll pick up Wallace, and have a party."

It was a silent, faintly wistful Philippa who let Hal put her in the front seat with Brian; a Philippa who left all the talk to the others as they sped away toward the open country, where Mary presently commanded Brian to stop that she might enjoy a tiny corn-field.

Mary talked. "What was that you were telling Mrs. Copeland the other night about starting to furnish an apartment, Brian?"

"Oh, that was months ago, my dear. I'm all over wanting to live in an apartment all alone by myself—with a Jap man-of-all-work. But I had a corking four-room apartment leased and—"

"Leased!" cut in Mary. "Why you extravagant thing! And then had to buy yourself off!"

"Not at all! A young married couple I know, gladly took it over."

"Why did you change your mind?" asked Hal.

"I didn't. A strong-minded, bad-tempered maiden-lady of uncertain years came along and changed it for me," Brian told him, watching Philippa in the fading light. She was looking straight ahead, as far away from him as she could get. "I must tell you about it! I had my furniture all picked out—I'd made a day of it—when along about three o'clock this highway-woman saw my *pièce de résistance* and committed grand larceny. Fact! Misappropriated the table and chairs I'd paid for."

[Continued on page 31]

Drink

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Love and a Gate-Legged Table

[Continued from page 30]

"But if you had paid for the things how could she?" wondered Mary.

Brian laughed a little. "Oh, that was easy. She said she had paid for them too, and sort of flaunted her skirts at me. I wanted to wring her neck, at the time—but I've been rather glad, lately, I didn't. It was such a lovely neck!"

Mary and Hal could not see Brian's hand reach out to close gently over both of Philippa's, folded tightly in her lap. Nor could they see Philippa try to snatch her hands away—without success.

"Us wimmen," admitted Mary, "can be most unlovely when gathered about a bargain-counter or stalking a piece of furniture. You probably wouldn't know your highway-woman if you met her now."

"I found that out," confided Brian. "She turned out to be a charming girl, with a penchant for being very, very good, or very, very horrid. She even thinks a lot of me—or would if she would let herself! I'm hoping to get my furniture back!"

"Brian Burke! Are you going to be married?" rallied Mary.

"I hope so," admitted Brian. "In fact—"

Philippa was jerking her hands again in bristling silence—"I am almost sure of it."

"All right!" said Mary Kent. "Get married. But don't expect me to like your wife! All my life I have come to you when I had to cry or die, and almost no wife is broad-minded enough to let even a man's oldest and most harmless friend cry on him! without making a scene about it! Philippa! Wake up! Brian is going to marry some odious girl to get even with her for looting his furniture. It will serve him right if she makes him miserable!"

"I don't suppose she will make him one bit more miserable than he will make her!" flared Philippa. "I—I ought to know! I'm the odious girl! And I—I don't care how often you cry on him. I've got used to seeing y-you, by this time!" And so wrathful was her voice that even Brian laughed, but with tenderness.

And later, when he unlocked Philippa's door for her, the gate-legged table and the chairs, witnessed exactly the same kind of a good-night kiss they might have looked on at had the two not begun with a quarrel over the gate-legged table.

Breeme House

[Continued from page 15]

to make money. When I had saved my first twenty thousand dollars, I sent it to the well-known picture dealer, Northby of London, and told him—"

"Good heavens!" Lord Tremont ejaculated. "Now I begin to get the due to Cardoni. But it was a forgery—that alleged signature of mine on the permit—just the same."

Rufus Tremont smiled. "No. But wait; we'll get to that in a moment. I ordered Northby to buy the Van Dyke if it were for sale. He returned the money, saying that it could not be bought. I sent it back, on deposit, and told him to hold it in case the portrait ever came onto the market."

Here Rufus Tremont turned to Sir Geoffrey—"Lord Tremont knows this part of the story. He met Northby on his way back from Canada—and Cardoni. What happened next, I've only learned since I tracked Cardoni down this last week in Paris. Cardoni is by profession a copyist of old masters—a wizard at it. He heard the story Northby told Lord Tremont on the steamer about the Van Dyke—and my order to buy. He saw a chance for business of course, and kept mum. That evening Lord Tremont and he were partners at a game of cards, and they lost about two hundred dollars. Cardoni paid—at the table—Lord Tremont to settle with him later. There'd been a drink or two—correct me if I'm wrong, Lord Tremont—" he interpolated with a smile, "and when you had turned into your bunk, Cardoni handed you what you supposed to be an I. O. U. for your share of the loss, which you said you'd pay when you reached London. It was a permit to copy the Van Dyke, to which you scribbled your signature."

"The dirty dog!" grinned Alec. "I wondered why he didn't turn up for his money at the hotel in London. And then I never thought of the fellow again."

"He's a mighty slick customer, this Cardoni," drawled Rufus. "By gad, he managed to double-cross me, all right!"

"Why—what do you mean? You've got the original back, haven't you?" asked Alec, half in panic.

"Yes—I mean as regards the copy. You see," he went on, "Cardoni was copying the Van Dyke to my order."

There was a dead silence—then Sir Geoffrey, throwing his head back, laughed aloud. "For goodness' sake, Tremont," he begged. "Cut the thrills!"

Rufus laughed with him.

"Why, it's simple enough," he went on. "As soon as Cardoni got to England, he traced my address, and followed up Northby's clue by cabling me at Seattle to the effect that he had the rare opportunity of making a copy of the Breeme Van Dyke. He gave references as to his competence as a copyist, and I cabled him that I'd meet him in London. I sailed at once, and he came to my hotel. He told me that he had paid a substantial fee to you, Lord Tremont, for the right to copy the portrait, and that his permit was subject to the condition that nothing whatever was to be divulged either by himself or by the party for whom he might make the copy."

"And you let him go ahead, on the basis of that cock-and-bull story?" questioned Tremont witheringly.

"It was no business of mine to question it," replied Rufus coolly.

"But why," asked Sir Geoffrey, interrupting, "since you were quite determined to get hold of the original, Tremont, did you bother with Cardoni's offer of a copy?"

"We-ell," drawled Tremont, "I foresaw that the copy might serve a purpose."

"How then did Cardoni double-cross you?"

"He told me, when his work here was finished, that he must complete it in his studio in London—finishing touches, and a secret process of rapid mellowing."

"Meanwhile he came back here the night that I was observed in the hall, and made off with the original—which he expected, doubtless, either to sell at a far bigger price than the copy, or to hold up to ransom as it were."

"It was not difficult to track him. When he found I was not to be blackmailed, he preferred to deliver me the goods rather than go to jail. That's all there is to it," Rufus Tremont closed.

The three men rose from their seats.

"You'll complete your interrupted visit to Breeme House, won't you, Tremont?" Alec urged, with a determination to show that he bore no ill-will toward Rufus for the sale of the Van Dyke, however deeply it cut him.

"Thanks, Lord Tremont, but I sha'n't trespass on you again, with your father's illness absorbing all your attention. I'm at the Breeme Arms for a few days, and then I must be getting back to America. I'd like so much to say good-by to the Earl, before I go, if he should be able to see me."

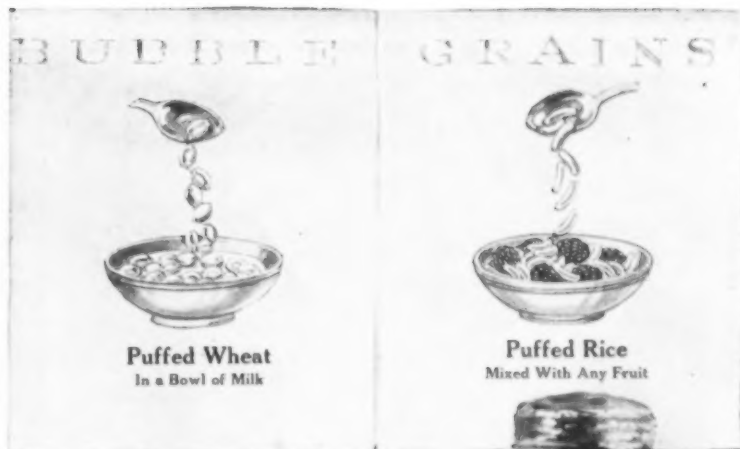
"I'm sure he will wish to—and at least come and feed with us," urged Alec hospitably. "I shall tell them to set a place for you at lunch and dinner as long as you're down here."

"That's very kind of you," And Rufus felt a real admiration of the sporting spirit of his British cousin.

Rufus, stretching out his arms, barred Claire's descent to the gallery, and let her see the triumph in his face. "I've brought back the Van Dyke," he exulted, "and she's mine! She's mine!"

[To be concluded in the September McCall's]

THE STORY SO FAR—Claire Wilton, American heiress, visiting her friend, Lady Jane Tremont of Breeme House, England, finds affairs there at a crisis. Alec, Jane's brother, the heir to Breeme, has gambled away money earned in Canada to pay his debts. His creditor, Unterberg, is threatening to expose him. For Alec there are two ways out: either to marry Claire Wilton, or to sell the ancestral seventeenth-century Van Dyke portrait of Lady Jane. But Alec loves Aline Parkes, young governess at Breeme House, and the Van Dyke portrait is a Breeme tradition. Meanwhile, Rufus Tremont, a cousin, whose ancestors were exiled by Charles I, arrives from America and falls in love with Lady Jane, herself. He wants to buy the Van Dyke. Aline urges Alec to marry Claire to settle his financial difficulties, and she engages herself to Sir Geoffrey Brooke. On a riding party Alec asks Claire to marry him. He is thrown from his horse, and Aline, in her concern over him, reveals her love. Claire and Sir Geoffrey decide that they must somehow make this marriage possible.



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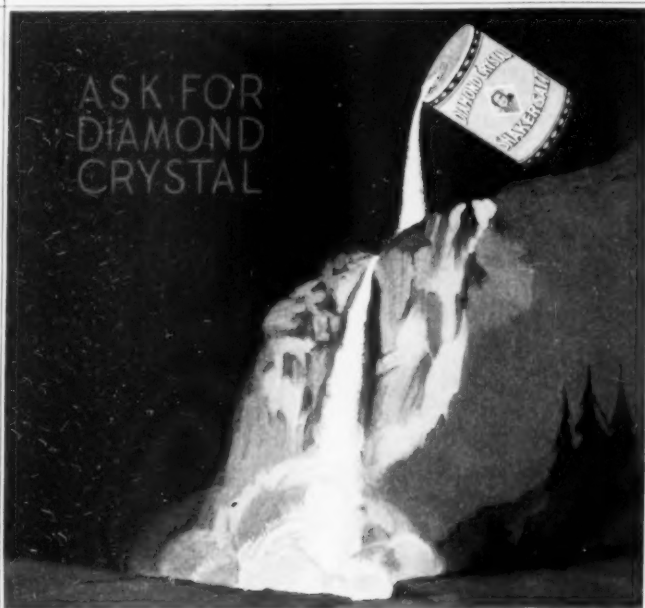
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Getting On With the Boys

[Continued from page 16]

confronted him with the positive evidence that my stepmother had not been in a position to make such an assertion, and that she was actually telling an untruth.

From the standpoint of adults the entire episode may seem amusing, but it was one of the most tragic and dramatic experiences in my life. I had proved to my own satisfaction that my stepmother's word was not to be relied upon, and never again did I, as a child, place any confidence in it.

My home was not a brutal one—far from it. It was easily the best home in the community, the most intelligent, and one of the gentlest. And yet I was continually confronted with situations where my case was not permitted to stand on its merits.

Two years later I had an experience which completely destroyed my confidence in my parents' judgment.

It was the girl question. I was eleven years old. A dancing-class had been started on Friday nights in Music Hall, but, of course, I was not permitted to attend, for my parents did not believe in dancing. Stepmother began to argue the case against dancing, making the sweeping statement that all girls who danced were "bad." It was as though some one had slugged me. Every girl who danced was bad! But every girl included Muriel. Muriel went to the dancing-class. Muriel and I had sat beside each other in school for three years. I would have fought every boy in school to make him take back such a statement as my stepmother had made, but because the remark was made in our family circle I could not meet it as the insult required. I looked across to Father for support. It was not forthcoming. That finished me, aged eleven, with my parents' judgment.

I did not ask for freedom of action; I asked only for the right to an opinion. I was groping most of all for a spiritual democracy, which was my due.

Father never knew, and does not know today, how I used to look upon him and the world in which he lived. If he and Stepmother and my teachers and the neighbors could only have treated me not as a boy but as a person!

And have I not already fallen into the same sin with my own boys? We have two rules in our home to which there are no exceptions. Every question is answerable. Many homes now have that rule, but do they have the other also: every question is discussable? I do not plead for laxness of discipline. My boys must obey, and instantly if I demand it, but I try to make them understand that at the same time we are willing to discuss any subject under the sun. But discussion is not enough.

The other day I punished the younger boy. I did not punish him in anger. I have never done that. Furthermore, I did not punish him in public. That also I do not believe in. What right have parents to violate the rules of courtesy in dealing with their children?

This son of mine was going through some antics at the table. I was responsible, for I had started it, and he just didn't know when it was time to stop. Still in good humor I told him several times that we did not require any more of such nonsense. So when he persistently refused to obey, I punished him.

To my surprise, he cried. Usually he is a Spartan under punishment. I knew instantly that I had made a mistake. He turned to me, put his arms around my neck and said, "Papa, I thought you was only funnin'." He cried not at the punishment, but at the thought that I had failed to understand him. I offered him an apology. I hope he understood, but I am not sure, for he is only three and a half. The most difficult fact which I, as a parent, have to remember is that my sons are people.

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

DID your father disappoint you as a human being? Do you ever wonder what your sons think of you? We have grown used to the New Mother who is forever talking about her children. But we begin to believe that a New Father is with us. He wants to make good as a parent. He believes that George and Mary and even the little baby are not merely children, but individuals, friendly and equal. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Uncharted Reefs

[Continued from page 9]

You have a lot of nerve to come down here and see me and try to make out you're a friend of ours."

"It's all news to me," I remonstrated. "I never heard anything like it. What's the matter?"

"D'ye think the line's paying cable tolls to let us know why a young fool quits his job, eh?" He growled, "No, by thunder!" Later he let fall another complaint: "Mackenzie is at the bottom of this. Sick wife! A coaster'll be his style after this."

I was tremendously put out, for my achievement with Mackenzie was gone for nought. I went about my affairs roundly cursing the boy. I decided that I would see Rumbold himself when the *Tamen Strait* arrived on the home voyage and do my utmost to straighten everything out.

But the liner did not arrive on her published date, nor at any date thereafter. The fate of the *Tamen Strait* remains a mystery to this day. Mr. Rumbold went down with her.

Before it was finally accepted that the big steamer would never arrive, Robert Mason came home on the *Gaelic*, first-class passenger. That evening we supped together at my restaurant.

"Now," I said, "what about the *Tamen Strait*, my boy?"

He seemed indifferent. "They say she's overdue," he remarked.

"Sixteen days," I answered. "I called on Captain Mackenzie after you sailed and fixed that matter up with him. He agreed to square you with the line. You can have a berth as first officer."

Robert Mason stared at me curiously. Then he turned his head away an instant. I saw, with extreme astonishment, that he was much moved. Suddenly he put down knife and fork and muttered, "That glow was there again."

"Just as before?"

"Not exactly," he answered. "We crossed that spot in the dawn. It was my watch below but I stopped on the bridge. I caught sight of the glow just once, far ahead. It was getting gray by the time we'd run ten miles further. But something checked the steamer in her course, very

softly . . . the first officer sent a man aft to look at the rudder . . . only the third and I knew what it was."

"And you quit in Yokohama?" I said.

"Yes. Wasn't that enough—for any man?" He wouldn't venture any more about it, and left me with the feeling that he had solved the puzzle for himself but not for others. The next day he turned up to tell me he had got a position with a firm of shipping brokers. "I'm to go to Hongkong for them in a few weeks," he remarked. "After all, I've been lucky."

A month later the *Tamen Strait* was posted as missing and I asked Robert to dine with me. He responded to my note in person. I observed that he was very serious.

"I am sure you are not going to approve of what I'm doing," he said soberly. "It does look as though I was over-confident. But I am sure it will be all right. I need your help, guv'nor."

"For what?"

"Maud arrives on the *Braemar* this afternoon. I'm to meet her. No one else, you know. Her father was on the *Tamen Strait*."

"I should suppose—" I began, and thought better of it.

On the way to the pier Robert said little. We arrived just as the *Braemar* was being warped in, and I took my stand to one side and scanned the crowds on her deck.

The crowds debarked into the customs-enclosures and Robert presently approached me hastily. He drew me forward and along the pier. A young woman stood a little apart from the throng, her luggage piled up near her and a Japanese maid on guard over it.

"Maud!" Robert called softly.

She turned a white face to him and I saw a sudden leap in her eyes. But she stood quite still, her hands by her side. Her lips moved quiveringly in a single word: "Dad!" at once a cry of anguish and a prayer for comfort. I am not certain why, but I shook my head sadly. Her fine, profound look swept over me. Then she

[Continued on page 33]

The Custard Cup

[Continued from page 6]

going to dish right now. You'll find an extra spoon in the egg box. I been saving it lest we'd have company, and it's so bright you can't scarcely believe it ain't silver. Lettie won't need no knife and fork. This here supper's simple to eat."

The lean-to was so narrow that the Penfields were obliged to eat in their living-room, an apartment which continually earned its name. By day, it received the overflow of activities from the kitchen; by night, it was the sleeping quarters of Crink and Thad, when the two long packing-boxes were turned out from the wall and revealed themselves as bunks. It contained little furniture, but the walls were rich with diversion for the observer. Crink's connection with the grocery store, and his prowling about for cast-off treasures had established avenues of vivid adornment. Dusty show-cards and tin-can labels were a perpetual joy. Every variety of garden peas was represented; the creamy tones of sweet corn were set off by the scarlet of wormless tomatoes; symmetrical lengths of string beans dignified a racy riot of unbelievable berries.

Parallel with the living-room was Mrs. Penfield's bedroom, so called because she slept there. It contained no real bed—only an old mattress supported on three potato boxes. It was a mattress that deserved no greater honor, being of a yielding and treacherous nature, and having on more than one occasion abandoned its duties for utter collapse. The clothing of the family was contained in apple boxes, brought home by Crink and nailed together to form cupboards.

The setting of the table was executed with speed. On a cloth composed of four flour sacks, untied by hand, Crink placed four plates, four bowls, four tumblers of water, four spoons and, in front of Mrs. Penfield, a plate of cornbread.

"Come on, Lettie," said Mrs. Penfield, "sit right up. We're going to give you the stool. Crink's got an apple box for himself. Now, boys," she signaled to Crink and Thad. "Mind you go slow and mean what you say. You know God can't hear nothing unless you mean it."

Then the mixed chorus said slowly: "Lord, we thank Thee 'cause we got big appetites and good things to eat. Amen."

Lettie forgot her hunger momentarily and opened her black eyes wide. "That beats me," she commented. "Do you always talk that way 'fore you begin? What in tarnation do you do it for?"

"So we won't forget for a minute how thankful we are," returned Mrs. Penfield mildly. "Now sail right in, Lettie."

Lettie sailed—or rather, she plowed. No engrossed letters of resolution ever held so deep a tribute as was accomplished by Lettie and her near-silver spoon. The demand for cornbread was the briskest ever known.

Presently Lettie passed up her bowl. "Swell dope!" she decided. "I never see such chow. I could swill it in till kingdom come."

Thad's amazed eyes traveled from the guest to Mrs. Penfield. "What langwitch is it?" he inquired confidentially.

Lettie took immediate umbrage. "Blast you for a dummy!" she snapped. "I talk United States, but there's more'n one state, ain't there? You little redhead! You look like a carrot."

"Lettie!" said Mrs. Penfield. The unexpected tone shook out of the child the only phrase of politeness in her system.

"Yes'm," she gulped.

"Thad shouldn't have said what he did," pursued Mrs. Penfield, "but he's younger'n you are. Besides, you got to remember that you're a lady and visiting."

Lettie, overwhelmed by this new view of herself, offered a feeble defense. "I told you I'd got a helluva temper," she reminded her hostess, with an assumption of injury.

"Land, I was convinced right then and there. You don't have to prove it. Crink, I'm going to give you some more stew. Ain't it rich, with them two bones in it?"

The meal over, Lettie hunched down on her stool in absolute content, and fixed her black eyes on Mrs. Penfield.

"I'll stay with you forever," she announced.

Mrs. Penfield acknowledged her triumph, but bore it with remarkable modesty.

Another Custard Cup story will appear in the September McCall's

Uncharted Reefs

[Continued from page 32]

turned to Robert. He stood oddly hesitant. I perceived that he was in a turmoil of doubt. Around him the busy, cheerful crowd pushed and jostled, calling for cabs, for porters, for inspectors, for friends. A little way from him the girl stood, rigid and questioning, bereaved and desolate, with only a maid stolidly by her. The two of them stood silently gazing at each other.

Robert stepped forward firmly and I heard him say, "Maud, the *Tamen Strait* didn't arrive. So I came."

She nodded bravely. "Where shall I best go?" she whispered.

"Home," he answered in a husky whisper. "I got it ready for you."

"Oh, my dear!" she sobbed, and he took her in his arms while the customs-inspector gaped up from an open valise.

We got them properly married that evening and I took the opportunity to ask Maud a few questions. She was perfectly clear in her answers:

"The first time I saw Robert I felt something come over me," she told me, blushing gently. "You understand? You must have noticed how he carries himself . . . like a man destiny was a friend to . . . I couldn't forget him after that . . . I was so bold, too—I managed to tell him he ought to do something better than go to sea."

"I am a seaman myself," I protested. "It's a splendid profession."

"But a man can't love a ship!" she cried ingenuously. "They are cruel!" Her shining eyes rested on her husband.

Later I asked Robert casually, "D'ye ever solve the mystery of that affair on the *Tamen Strait*?"

The young man did not take his eyes off his bride. "It was there the next time,"

he replied indifferently. "So that settled that." He swung off.

Captain Mackenzie had the last word. He and I stared at each other across my office.

"You say young Mason didn't say what that phenomenon proved to be? And it appeared again?" he asked finally.

"He didn't say a word to throw any light on it," I responded.

Mackenzie shivered slightly. "And the fine old packet's somewhere down in the ooze," he muttered. "And I'm here and young Mason's married to Rumbold's girl. Nobody gives a hang about the *Tamen Strait*—nobody who could throw any light on what happened. We met each other's eyes silently, oppressed by the mysterious operations of a destiny that sinks ships to make love-matches."

Mackenzie finally rose and squared his shoulders. "I've got to take the *Vemen* day after tomorrow," he remarked. "Yokohama—the *Tamen Strait*'s old run. If anybody had told me six months ago—well, I thought those days I was a pretty fortunate man. Now I'm simply sticking it out. Hanging on . . . hoping . . ."

"You'll be waiting to feel that check in your vessel's course?" I said.

"Yes. Always waiting for it—that little check and thrill. Some day it'll come and then the big smash will follow . . . as it happened to the *Tamen Strait* . . . I should have been on her, after all, and saved time . . . saved time in an instant . . . like the tick of a clock . . . that's how I shall feel, like a man in the dark and the clock on the wall never makes a sound, though he waits for it endlessly. Then it ticks—once." Captain Mackenzie closed the door determinedly behind him.

QUEER THINGS HAPPEN

IN lonely farmhouses, but Christopher Martin didn't believe in mysteries, until one stormy night, while motoring in New England, he had to take refuge on an isolated farm. In the night, he heard the "WHISPER IN THE WALL" and sat up in bed, staring into the strange, unanswering darkness. Let Edith Barnard Delano tell you the rest of the mystery in the first instalment of her two-part story, in the September issue of McCall's.



UMMERTIME calls for beverages, and beverages call for ANOLA, RAMONA, and NABISCO Sugar Wafers.

ANOLA is chocolate-flavored.

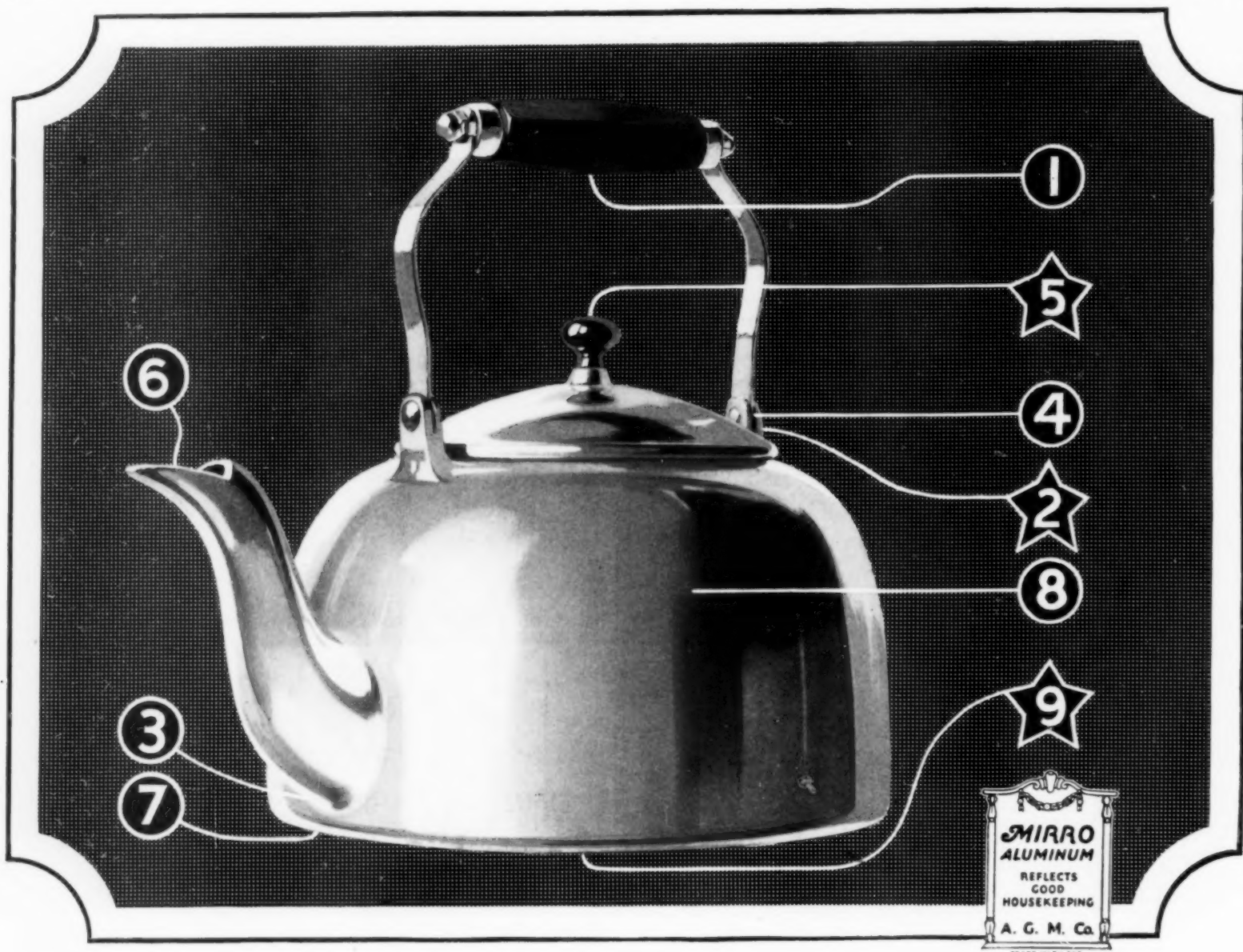
RAMONA has a center layer of creamy cocoanut.

NABISCO are vari-flavored, with a cool, creamy filling that blends deliciously with any summer refreshment.

Sold in the famous In-cr-seal Trade Mark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





It Has the Famous Mirro Features

One of a distinguished and long-lived family is this handsome Mirro Aluminum Tea Kettle. Its sturdiness, its graceful design, its rich and gleaming finish: all are marked *Mirro* characteristics.

It is the sturdiness that makes *Mirro* remarkable for its resistance to hard wear; it is the design and finish that make *Mirro* conspicuous for its beauty.

But even more pronouncedly *Mirro* are the features of convenience that make this Tea Kettle a joy to use. Note them well. You do not find them in ordinary kitchen ware:

(1) Highly ebonized, sure-grip, detachable handle. ☆(2) Handle ears are welded on—an exclusive *Mirro* feature. (3) Spout also welded on—no loosening—no dirt-catching joint.

(4) Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any desired position without coming in contact with sides of kettle. ☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob—another exclusive *Mirro* feature.

(6) Quick-filling, easy-pouring spout. (7) Unusually wide base—quick heating and fuel saving. Also prevents flame from creeping up around sides.

(8) Famous *Mirro* finish. ☆(9) The famous *Mirro* trade-mark, stamped into the bottom of every utensil, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Back of the *Mirro* guarantee is the world's foremost manufacturer of aluminum ware.

Mirro is sold everywhere at the better stores, at truly moderate prices.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

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Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM

Reflects
Good Housekeeping

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

The Long Cool Drinks of Summer

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates



The tea-wagon with its welcome hot-weather freight

WHAT is so refreshing as a long, cool drink on a long hot day? It may be tea, or coffee or chocolate iced and garnished; or perhaps it is some fruity cocktail smelling like dew on the vineyards, all tinkling and frosty. And then there are ready-made drinks with tempting names and pleasant flavors, which lend sharpness to a fruit creation or work alone.

If you do not already own one, add to your kitchen utensils an ice chopper. It will save both time and ice in the cracking of ice for the drink. Have your corkscrew and a bottle opener where you can easily lay your hands on them. Always keep in the refrigerator a bottle of sugar sirup. It is much more convenient than dry sugar, which dissolves so slowly in a cold drink, and more economical, too.

Not only is the cool beverage delicious in the summer weather, but the temperance cocktail for the first course of a luncheon or dinner gives vigor to the jaded appetite and adds zest to the whole meal. Everything for the cocktail should be thoroughly chilled and combined long enough in advance so that the flavors and seasonings will be perfectly blended. In serving fruit cocktails, do not have them too sweet for the acid will give an edge to the appetite. Cocktail preparedness demands that you have on the pantry shelf a bottle of catchup, Worcestershire sauce, a bottle of tabasco and horseradish. Then lemons should always be on hand, both for the cocktail and the beverage.

In serving a beverage out of doors or on the piazza a tea-wagon is a great convenience. A large tray of glass or one with a fancy design will save the washing of a linen doily, though there is nothing which quite takes the place of dainty linen in many instances.

A beverage stays cold longer and requires less ice if it is served from glasses which have been chilled before using. Glass spoons with colored bowls and hollow handles through which one draws the shivery drink, are an attractive novelty and quite inexpensive.

SPICED CIDER

1 quart cider
1 teaspoonful whole allspice
1 stick (2 inches) cinnamon
1/2 teaspoonful whole cloves
1/2 sugar

Add the spices to the cider and cook very slowly for 1/2 hour; remove from the stove, strain and chill.

PINEAPPLE TEA

2 quarts tea 3 quarts ginger ale
Juice of 6 lemons 1 can grated pineapple
3 cupfuls sugar or sugar sirup

Mix and chill.

KNICKERBOCKER MINTADE

Juice 7 lemons 1 bunch mint cut fine
1 1/2 cupfuls sugar with a sharp knife
1 cupful water

Let stand for 3/4 of an hour. Strain. Chill and add 2 quarts of ginger ale.

FRUIT PUNCH FOR TWENTY-FIVE

1 cupful of each of the following fruits cut fine. Pineapple, raspberries, bananas, and grapes (skinned) Juice of 4 lemons and 8 oranges
1 quart tea
2 quarts cold water
2 quarts charged water

A cupful maraschino cherries and a cupful of juice will add a very fine flavor. Sweeten with sugar sirup.



SARDINE COCKTAIL

1 box sardines
Juice one lemon
1 green pepper
1/3 cupful tomato catchup
1/4 cupful chili sauce
2 teaspoonfuls Worcestershire sauce

Drain the sardines, bone and skin. Break into small pieces. Mix the other ingredients and pour them over the fish.

Green pepper cocktail surrounded by ice

CANTALOUPE COCKTAIL

Cut iced cantaloupe in small cubes; to every cupful add 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice and a little sugar unless the fruit is very sweet. Add 2 teaspoonfuls of juice from maraschino

A fruity drink and hollow-handled glass spoons



cherries. Serve in cocktail glasses garnished with the cherries cut fine.

ICED COFFEE FOR FIFTY

One pound coffee 4 quarts cold water
ground moderately fine

Place the coffee in a bag and tie loosely, allowing the coffee room to swell. Place in a kettle and pour the water over it; closely cover. Let it stand three hours, turning the bag over once in a while. Bring slowly to the boiling point and boil five minutes; remove the bag, chill the coffee. Serve in high glasses with whipped cream.

ICED CHOCOLATE

4 ounces chocolate 1/3 cupful sugar
1 pint milk 1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 pint water (boiling) 1/4 teaspoonful salt

Melt the chocolate over hot water, add the sugar slowly and then the water a little at a time. Then put over the flame and cook, boiling slowly for 10 minutes. Scald the milk, combine with the chocolate, add vanilla and salt, beat with a Dover egg beater. Chill and serve with whipped cream. More sugar may be added if the drink is desired very sweet.

COFFOLATE

1/4 cupful hot coffee 1/4 cupful hot chocolate
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla

Mix and beat. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

AMBER NECTAR

1 pint Catawba grape juice
1 cupful water
Juice of one lemon
Few gratings of nutmeg

Mix and chill. Serve in iced tea glasses.

HAWAIIAN CUP

Boil 2 cupfuls sugar with 4 cupfuls water for 8 minutes. Cool, add the juice of 6 lemons, grated rind of 1 lemon, and 4 cupfuls of grated pineapple (canned).

Let stand a half hour or longer; add 2 quarts of charged water. If fresh pineapple is used, more sugar may be necessary.

LOGANBERRY PUNCH

1 quart Loganberry juice Juice of 2 lemons
1 pint ginger ale 1 cupful sugar
1 pint water

Boil sugar and water 5 minutes. Chill, add the other ingredients.

SPICED MANHATTAN CUP

1 quart water 1/2 cup raisins

Chop the raisins and cook slowly in the water 15 minutes. Strain. To this add 1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon and 1/8 teaspoonful clove. Few gratings of nutmeg. Boil 3 minutes. Chill and add:

1/2 cupful lemon juice 1 cupful grape juice
1 cupful orange juice Grated rind of 1 lemon
Grated rind of 1/2 an orange

Just before serving pour in 1 pint of charged water.

POMEGRANATE CAMOUFLAGE

Melt 1 glass crabapple jelly in 2 cupfuls of water. Chill; add juice of 4 oranges, grated rind of 1/2 orange and juice of 1 lemon, 1 cupful ice water. More sugar may be added if jelly is not very sweet.

Ballade Made in the Hot Weather

*OF ice and glass, the tinkle,
Pellucid, silver-shrill;
Peaches without a wrinkle,
Cherries and snow at will,
From china bowls that fill
The senses with a sweet
Incuriousness of heat;
A melon's dripping sherds;
Cream-clotted strawberries;
Dusk dairies set with curds—
To live, I think of these!*

*Fountains that frisk and sprinkle
The moss they overspill;
Pools that the breezes crinkle;
The wheel beside the mill,
With its wet, weedy frill;
Wind shadows in the wheat;
A water-cart in the street;
The fringe of foam that girds
An islet's ferneries;
A green sky's minor thirds—
To live, I think of these!*

W. E. Henley

When the Iceman doesn't come



IT is so often a difficult problem to keep milk sweet during the summer months—and that is the time one really appreciates the convenience of having on hand several cans of Borden's Evaporated Milk.

This rich country milk will replace fresh milk and cream wherever they are generally needed in cooking or in coffee. It really is better for making the everyday dishes one prepares for the family.

Borden's Evaporated Milk

With the Cream left in!



Spanish Cream

1 1/4 cups Borden's Evaporated Milk
diluted with 1 1/4 cups water
1/4 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cupful sugar
1 egg
1 1/2 tablespoonfuls granulated gelatine
1 tablespoonful vanilla

Let the gelatine stand in the milk for five minutes, then scald the mixture. Combine the egg yolks, sugar and salt with the scalded milk, and cook until slightly thickened like a custard. Then stir the mixture into the egg whites beaten stiff, add the vanilla. Turn into individual moulds which have been dipped in cold water, and when set, unmould and serve with light cream, or any preserved fruit.

Just try it in soups, in gravies and in making creamed dishes—so easy to prepare at the last minute. You will find they are really better than when made with fresh milk—because Borden's Evaporated Milk is the evaporated milk *with the cream left in*.

It has all the richness, wholesomeness and goodness of fresh milk and cream—and is ready for your use in a more convenient form.

Order several cans of Borden's Evaporated Milk from your Grocer and have it on hand when the Iceman doesn't come.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building, 108 Hudson St., New York

It
Whips



BABIES suffering for the need of fresh milk, were the force that drove Gail Borden tirelessly to the perfection of a process that would keep milk sweet and pure indefinitely. It was in 1857, on an emigrant ship returning from England, that he first saw this need. Today, 63 years later, Borden's Evaporated Milk stands for the best in rich country milk, hermetically sealed in convenient sized cans—always ready for use.



BORDEN
PRODUCTS

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK BORDEN'S MILK CHOCOLATE
BORDEN'S MALTED MILK BORDEN'S PREPARED COFFEE
BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

The Survival of Freshness

By Lilian M. Gunn

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

MANY a woman thinks that if she goes to market and chooses food carefully, considering both quality and price, her duty as a good housewife has been fulfilled up to the time when the food must be prepared for cooking or serving. But there is another phase of food control which deserves attention, that is the care of food after it comes from the market until it is ready to be prepared. There is much that must be done to prevent loss and keep it attractive and wholesome.

Let us think first of the many fresh vegetables which come to us, in the summer particularly. All the salad plants require the same care. They should first be placed in the coldest water possible to crisp them, for even the journey from the

Cereals should be watched, especially in the summer, and if a cobwebby appearance is seen on the top, spread them out for a few minutes where they will have light and air, but keep dry. Do not buy in large quantities in hot weather. Tea, coffee and spices should be kept in tightly covered receptacles for if they are exposed to the air their delicate flavor is lost. Flour should be kept dry and watched for the little brown weevil.

Every bit of flour should be sifted before it is measured, for in every good recipe the measurements are always for sifted flour.

BUTTER AND EGGS

Too much emphasis cannot be put upon the proper care of eggs and butter.

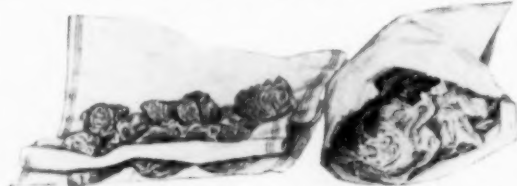
The shells of eggs are porous and they should be carefully kept away from other foods which have a strong odor or they will absorb it and have a peculiar and disagreeable taste. Do not wash them until you are ready to use them as this will make the shell more porous still.

Butter and oleomargarine absorb

odors too, and pound packages should be kept wrapped in the prepared paper in which they are purchased or kept in a stone or porcelain crock if purchased in quantities. When a pound package is first opened it will save much time later if it is marked off carefully on the top in quarters. We all know that there are two cups in every pound and if we mark the quarters we will not have to pack it into a cup to measure a half or quarter cup. When cutting butter for the table if the back of the knife is used and a piece of waxed paper put over it, the butter will cut in perfect unbroken pieces.

So much has been said of the care of milk that every housewife remembers to wash the outside of the bottle before she opens it and to keep the milk in the bottle until used.

Meat should be removed from the paper in which it is wrapped and put where it will keep cool but never directly on the ice. It should be wiped off with a damp cloth before cooking, but never allowed to stand even for a minute in water. Fish should be kept away from other food as it is much too generous with its odor. A



LETTUCE WASHED, PLACED IN THE FOLDS OF A TOWEL, AND SET IN ICE-BOX READY TO USE IMMEDIATELY, OR PUT AWAY WHOLE IN A PAPER BAG

market to the kitchen will wilt them on a hot summer day. Then carefully separate the leaves. If very closely grown together cut the stem end off about a quarter of an inch and let the cold water run with force on the plant, which will help very much in forcing the leaves apart.

LETTUCE DRIES ITSELF

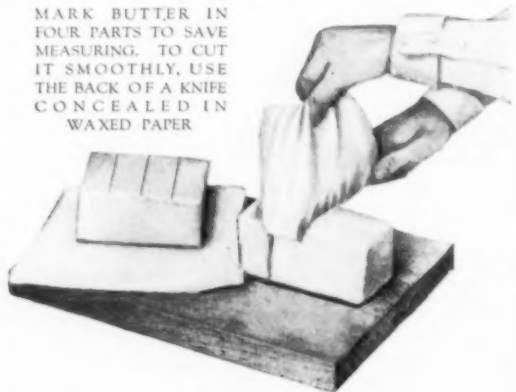
Wash each leaf, and if the salad is to be served at once, lay each leaf down on a linen towel, making two or three rows of leaves, then fold the towel over and make another layer. Lay the towel on the ice when full, or where it will keep cold. The linen will absorb the moisture and the leaves will soon be ready for use.

Never put a wet leaf into a salad, for the dressing will not cling to it. Oil and water do not mix, though many in making salad forget this time-worn adage. If you wish to keep the plant for a day or two, lift it from the water and drop in a clean paper bag, screw up the end of the bag and place it on the ice or in the cool cellar. A salad plant will keep in this way several days even in hot weather.

Keep parsley in fresh water in the ice-box or a cool place and change the water every day. All the close-leaved vegetables, like cabbage, cauliflower and brussels sprouts, should be soaked in salted water for twenty minutes before cooking. This will remove any insects which have crawled into the leaves. If asparagus has to be kept, stand the bunch in a shallow pan of water and when washing gently plunge the heads up and down in cold water.

Berries should be washed with their hulls or stems on; and those which have none should be washed a few at a time, being careful not to let the force of the water from the faucet break them. Wash grapes by holding the stem and lowering and raising them up and down in the water. In washing peaches do not dry them so vigorously as to take the delicate bloom off, but pat them carefully. In keeping fruits, spread them out on the shelf so that each one stands by itself, for, if they touch, the point of contact is where they first begin to decay. If fruits are purchased and seem a little green, wrap in paper separately and they will quickly ripen.

MARK BUTTER IN FOUR PARTS TO SAVE MEASURING. TO CUT IT SMOOTHLY, USE THE BACK OF A KNIFE CONCEALED IN WAXED PAPER



small tin pail is an excellent receptacle in which to put it, for it can be put in the ice-box and covered tight.

KEEP THINGS CRISP

Do not keep cakes and bread in the same box, for the cakes will take the moisture from the bread. And for the same reason, never keep cookies or any crisp food in the box with moist ones.

Keep rooty vegetables in a dry place and do not allow potatoes or onions to sprout.

Perfect cleanliness is of course an infallible rule. Keep food covered while standing, to guard against dust and flies.



You needn't mind hot weather

When you have cold ham and salads to tempt the family appetite and keep you out of the kitchen

Cool, appetizing and quickly prepared—these watchwords of every housewife during the “dog days”—are certainly the words to describe this inviting summer meal.

And wherever you are, in town or country, farmhouse or summer home, the vegetables for the salad are readily available and Swift's Premium Ham in the pantry solves the meat problem. Cold boiled slices have all the full, fine flavor of the hot meat. And your

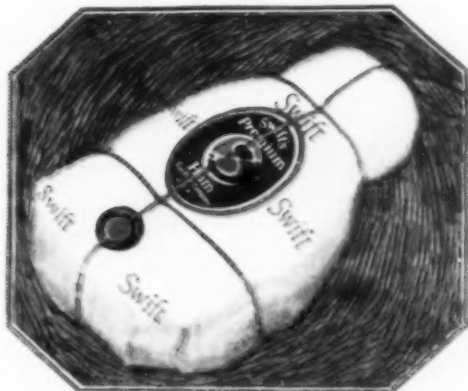
kitchen is cool as long as the ham lasts.

Swift's Premium Ham comes to you with a perfect cure—sweet enough—smoked enough—mild, uniform and delicious. There is no need to parboil it before broiling or frying and lose any of the splendid Premium flavor.

Give the family a treat and yourself a vacation from the meat problem by buying a whole Swift's Premium Ham.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



It is not
necessary to parboil
Swift's Premium Hams
before broiling
or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Kellogg's

SHREDDED KRUMBLES



Krumbles

—rightly called "the wonder-food"

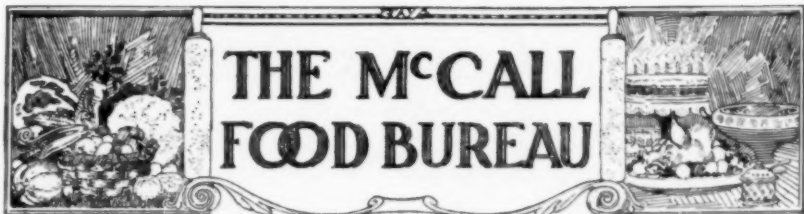
NATURE makes the whole wheat grain rich with the vital elements that create pep and vim and vigor in young and old. Kelloggs keep all this healthfulness for you in Krumbles—the all-wheat, ready-to-eat food. The flavor of Krumbles is temptingly good, and under that flavor are the natural elements which build muscle, bone and nerves.

Krumbles is made in the same big modern kitchens as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Kellogg's Krumbled Bran and Kellogg's Drinket. Your grocer sells them all and each package bears the signature of

W. K. Kellogg

N. B.—Ask for individual package of Krumbles at hotels, clubs and restaurants.





The Berry Family Make Ambrosial Desserts

By Christine Emery

RASPBERRIES, blackberries, blueberries! What delectable concoctions they conjure up in the mind of the housewife who appreciates their possibilities.

Berries ought to stir the imaginations of home chefs. Think of the different kinds, even omitting strawberries. There are red, fragrant raspberries, of velvety texture and elusive flavor; and blackberries, plump and smooth and crumbly; huckleberries and blueberries, so subtle and delicious and so different from any other flavor; then puckery currants and gooseberries.

But to most of us "berry pie" spells their one and only culinary possibility. Perhaps the following recipes will help make new friends for these fruits, so inexpensive and yet so very delicious.

BERRY GINGER-BREAD

Stir one cupful of molasses into one cupful of sour milk; add gradually, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and one-half teaspoonful of ginger that has been sifted in sufficient flour to make a thin cake batter. Into this fold carefully one cupful of berries that have been dredged with a tablespoonful of the flour. Bake in a quick oven and eat while hot.

BERRY TURNOVERS

Plain pie-crust is best for these—otherwise they will be too rich. Roll out the crust. Cut in circles or squares, sprinkle with sugar and a bit of flour, then cover with berries and again sprinkle with sugar and flour. Moisten the edges of the circles of dough, turn them over and pinch them tightly together to prevent the escape of the rich juice. Make a slit in the top of each turnover, and steam or bake them as you prefer. Serve with a liquid sauce. For variety make a roly-poly by using one large sheet of pie-crust, covered with berries as above. Roll up like jelly roll. Pinch the moistened edges together. This may be baked or wrapped in a floured cloth and immersed in a kettleful of rapidly boiling water. Serve with cream or liquid sauce, which may be flavored with lemon or some other kind of fruit juice. Sprinkle turnovers with powdered sugar.

BERRY CAKE

2 tablespoonfuls butter
1/3 cupful of sugar
1 egg
1/2 teaspoonful salt
4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
2 2/3 cupfuls flour
1 cupful milk
1 cupful berries

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten egg. Gradually add the milk and flour in which the baking-powder has been sifted, having first reserved one-third of a cupful of the flour for dredging the berries. When the batter is well blended, fold in the floured berries and bake in a shallow, well-oiled pan, for about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. This cake, eaten while warm, is delightful for luncheon or a simple home supper.

EXTRA FINE BERRY PUDDING

1 scant cupful butter
1 cupful cooking oil
1 cupful sour milk
4 cupfuls flour
4 eggs
1 teaspoonful soda
1 quart berries

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the well-beaten eggs, then the sour milk, in which the soda has been

dissolved, gradually add the flour, saving a portion of it for dredging the berries. Then carefully fold in the berries. Pour into a well-oiled pudding mold and steam for three hours. Serve with a liquid sauce.

BLUEBERRY JUICE

Select firm, ripe berries, wash and drain them. Cook over a slow heat until they become soft. Drain through a cloth bag. Reheat the juice, sweeten or not as you prefer, pour into sterilized bottles and seal at once. This juice may be used quite like grape juice. I have found it very satisfactory, both when made from the "swamp" or high-bush berries of the east and the late "huckleberry" which ripens far into the fall in the Pacific Northwest. In fact both of these berries are superior to the little "sugar blues," as they yield a richer, heavier juice.

CANNED BERRIES

Wash and drain the berries. To each quart add one cupful of sugar. Bring to the boiling point; boil for five minutes, pour into jars and seal. Canned berries will keep indefinitely without the least deterioration and are useful in all sorts of ways.

BERRY SHERBET

One teaspoonful of gelatine, one tablespoonful of cold water, one cupful of corn sirup, one-half cupful of boiling water, three-fourths cupful of berry juice, and one-fourth cupful of lemon juice. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Then dissolve it in the boiling water. Add the other ingredients. Cool and freeze. This quantity will make one quart of sherbet. The excess juice from a quart can of the berries used in pie making can be used advantageously in making this sherbet.

BERRY COBBLER

Fill a deep, well-oiled baking-dish half full of sweetened berries. Add two tablespoonfuls of water. Cover the berries with a rich biscuit dough. Eat with cream and sugar.

BERRY BRAN MUFFINS

Beat one egg until light, add one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of bran, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. When mixed fold in one-half cupful of floured berries. Bake in muffin rings in a quick oven.

DRIED BLUE-BERRIES

Because of their protective covering of firm skin, blueberries can be most readily dried on tray out of doors, or with gentle oven heat. When thoroughly dried, they should be stored in paper bags or boxes and kept in a dry place. They may be used in their dried state without soaking when used in place of currants in suet or steamed fruit puddings. When soaked in barely enough water to cover, they "come back" splendidly, and are useful in making pies, pancakes, muffins, cakes and cobbles. With a plentiful supply of the dried berries on hand, the progressive housewife can extend the "blueberry season" over a large portion of the year, to the gratification of her family and the increase in her household savings.



DELICIOUS PUDDING



TOOTHsome BERRY COBBLER

HEBE

-a food product for thrifty housewives- an aid to good cooking and tasty menus



Try these
HOT WEATHER DISHES
made with HEBE

Cream of Lettuce Soup
Boiled Eggs, Cream Sauce
Creamed Chipped Beef
Chicken a la King
Asparagus, Hollandaise
Lima Beans in Cream Sauce
Hearts of Lettuce,
Cream Dressing
Tomato and Cucumber Salad,
Mayonnaise
Fruit Sponge, Cream Sauce
Iced Tea, Chocolate
or Coffee

For Tempting Hot Weather Dishes use HEBE

HEBE sauces and dressings solve many a breakfast, luncheon or dinner problem in hot weather. This is the season when doctors tell us to eat more green vegetables and less meat. Your summer menus can be varied and balanced by serving the cooked vegetables with creamed sauces and the salads with creamed and mayonnaise dressings made rich and delicious with HEBE.

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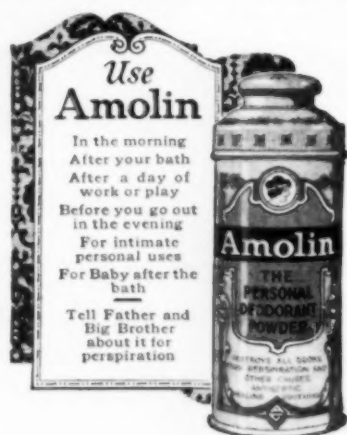
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THE AMOLIN COMPANY, LODI, N. J.



Amolin

The Personal Deodorant Powder

The Copper Kettle

[Continued from page 11]

"That's the cut of my frock," she assured him.

"Whatever it is, you're looking mighty sweet."

"You're just the same yourself," said Milly.

He beamed on her with a certain amount of self-satisfaction: "Oh, I dare say I haven't changed much—now where would you like to go to dinner, young lady?"

Milly named a modest hostelry—obviously modest.

He reminded her indulgently: "This is a party, not a slumming expedition."

She named another, one of the high towers of Babylon.

"That's better," said Mr. Henderson. He took her elbow protectively and turned her toward the door. A moment later they were in a taxi, speeding eastward. Fifteen minutes later they were facing each other across a small impeccable table—with flowers and silver and thin, shining glass—with a servilely contemptuous waiter in the background—with the glow of ruddy-shaded lights, the thin sweet sensuous whimper of violins, the delicate odors of delicate food, the vague, pervasive fragrance of perfume and powder.

"Ah," said Mr. Henderson with a long sigh of satisfaction, "this is the life—eh?"

He ordered, despite the waiter's veiled suggestions, a meal that a hungry school-boy might have adored: turtle soup, lobster, chicken, asparagus, ice-cream.

"Too bad I can't give you, champagne," he deplored.

"Really—I scarcely ever take it—I sha'n't miss it," said Milly Brown. Pierrot's impish grin flashed before her mind.

She sat and looked at Doug Henderson with wide, sweet, gray-green eyes, her soft mouth unsmiling, her small hands linked before her on the table. He was not, after all, very different from the Doug of her high-school days: a trifle stouter, perhaps—surely he had not always been so stolidly placid, had not always worn that blurred outline of jaw and chin. She remembered his eyes, blue as still lakes; they were faded a little, now, and set in pleasantly raying lines. His mouth had still its old kindness of expression, its absolute niceness, forever on the edge of smiling . . . and his clothes . . . his clothes were not bad. He wore gray, very dark, with a decent neutral sort of tie.

"Well, how do I look?" he demanded abruptly, leaning toward her.

"You look," said Milly Brown slowly, letting her dreaming gaze linger deliberately between his eyelashes, "like the vice-president of the Greenville National Bank, Doug—that's how you look."

He had grown distinctly bald about the forehead, his smooth fair hair retreating thinly to a second line of defense.

"Do I?" cried Henderson, pleased. "Well, that's what I am, Milly. Not bad for thirty-three, eh? Let's see! How old are you? Twenty-six?" She nodded.

"We never thought, did we—when we used to go on straw-rides together—when we used to go to dances up in the old Odd Fellows' Hall, and I used to sulk for a week if you gave more than two dances to some other fellow—that we'd be sitting here tonight having dinner together, you a successful young business woman, me the vice-president of the Greenville National—did we? I tell you life's a funny thing!"

The successful young business woman agreed with a carefully casual smile that life was. She ate her dinner, it arrived, with a flicker of discontent. Pierrot would have known what she liked—and would not have been able to get it for her. Fancy lobster and chicken when one might have had crab-meat and duck!

"No need to ask how you're prospering," her companion observed abruptly; "all a man's got to do is to look at you."

She threw him a brilliant glance that invited him to look as much as he pleased. She knew from the mirror, set in the wall beside her, how safe she was. She wished Pierrot could see her!

A Columbine transformed—a Columbine full of color and sparkle and devilry—a fresh Columbine, a Columbine perfectly turned out—

"I've got tickets for the best girl-show in town—hope you haven't seen it," said Henderson proudly.

Milly Brown shut her even, white teeth upon an outrageous moment of disappointment. She loathed girl-shows and she had wanted very badly indeed to be taken to see a certain daring English comedy. It was not bad as girl-shows go. Henderson inferred, as most men do in the presence of extravagant musical comedy, the existence of a gay-dog streak in himself. "You don't get anything like this in Greenville," he said once with a sigh.

He hummed the most obvious of the evening's tunes when the final curtain came down, and he was still in a state of pleasant night-owliness when he brought Milly

back to the quiet elegance of the place on Thirty-sixth Street.

"How about tomorrow night?" he insisted eagerly. "I'll be busy all day, but my evenings are clear, and honestly, Milly, I'll be as lonesome as a hound-pup if you don't."

"New York is full of pretty girls," said Milly, tantalizingly aloof.

"But only one Milly Brown," said Mr. Henderson gallantly.

She smiled doubtfully.

"You will, won't you?" he pleaded.

"Well, perhaps," said Milly.

"Where shall we eat dinner?"

Firmly she named the place—guilty splendors or nothing!

"And what would you like to see—in the theater way?"

Winning, and ashamed of herself for winning, Milly named a play—one Doug Henderson would never understand—but that Pierrot and she had yearned for from afar for several weeks.

"Supper, afterward—at a real snappy place? You haven't forgotten how to dance, have you, Milly?"

She escaped to her room at last and to uneasy slumbers. Doug was older—and stouter—and balder . . . But how kind he was! Nothing a woman couldn't have if he could get it for her! He remembered old times. He hadn't been absolutely in love with her all these years—but he remembered.

Milly slept late the next morning and got to the office barely in time, but before she went, she had engaged for the week, the small demure sitting-room adjoining her bed and bath.

Twilight found her, all jade-green chiffon and dull-blue beads bending over a box of roses, open upon a table. The room was in shadow, but betrayed here and there small feminine touches which quite transformed the commonplace sitting-room: a bowl of flowers here, a work-basket there—perhaps a small gold thimble and a skein of shimmering silk—the telephone whirled.

"Mr. Henderson calling."

"Send him up, if you please!"

In a flurry she began lifting out the roses which had arrived, by virtue of Pierrot's eagerness, an hour or so too soon.

Doug's ring at the door she answered, one hand free, the other full of dewy, frail Killarneys. Her face, above the flowers, was full of an adorable compunction: "I am so sorry . . . I meant to be quite ready—but these came just a minute ago . . . and I must put them in water. Sit down, Doug! I won't keep you a bit longer than I."

"Plenty of time, don't hurry," said Doug comfortably. He sat down in the cushioned chair and experienced the usual masculine warmth about the heart at sight of the little work-basket. He looked a trifle stouter in his dinner-coat, but distinctly nice and close-shaven. He stooped to pick up a little handkerchief which lay almost at his feet, and a vague blossomy sweetness drifted to his nostrils. He held it to his nose, sniffed it romantically—and slipped it into his pocket.

Milly bending above her roses, hid a smile. She thrust the flowers into a wide brass bowl, where they glowed fragrant and ephemeral; brought the card she had taken from between the stems and put it into Doug's hand, with a lovely air of confiding something: "He's a man I've known just a month or so—a terribly nice man—"

Doug read aloud, not too well pleased: "I want you to try out my new Rolls-Royce—may I come for you this evening? We might have dinner somewhere together. Hope you liked the strawberries—they came from my place on the Hudson. Have closed the deal in wheat—can't we celebrate?"

Columbine stood dreaming. For "wheat" she read "oatmeal" as Pierrot had meant her to—He had sold that last set of drawings, then.

"Dinner somewhere together . . ." echoed her visitor jealously. "What did you tell him?"

"That I was going out with you," said Milly Brown, smiling a little.

"Wasted her roses, didn't he? Well," said Doug, rising with an air of triumph—"I reckon he could afford 'em, couldn't he? A chap with a new Rolls-Royce and a place on the Hudson."

There were tears in Milly's eyes as she turned to fetch her coat and gloves from the inner room—outrageous, uncalled for, stinging tears—the roses that Pierrot could afford! She passed them hurriedly.

Dinner that night, she deftly took a hand in ordering. The orchestra played an aria from *Butterfly*, and a memory of Pierrot's fingers crushing her own in the more crucial moments of that loveliest of all emotional simplicities would not be ignored.

"I like something with a tune to it," Doug said absently when the music came to an end. Afterward, in the thrilled twilight of the theater, he kept his shoulder

[Continued on page 41]

The Copper Kettle

[Continued from page 40]

against Milly's slim one, and talked in undertones, when the lights were on, of the place he had bought in Greenville, the architect he was paying to do it over—the interior decorator—even the plumber—"I'm going to have tiled floors in all three bathrooms," he said—"and these new-fangled set-in tubs—you know?"

Milly knew. She thought of the narrow, airless confines, of the discolored porcelain and aged nickel of the bathroom she shared, at One Hundred and Twentieth Street. "You have your mother's silver and linen, haven't you?" she asked him.

"And her pictures," Doug said proudly. Milly remembered. "Oh yes, of course," she murmured.

"Cold?" asked Doug tenderly. Then she must have shivered. She shook her head and leaned deliberately closer—which was all but unnecessary even so soon as that second night. For Doug was indubitably taking fire. He took her somewhere to dance, when the play was over, and to Milly's surprise he still danced well in spite of his additional flesh. But Milly demanded to be taken home when he was still in full fling and would have gone merrily on for hours. "You know," she reminded him pathetically—"I am a business woman."

"It's a darned shame!" said Doug. He took her home in a taxi, and before he left her at her door he had wrung a promise from her for each of three successive nights. "I may have to leave on Saturday—and if you don't promise me now, that wheat-deal chap'll be beating me to it."

Milly made wide eyes at him above the dark fur collar of her gray-velvet cloak. "Do you really think so, Doug?"

"You look like a million dollars in that thing," he told her suddenly and rather startlingly. "I wish Greenville could see you, Milly!"

"I wish I could see Greenville," she sighed wistfully.

"Success hasn't spoiled you, has it?" said Doug proudly. "You're still the same dear little girl—Milly, do you remember?"

"I don't dare remember any more, tonight," said Milly softly, "or I shall stay awake remembering—and I can't afford it."

"She turned him away with a gentle hand.

Before she slept, she planned the next three days. Also before she slept, she arose and set the bowl of roses close to the open window. The perfume of the flowers disturbed her strangely—sleeping at last, she dreamed of Pierrot.

Another restaurant and another theater upon the evening of the next day and the next set shadows beneath her eyes, where shadows already lay.

It was Doug's last night in town. "Why not have dinner somewhere and just come back to my place and talk," Milly suggested. "You know, Doug, we probably shan't see each other again for years." Her eyes were wishful, her mouth, childishly sweet.

"I'd like it better than anything else in the world," said Doug.

So it was as Milly suggested. They dined, royally. Milly, shimmering in moonlight-blue and silver—with a great palely-shaded feather fan—a fairy-tale Milly!

"You'd set Greenville crazy!" Doug said, when he saw her.

When they came back from the crowded, noisy, brilliantly-lighted restaurant to Milly's little sitting-room, it was like plunging into a pool of drowsy enchantment after the glare of midday.

"Sit here," said Milly, and turned the cushioned chair with its back to the shaded light. She brought cigarettes, a match—lit it for him herself, with slender, cool fingers. "You know how to make a man happy, don't you, Milly?"

"Only what every woman knows," said Milly. She dropped down upon the brocade settee facing him, and played with the big feather fan. "This time tomorrow," she said, "you'll be on your way back home. I'll miss you, Doug."

"There was a silence. . . . She let it widen, deliberately, let it ripple to the four corners of the quiet little room as a flung stone sends ripples through a pond. . . . She watched Doug's eyes narrow, saw the flush rising beneath his clear florid skin, saw his hand tighten on the arm of his chair, and all at once she knew that her moment was come.

"Milly—" said Doug, a little hoarsely—"I always was crazy about you, Milly—if you'll marry me—I'll make you the happiest woman in Greenville—I'll wire 'em tomorrow to hold the plans on the new house till we get there—what do you say?"

She didn't say no—so he got up and went over to her. "Milly—" he said—"Milly, little darling—" He caught her up into his arms.

It was half after ten of that same night by the clock in the Copper Kettle, when Milly Brown, pausing before that worn,

hospitable doorstep encountered the hungry glance, the eager clasp of a young man in a shabby serge suit.

"Have you been waiting long?" she stammered.

He bent to hear her, holding his old felt hat in one hand, and something took her by the throat—something cruelly sweet—"Pierrot—" she cried sharply—"you've had your hair cut!"

He chuckled. "You notice it, do you?"

Notice it! She ached to take that amazingly smooth, dark head to her breast and ruffle it—and cry over it. "Pierrot, take me somewhere where we can talk—I've got something to tell you!"

"I was afraid you would have," said Pierrot simply. They walked over to Morningside and sat down upon a bench which stood in the fragrant shadow of a syringa bush. The world about them was hushed in shadow; shadow veiled the very stars in the sky above them. There was rain in the air. Lights glimmered vaguely at a little distance.

Pierrot, sitting upon the bench beside the rigid little figure of Milly Brown, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and smothered a sigh. "I'm listening," he said quietly.

"I want to tell you everything," she almost whispered.

"Confession," said Pierrot bravely, "batters no parsnips."

"Oh, Pierrot—please—please!"

"I see you have on your real clothes," said Pierrot, touching with a caressing finger the sleeve of her coat, which needed pressing—"well, Columbine . . . ?"

So she told him. "Pierrot—the adventure's over—I did it, as I said I would—I spent the whole four hundred on clothes and—an apartment and things. It's all gone—I've had a wonderful week—he thinks I'm the most amazing woman in this town—and he's going back home tomorrow."

"He wants you to go with him?" asked Pierrot, very low. "You didn't dream that would happen—did you? I did. I saw it—almost from the first."

"Didn't dream it!" cried Columbine—"didn't dream—" she stopped, and her lips twitched into a miserable little smile.

"Pierrot," she said, "that's why I did it. I was trying to marry him—don't you see?"

She felt him draw away from her—heard him swallow a startled oath. She protested unhappily—"Oh, lots of women do it—you needn't think they don't!"

"But not you, Columbine—not you!"

"Yes, me!" said Columbine doggedly. "I was so tired of being a failure—I was so tired of being poor—I wanted a house, with white stairs and a mahogany hand-rail—and embroidered towels, and tiled bathrooms—and servants in white caps and aprons." She drew a long, quivering breath. "I wanted it awfully—so I gambled, on getting it, that's all."

"And lost?" said Pierrot, in a voice she had never heard from him, a slow unsteady breathless voice. "He didn't fall for it—you dragged yourself through the dust for nothing?"

"Oh, yes, he did!" said Columbine.

"Oh, yes, he did!"

"Then, why," demanded Pierrot huskily, "have you come back to tell me about it?"

"He kissed me," said Columbine. Then she began to cry.

"He naturally would," said Pierrot. "I hope you kissed him back!" But his hands were clenched in the shelter of his otherwise empty pockets.

"I sent him away," said Columbine, choking down a sob—"and telephoned you."

"I saw it was no use. He was awfully hurt. . . . He said I was—a vampire."

"Oh, good Lord—" said Pierrot—"you!"

He broke into an irresistible laugh.

"Yes, me!" said Columbine a trifle resentfully. "Why not?"

"Columbine," said Pierrot thoughtfully—"I've never kissed you—have I? If I do—and you don't send me away—suppose we get married, eh?"

"How much did you get from the oatmeal people?" inquired Columbine.

"As much as it cost me to pay up my bills and buy one box of roses."

"I've got ten dollars left in the bank—we could take that for the license and ring," offered Columbine shyly.

"How do you know you'd like to marry me?" asked Pierrot. "I haven't kissed you yet."

She leaned her shameless red head on his shoulder, shut her big tear-wet eyes and tilted up her little face. "You can learn a great deal from kissing the wrong man," whispered Columbine.

The scent of the syringa drifted about them. Between gray, web-like shadows, something like a fugitive glimmer of starshine slipped down the path and away. . . . Pierrot's freedom, perhaps. . . . He did not even turn to see it go.



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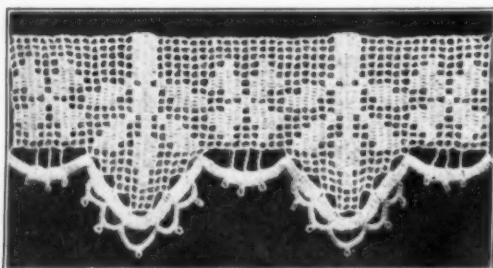
New Crochet Edgings in Useful Widths

By Elisabeth May Blondel

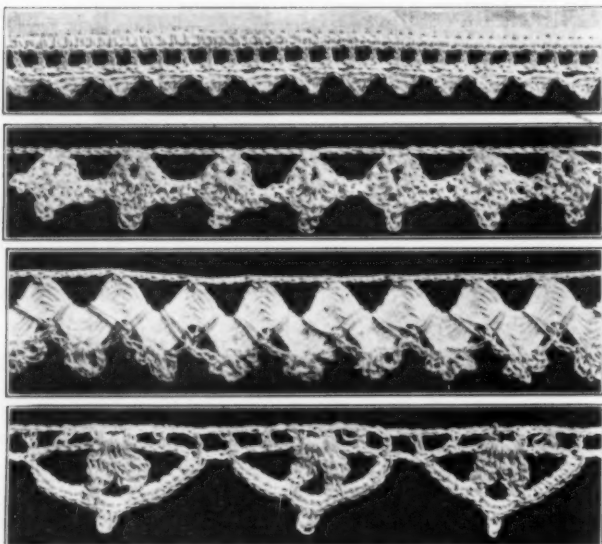


Above—Two edges about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep that make charming tea napkins.

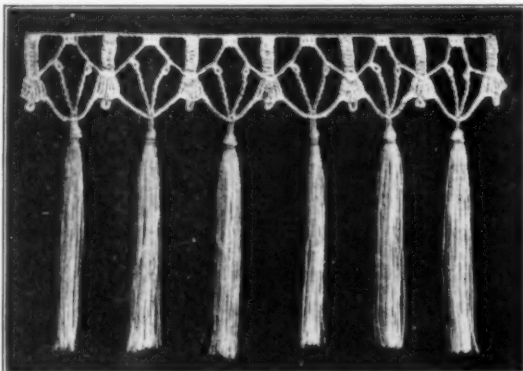
The little tassels give a new and unique finish to scarf ends



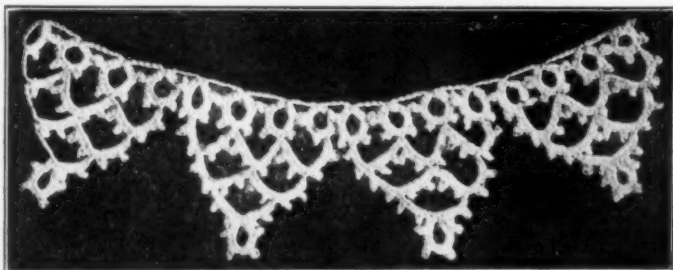
Above—Four inches is the depth of this novel filet edging



Above—These four small edgings are pictured in actual size. They are delightfully dainty and simple to crochet



Above—Scarf ends can be effectively finished with this new tassel edge, which is five inches deep



Above—This prettily-pointed edge ($1\frac{3}{4}$ inches deep) can be used on curved edges

Editor's Note—Directions for crocheting all these ten edging designs and block pattern for the filet edge are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 135. To obtain this, send 15 cents in stamps and enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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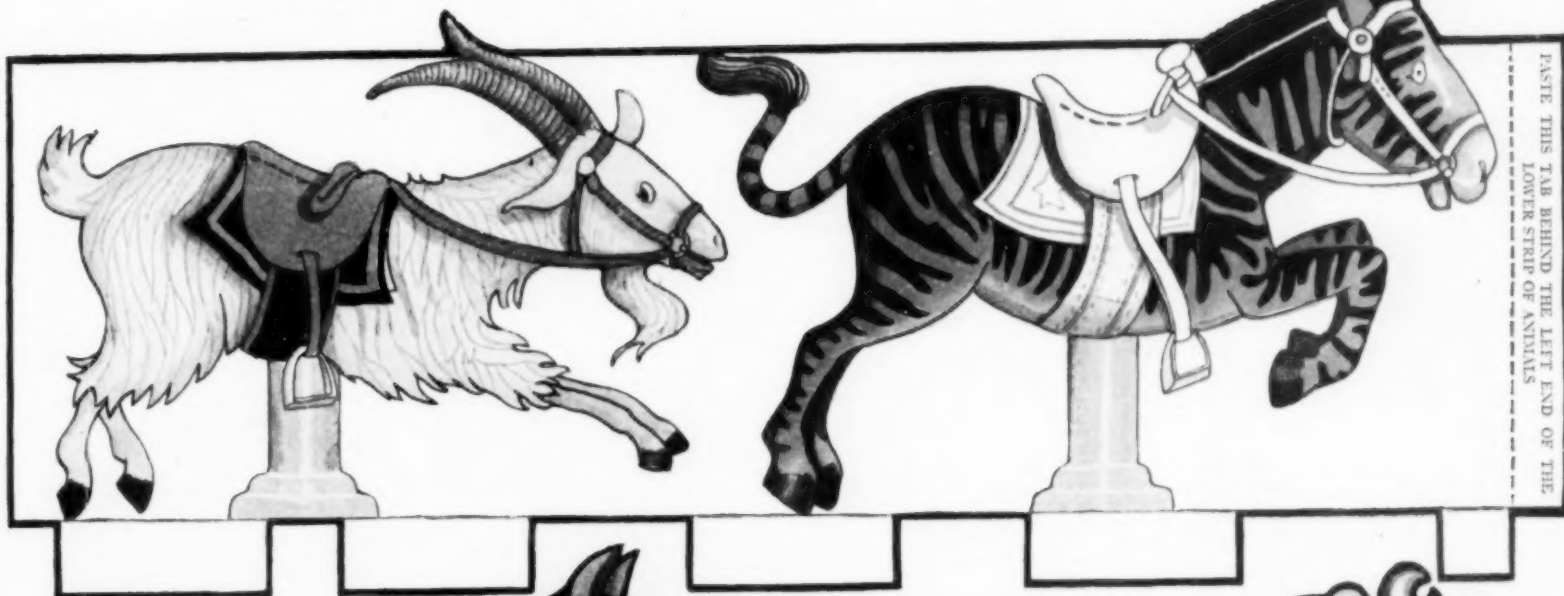
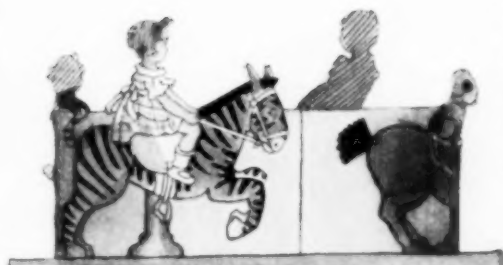


DIRECTIONS FOR CUT-OUT

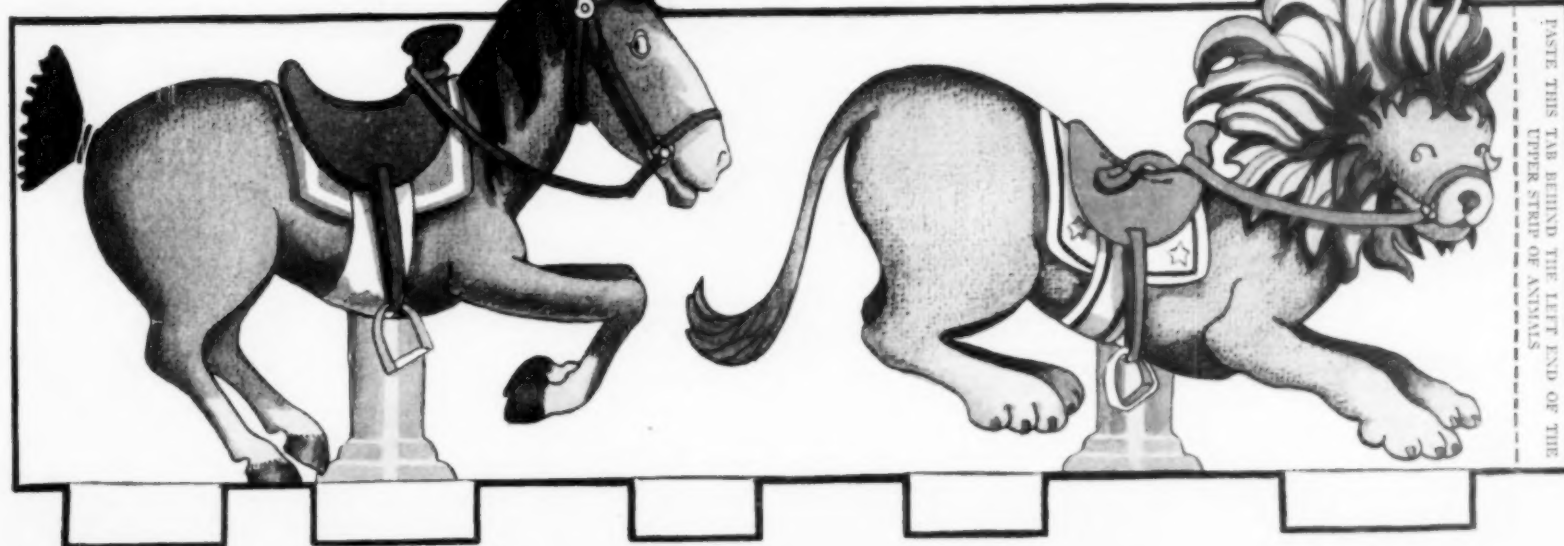
FIRST, cut out the two strips of animals and paste end to end as directed. Cut the dotted lines on the saddles and paste all bottom tabs.

Next, cut a six-inch circle of heavy cardboard and attach the animals in a ring by pasting the bent-back tabs all around the card.

Now, tack it through the center to the head of a clothes-pin, and your Merry-Go-Round will be ready to spin.



PASTE THIS TAB BEHIND THE LEFT END OF THE LOWER STRIP OF ANIMALS



PASTE THIS TAB BEHIND THE LEFT END OF THE UPPER STRIP OF ANIMALS

Harriet Changes Her Mind

By Rose Lewin Franken

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWFORD

I CAN'T see how women can make a fuss about taking care of their own children!" protested Harriet, tying the baby's nightie with a decisive twist. David packed the bowl of his pipe, and waited.

"No?" he prompted gently. "No! You never see me nervous or upset over Billy, do you? And I don't hand him over to a nurse, either! Well, Marjorie and Jean were here today with the children. And when Marjorie came in, she flopped down on the couch, and said, 'Good heavens, if I could find a nurse without any days out, I'd pay her double! I'd rather scrub floors than take care of Ellen for an hour!' David, isn't that perfectly disgusting for a mother to feel that way? And by the time she left, she was trembling in every limb, and on the verge of tears, while Ellen was positively hoarse from shrieking. Poor little thing! Her life is just one DON'T after another. And Marjorie slapped her three times. Why, I was a wreck, myself, by the time they left! But



JUNKET DRIBBLED FROM BILLY'S MOUTH AND HUNG ON HIS LASHES. "STARVE HIM," BLAZED HIS FATHER

I was just as much disgusted with Jean. She's the other extreme. She kept Harold by her side the whole afternoon, and every time he wanted to play with Ellen she'd say: "Stay with Mother, my little man! You might annoy someone, or hurt the baby!"

"Once he acted real human, and cried for a piece of candy. And what do you think Jean answered?"

"What?" responded David obediently. "She said, 'You'd spoil your appetite, dearest! Wait till we get home, and Mother will give you a nice, refreshing, drink of WATER!'"

"And Harold waited! I asked her what made the child so good. I felt like saying, so disgustingly good! To make her long, enthusiastic story short—the secret of their loving relationship is—guess!"

"Couldn't!" "Child Study! She's a perfect nut about it! Goes to lectures, reads books, and interprets Harold all day long! She begged me to let her send me a membership blank, and I all but snickered out loud! I felt like saying, 'If you two girls would only employ a moderate amount of efficiency, and natural instinct, neither one of you would need a sanitarium or a course of study! Dave, I feel so superior to that type of ineffectual woman! I sewed the whole afternoon, while Billy lay in his carriage, and played with his fingers, like the well-trained little angel he is!'"

"In other words," twinkled David, "We love ourself, eh? But, remember, dear, those youngsters are almost twice as old as Billy!"

"That's what the girls said. But I maintain that the principle remains the same."

YET, it was only a few weeks later, when, one dark, bleak morning, Harriet sat up in bed with a start. Someone was in the baby's room! The side of the crib was jangling.

"Quick!" hissed Barbara. "Someone's in the nursery!"

David opened his eyes sleepily. Fatherhood is not so alert as motherhood.

"Wassat?" he gaped sleepily. With a bound, she was out of bed. "Here, wait for me, I'm comin' too! Come back here, and get your slippers!" He was fishing for his own, beneath the bed.

"Such foolishness!" he grumbled. "Who should be in there, anyway! Gosh, it's cold!" He reached her side. Together they tiptoed into the nursery. In the dim light, they could discern no intruder, but the steady jangle of the crib continued. David switched on the lamp, and Baby Billy, blinking confusedly in the sudden glare, greeted them with a wide, toothless smile. Holding himself erect, with an effort that whitened his chubby fingers grasping the rail of the crib, he was swaying drunkenly on two fat, stiff little legs.

His parents stared unbelievably. "Why, Dave," breathed Harriet at last, "He can stand!"

"The little beggar!" swaggered David. They admired their son in rapt silence, while Billy, nothing loath, teetered recklessly back and forth, and bobbed his head knowingly.

"He—he woke us up!" meditated David. "He won't do that every morning, will he?"

"Why ask me?" returned Harriet huffily. "He's your son, too! And anyway, you ought to be grateful he's well and happy enough to do it!"

"Well, I'm freezing! Fix him, and let's get back to bed!"

"His hands and feet are like chunks of ice, too!" Harriet discovered, as with skillful fingers, she placed Billy on his back, covering him well, and fastening the blankets with huge safety pins.

"There!" she kissed him, and turned to switch off the light. "Good-night, little sweet-potato! Go sleepy-bye!"

"Look what your potato's doin'!" warned David excitedly.

Billy was straining, puffing, growing red in the face. With helpless little moans, the safety-pins tore through their holdings. Billy sat erect. His little legs commenced to move busily.

"Mustn't do that!" adjured his father, shaking a finger at him. "Baddy, Baby woke us up!"

One hand on the rail, Billy surveyed his father with sudden interest. Then, with an engaging smile, he held out his arms to be taken.

David lifted his bare foot from the icy floor, and curved it around his other leg. He hadn't found the left slipper.

"No, No! Daddy's cold! Daddy play with Billy in morning! Billy sleep now!"

Billy grasped the rail with the other hand, and shook it provocatively.

"Lie down, I say!" thundered David.

"Lie down, sir! Down, sir!"

"He's not a dog!" said Harriet indignantly.

The baby shot his mother a quick glance of comaraderie. Barbara grinned. David caught the swift exchange.

"Of course," he stiffened. "If you encourage him, what can I do?"

"I'm not!" defended Harriet weakly.

"Da-da-goy-gpy!" contributed Billy.

IT was as though that early morning jubilee was Billy's farewell fling to infancy. He became a person. And he never again played with his fingers. He found new uses for his hands. Nothing was sacred from his vicious clutch.

"You're fidgety!" accused David. "You jump at the least noise, like an old lady!"

"I thought it was Billy falling!" panted Harriet, her hand at her heart. "He did, twice, yesterday!"

"You're tired!" he reproached some weeks later, when he came home and found her giving Billy his supper.

"Tired? Dead!" she exclaimed, and burst into tears.

"Oh, sweetheart! What's wrong? Baby lose his appetite?" Indicating the agitated dish of junket that stood on the table, "Why, that's nothing! Don't worry over—"

"It's not that!" interrupted Harriet excitedly. "He—he's a mean little imp, so there! I don't care if he is my child! I just can't stand him any more! For three weeks, now, he hasn't eaten a meal! He'd rather tease me! And I stand like a fool, and cook for him all day long! Wash his vegetables, boil 'em hours and hours, strain



GRASPING THE RAIL OF THE CRIB HE WAS SWAYING DRUNKENLY ON TWO FAT, STIFF LITTLE LEGS

'em, get chickens and lambs, and make 'em into broths, mash things, and measure them, and heaven knows what not! And when he sees me come in with a plate, he gets ready to play! Either he lets everything dribble out of the corners of his mouth, or he spits them at me!

"Your fault!" declared her husband on general principles. "In disciplining a child, you must get him to recognize authority. And you don't. You laugh at him and encourage him! He thinks he's funny!"

"Very well, then, Mr. Parker, you feed him!"

She thrust the plate into his hands. He looked at it helplessly. Then, with bravado,

"Allright, I'll show you! But I guess it'll always be a case of, 'Wait till Papa comes home, and you'll get it!'"

He stirred the dish of junket portentously, and approached the high-chair.

Billy regarded his father roguishly. Then, with the co-ordinated manipulation of his two red lips, and his small pink tongue, he evolved a slow, deliberate sputtering, his eyes fixed shrewdly on his mother's face.

"Prrrrrrrr!" he challenged.

Harriet snorted. David turned on her.

"There you go, laughing at him! You'll have to get out of the room!"

Harriet obeyed, with shaking shoulders.

"Here, now, son! No nonsense now! Your Father's feeding you. Eat this!"

Twenty minutes later.

"Harriet!"

"Coming, dear!"

Billy's round little face barely showed over the edge of the chair tray. His small body hung perilously in space. Junket dribbled out of his mouth, and hung on his lashes. His bib, hanging in a string under one ear, was sodden with it. His eyes danced.

David's face was red and moist. His coat was liberally spattered. He thrust the plate at his wife. It was quite full. "Starve him!" blazed he.

But the withdrawal of Billy's breakfast the next morning, left him unmoved. His aggressive good humor showed plainly that if his mother cared to adopt that course with him, he could live handsomely for several days on the firm little bracelets of fat around his wrists and ankles. But Harriet loved those bracelets, and watched them jealously. She preferred to stand and cook for him, although her days became a nasty succession of Billy's feeding-time, which she dreaded in the intervals.

CAME a day, shortly after, when he found that he could creep. He was soon expert. To his mother's tired eyes, he looked like some desperate little water-creature on land, as he scurried madly round and through the furniture.

"Don't crawl out of this room, Billy, do you hear me! Don't rub that buttered zwieback on Mother's desk! MUST you eat crackers on EVERY chair in the room? DON'T touch that ink! Ah, ah! Take it out of your mouth! Billy, put that down! Oh, heavens! Look what you've done now! There!

You're going to get such a slap, you had thing, you! Come here! THIS MINUTE!"

"Let's cut and run!" suggested David blandly, on that particular evening. "Let's go to theatre, and eat supper down-town! You'll enjoy it better?"

"I'm too tired!" answered his wife tonelessly. "I'm going straight to bed."

"Gee whiz, dear! I'm getting sick of coming home to a dead wife every night! Can't you?"

"No, I can't!" exploded Harriet. "Don't you think I'm sick of it too? I'm so nervous I can't see straight! My days are just full of diapers, cooking, air, feeding— Oh, I guess I'm silly—and I'm glad, glad that the baby's so well and healthy that he feels like being mischievous!" she declared, with the tears coursing down her cheeks.

David patted her shoulder.

"There there, poor old girl!"

"You mustn't th-think I'm n-not happy he's s-so f-full of life!"

"You look happy!" chuckled David.

"But seriously, dear, you're over-tired. We can afford it now. Let's get a nurse for Billy, and have a good time, eh?"

Her eyes brightened for a moment. Then, rebukingly,

"No thank you, David! I wouldn't hand my child over to a hired person! Although . . ."

She hesitated.

"Although what?"

"Oh, well, it's so hard to know just what to do. Perhaps I've been selfish with you, dear. You must be awfully tired of coming home to a half-dead wife, although you've been so sweet about it!"

"So you'd get a nurse for my sake, you dear thing you?" he teased.

[Continued on page 55]

BILLY CARRIED BARBARA'S HAND QUANTILY TO HIS LIPS. THEN HE BIT IT



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MISS CINDERELLA

By Beatrice Imboden

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GREFFÉ

THE four o'clock stillness had descended on Room Number Seven. But in a far corner the little teacher still bent over her desk, though by all the laws of pedagogy it was the hour when even the most conscientious of little teachers might relax. Probably a puzzling arithmetic problem, judging by the wrinkling of forehead and erasing and rewriting which accompanied the process.

Occasionally the bumping of erasers by Billy Bowman, successful contestant for the high honor of erasing the board, or the swish of the janitor's broom in the hall were heard, but the little teacher worked on unheeding.

Truly an edifying sight, had principal or visiting supervisor come to the door.

Had the visitor been so impolite as to look over the little teacher's shoulder, however, he might have been surprised. For the problem was this:

Board and room rent.....	\$40
Carfare and lunch.....	10
Lectures, professional magazines, etc.....	5
Money sent to Mother.....	10
Savings for summer expenses	15
	\$80

"Leaving only \$20 a month for clothes and extras! And people seem to dress so in the city," sighed the little teacher. "Poor thing, you thought you had come into a fortune last fall when you got appointed to a city school at \$100 a month. Guess you should have stayed in Millersville, even if it was poky."

Despondently she put down the items again.

"Didn't Miss Warner make a splendid impression last Saturday at Institute?" she ruminated. "Of course her class in geography methods was good, but who could help looking clever in such a lovely gown as that blue charmeuse?"

"Oh," the pencil banged on her desk, "I'll not be a cat! She is a sweet girl and deserves all her success. But—I just wish I could take my reading class up there some Saturday. Let's see—it would take three months to save for a good suit."

At this point Billy Bowman's cheerful treble broke the stillness.

"I had a fight last night, Miss Robbins," he announced calmly.

The little teacher started. Then horrified disapproval overspread her face.

"Billy!" she began.

"Oh, it wasn't on the school grounds nor nothing like that, so you won't have to tell the principal."

"Don't say 'nor nothing,'" the little teacher corrected, "and you shouldn't fight anywhere."

"Well, it was this way," explained the unruffled Billy. "Jimmy Dawson said Miss Warner was the best-looking teacher in the school, and I said no, you were. He kept on saying it, and I said it was just because Miss Warner dressed so well. ('Don't say 'well,' say 'nicely,'" the little teacher managed to murmur.) So we had a fight and I licked him."

Billy paused for breath. "And I told Uncle Bob, and he said, 'That's the boy! Always take up the gauntlet for your lady-love.' What's 'gauntlet,' Miss Robbins?"

"An' I told him you had real big eyes and brown hair with little gold lights on top of the crinkles. Then he said, 'Shake, old man. I see you have the family taste.' And he said he was coming to visit the school."

Another stop for breath. Billy wondering why the little teacher's cheeks were so pink and her head so averted.

"Mother said, 'Indeed, you shan't go and annoy the young lady!' But she's coming some day. Are all these boards clean enough, Miss Robbins?"

Mrs. Bowman speedily made a friendly visit, beginning with "I've heard so much of you, Miss Robbins. My small son is your ardent admirer!" and ending with "Won't you come to dinner, Friday, just the family, with Billy included, of course?"

And the little teacher, happily if reluctantly, drew from the month's clothes allowance ten precious dollars for a chiffon blouse. The old suit would have to do, with pressing. Billy proudly escorted her home Friday evening, and she remembered the remark of a co-teacher.

"Oh, you're lucky to be assigned to the Longfellow School. Alice Warner had the best time there last year—said she felt like a society butterfly, with dinners and teas and even dances!"

Then the little teacher thought—of clothes. And her heart sank.

"Only the family" proved to include "Uncle Bob," whose merry, quizzical eyes never left the little teacher's face, and a fashionable visiting cousin, the latter gowned in something green, low-cut and

expensive-looking. Mrs. Bowman wore a black gown that in Millersville would have served for state occasions.

"Why didn't I at least have sense enough to wear a one-piece dress," groaned the little teacher to herself. "But what would I have worn—last summer's faded pink voile?"

She felt her embarrassment was evident, though the others chattered gaily. As soon as possible she made an excuse of a lecture and left, alone on the street car, in spite of Mr. Bob's determination to whirl her to "the lecture" in his car.

Later came "at home" cards from Mrs. Bowman and invitations from other patrons. But after the chiffon blouse had attended a tea or two, and met there velvets and satins galore it was quietly folded away.

Of course, Mr. Bob called at the little teacher's quiet boarding place, and telephoned and sent flowers. He escorted her (plus the chiffon blouse) to a play, with laces and silks in the next box.

Then—the little teacher straightway adopted the cordiality of an icicle, and not even the most square-jawed of young men can pay court to such forever. Business called him East and everything seemed ended, save for a postal or two.

Billy wondered why his beloved teacher forgot to be jolly. Miss Warner dropped into Room Seven one evening and surprised a tear in the little teacher's eye.

"Forgive me, dear, if I seem officious," she slipped an arm about the younger girl. "But you look like a little sister of mine. And I've an idea your trouble is the same I had two years ago."

Then she talked, while the little teacher's expression changed from incredulity to surprise and hope! Soon after, the little teacher recovered her gay spirits. There was often a mysterious smile on her lips, and once Billy caught her humming a tune, right out loud in school!

IT was July, and Mr. Bob had run down to his sister's country place.

"Some nice people here," she greeted him. "Oh, yes, and an old friend of yours—that pretty little teacher."

Mr. Bob looked up quickly, then controlled himself and said lightly, "Oh, yes, shy little wren of a thing, but—er—rather chilly. How did she happen to come? She spurned our advances with hauteur last winter, if I mistake not."

"Yes, poor child, but I think I understand why. This time Billy found it easy to coax her down. And—I think you're in for a surprise, my boy," she smiled.

That evening he got it! While looking over the evening paper in the library, before the others came down, he was startled by a vision in misty blue, something frilly and flower-strewn, a vision which slipped quietly in and made a quaint courtesy before him.

"Good evening," remarked the vision.

"Why—ah—Oh, good evening," Mr. Bob stumbled to his feet.

"Do you usually gasp at the mere sight of an old friend?" queried the vision.

"No, only at dreams come true, Miss Cinderella," returned Mr. Bob with recovered poise. "Would you like the snapshot of yourself you gave Billy last spring? Here it is, next my heart. But you can't have it."

It was the little teacher's turn to blush. Next morning she appeared for golf in a white linen skirt, as tailored and pocketed as you please, with green satin sport coat to match the morning frock.

That afternoon for country club tea she donned a cream silk jersey frock, exquisitely simple and well cut. In the evening another marvel, something white and fluffy, flung over something pink and silky, reminding the hitherto unpoetic Mr. Bob of a cloud with sunset lining. While on Sunday a pensive Quaker maiden went to church all in cloudy gray.

With a mood to match each frock! Now coquettish, now gay, now gravely sweet. No wonder Mr. Bob was bewildered.

"What's the answer, Sis?" he sought his sister one day, having just left a very domestic-looking maiden in cool white dimity, embrodering on the porch.

Mrs. Bowman shook her head. "Perhaps she's inherited some money," she said vaguely. "But I liked her last winter, shabby clothes and all, of course."

"So did I, worse luck," groaned Mr. Bob. He determined to learn his fate that evening. But a dance was on and a wonderful frock in orchid tints embrodered in violets, low-cut and all that, averted him while the other fellows danced with her.

However, fate—or the little teacher—was kind next evening, for nothing more terrifying than a white dotted swiss, with absurdly babyish blue sash, appeared.

Oh, wise little teacher, how did you



There was a stroll and a moon, and, rather late, two supremely happy beings returned

know that the man does not exist who can resist white swiss and blue ribbons?

There was a stroll and a moon, and, rather late, two supremely happy beings returned.

"There is only one thing to which I object," Mr. Bob was saying. "You see, I used to dream as a boy of making a fortune and laying it at the feet of a lovely—Cinder—maid, changing her to a princess. I thought I'd found her last year. But, lo, the wand has already waved over her and she is a princess now."

"But I didn't make her one, so I'm almost disappointed. Tell me, Cinderella, who was the fairy godmother?"

"Why, I made these clothes myself," calmly responded the little teacher, going directly to the root of the matter.

"You—!" Mr. Bob gasped.

"Of course, so you can still make me a princess, for I have no fortune."

"But how did you make those things? Sis says they're lovely and she has an expensive dressmaker."

"I'll tell you all, as the movie heroine would say," laughed Cinderella. "I was so miserable last winter. I wanted good times and I—liked you—" ("Say it!" whispered Mr. Bob, "say you loved me.")

"But I felt so ill at ease in my poor clothes. Finally I was horrid to you, to keep you away, though it 'most killed me!'"

The moon obligingly whisked behind a passing cloud to allow Mr. Bob to express his sympathy.

"Then one of the teachers—Miss Warner—told me a way out. I had always secretly admired her clothes—and wondered how she could dress so beautifully on a teacher's salary."

"Well, she told me that she had learned right in her own boarding place, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, how to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats, even though she knew nothing at all about sewing or millinery when she began. She said that this wonderful school had taught her how to make the kind of dresses and hats she had always wanted for less than one-half their usual cost, and how to make money sewing for other people beside."

"You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote much or little time to the course and just whenever it is convenient."

"So I wrote and began the lessons. Almost at once I knew I had solved the problem. In a month I made a pretty school blouse, and then I tried a dress. I made the gray one I wore Sunday (you

seemed to like it), and I wore it to the Teacher's Institute, where I took my reading class up on the platform."

"Why didn't you tell me?" murmured Mr. Bob. "I'd have sent a bushel of roses to wear with it."

"They said I made quite a successful appearance" demurely. "And now—why, with ten dollars invested in material, I can make a lovely summer dress. And made-overs! This white is one and the lavender I wore last night came from an old dress of mother's, plus a little new chiffon. I can even make tailored things!"

"Every step is explained, you learn little tricks of the professional dressmaker, how to cut and how to copy dresses from a picture or from a model in a window."

"You learn those little touches that turn a few yards of material into a work of art, you learn your special colors and styles. Why, I could go on forever! And, just think, if you should happen to lose your money, before you could make more, I could even earn my own living making artistic clothes for others."

"Or dress your own bewitching little self so people would think I had a million dollars while I was getting on my feet again, Miss Cleverness," grinned Mr. Bob.

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Fashions

Summer Fashions at Their Height Hint of the Mode for Fall

Mon cher Editeur:—

TRUE to feminine traditions, the Parisian woman has become restless and is leaving her summer abode for other climes. Perhaps it is the fascination of traveling, especially when said traveling is done in mid-air, or then again it may be just a slight excuse to procure one of the charming new wraps which are being shown for steamer wear. These wraps are usually developed in duvetyn or homespun of a quiet color and lined with gay, brilliant, equally heavy material.

None of the charm of the outer garment is lost in those which are under it. One of the newest inventions is the "robe manteau" or coat gown, so named because it fastens down the front like a coat and still retains the appearance of a dress. Sometimes it is beltless and sometimes a narrow leather belt or metal girdle is used, but the lines are always straight up and down.

In the late summer modes one finds a hint of what is coming for Fall. The uncorseted effect is quite obvious in all models. There is still a tendency to the low waistline and both slender and flaring silhouettes are smart.

Tailored frocks are seen with long sleeves, but afternoon dresses invariably feature sleeves which measure anywhere from elbow length to four inches above.

Individuality indeed is expressed in the new trimmings. On the most severe tailor jackets one finds frivolous floral designs of oil cloth appliquéd, and tinsel and silk embroideries are conspicuous on dresses, suits and coats. Gaiety is in the air so it is only to be expected that it be reflected in clothes.

Je vous prie, cher ami, de recevoir l'expression de mes meilleurs souhaits.

Christine D.



Waist 9610
For 34-48 bust

Blouse 9607
For 34-46 bust

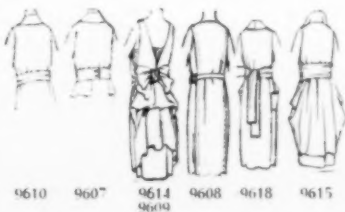


Dress 9608
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9618
For 34-46 bust

No. 9610, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch figured material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch plain for the collar and cuffs. A smart blouse for the tailored suit. The back comes forward and forms a yoke at the shoulder which hold the fulness of the front in place. Four tiny tucks are featured at either side of the center-front, and a small bow tie gives a pretty finish at the neck. It is developed in smart figured voile with collar and cuffs of coarsely woven linen in a contrasting color. Collars of all variety are returning to vogue.



9610 9607 9614 9608 9618 9615

No. 9607, LADIES' SURPLICE CLOSING BLOUSE; with circular peplums; kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch dotted net and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards insertion for the over collar and cuffs. The surplice closing blouses have sprung into favor and from all reports they intend to remain there. Besides the surplice closing this blouse features a circular peplum which is attached at the lower edge of the waist, leaving an opening at front and back. Taffeta is a suitable material for this design, especially when trimmed with lace.



Evening Waist 9614
For 34-46 bust

Skirt 9609
For 24-34 waist

No. 9608, LADIES' DRESS; panel back. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Very effective trimming is obtained by means of narrow white bands on the skirt, sleeves and about the waist.

No. 9618, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch plaid material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar, cuffs and pockets. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 9615, LADIES' DRESS; with lining; two-piece skirt with two-piece draped tunic. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch figured material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME Nos. 9614-9609.—36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 12-inch lace.

No. 9614, LADIES' EVENING WAIST; with lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1 yard of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 12-inch lace.

No. 9609, LADIES' SKIRT; with bustle overskirt; two-piece underskirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The bustle effect is exceptionally smart for afternoon and evening wear. The large bow at the back accentuates in a charming way this silhouette.

Dress 9615
For 34-46 bust

Well-Chosen Designs to Meet the Needs of Vacation Days All Expressing the Last Word of Fashion



Dress 9593
For 34-46 bust

No. 9593, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with panels, attached to lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



Dress 9521
For 34-44 bust



House Dress 9595
For 34-48 bust



Apron 9606
For small, medium, large



Sleeveless Nightgown 9625
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 909

No. 9595, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9606, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON. Designed for small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. A very charming apron for studio work.

No. 9625, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVELESS NIGHTGOWN. Designed for small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2 yards. The front is daintily embroidered, Design No. 909.

No. 9497, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9599, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt, accordion pleated. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 21-inch contrasting. Width, 3 yards.



Dress 9615
For 34-46 bust



Blouse 9605
For 34-44 bust
Skirt 9603
For 24-34 waist

No. 9615, LADIES' DRESS; with lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard 18-inch for vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9605-9603. —36 requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9605, LADIES' BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9603, LADIES' SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

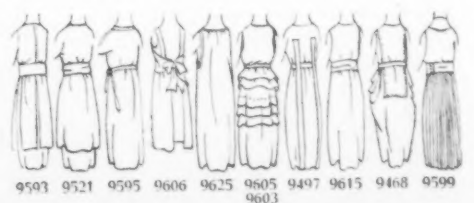
No. 9521, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



Dress 9468
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9599
For 34-46 bust



Delightfully Summery Frocks of Gingham and Voile



Dress 9617
For 34-46 bust



Blouse 9601
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9602
For 24-34 waist



Dress 9509
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9599
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9593
For 34-46 bust

No. 9617, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9541, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9541
For 34-46 bust

COSTUME Nos. 9601-9602.—36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9601, LADIES' BLOUSE; with vest. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9602, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with looped-up side panels. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9509, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 9599, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece plain skirt with loose panels. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



9617 9601 9509 9599 9593 9541 9602



Dress 9591
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9459
For 34-46 bust

No. 9616, LADIES' DRESS; basque closing on shoulder; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9616
For 34-46 bust

No. 9591, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width around the lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9459, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with peplum. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9592, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette and collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



9616 9591 9459 9592



Dress 9592
For 34-46 bust



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New Summer Fashions for Misses of Unequaled Grace and Charm



Dress 9590
For 16-20 years

No. 9624, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9480
For 16-20 years



Dress 9597
For 16-20 years

No. 9597, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt, with caught-up side panels. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9590, MISSES' DRESS; with chemisette; tie-on overwaist; two-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9624
For 16-20 years



Dress 9370
For 16-20 years

No. 9623, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with overblouse; two-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch figured material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch plain. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9600
For 16-20 years

No. 9600, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with chemisette. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 5 yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9460
For 16-20 years

No. 9460, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing side-front and at underarm. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch plain. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



9590 9624 9480 9597 9623 9370 9600 9460

No. 9370, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with chemisette; two-piece skirt, with double tunic accordion pleated. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch contrasting. Width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9480, MISSES' TIE-ON BASQUE DRESS; suitable for small women; with apron tunic; two-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Newest Summer Materials Fashion These Dainty Frocks



Dress 9490
For 16-20 years

No. 9490, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/4 yards.



Dress 9590
For 16-20 years



Dress 9208
For 16-20 years

No. 9208, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch for collar, and 3/4 yard 18-inch for vest. Width, 1 1/4 yards.



Dress 9456
For 16-20 years

No. 9456, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width is 1 1/4 yards.



Dress 9276
For 16-20 years

No. 9276, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting, and 1/4 yard 10-inch lace for vest. Width, 1 1/4 yards.



Dress 9600
For 16-20 years

No. 9600, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with chemisette. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch plaid material, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and chemisette. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/4 yards.

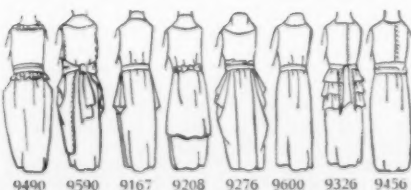
No. 9167, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 1 1/8 yards of 27-inch contrasting. Width, 1 1/2 yards. The vest and collar are simply embroidered. Design No. 782.

No. 9590, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with chemisette. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 7/8 yards of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 10-inch lace for the chemisette. Width, 1 1/4 yards.



Dress 9326
For 16-20 years

No. 9326, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt with hip ruffles. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/4 yards.



9490 9590 9167 9208 9276 9600 9326 9456



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New Suggestions for the Children's Wardrobe Designed According to the Latest Mode



Suit 9596
For 2-6 years

Dress 9619
For 2-10 years
Embroidery Design
No. 1050



Suit 9594
For 2-6 years

No. 9596, Boy's
Suit; with shield.
Designed for 2 to 6
years. 4 years re-
quires 1½ yards of
36-inch material
and ½ yard 36-
inch contrasting.

No. 9594, Boy's
Suit; blouse with
shield. Designed for
2 to 6 years. 6 years
requires 1½ yards
of 36-inch material
and ½ yard 36-
inch contrasting.



Slip-Over Dress
9620
For 2-10 years
Embroidery
Design No. 1050



Dress 9622
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 851

Suit 9586
For 6-14 years

Dress 9621
For 6-14 years

No. 9621, Girl's Dress; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt with loose side panels. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 8 yards of pleating.

No. 9586, Boy's Suit; knickerbocker trousers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2 yards of 54-inch material.



9596 9619 9594 9620 9622 9621 9586

No. 9619, CHILD'S DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece peg-top skirt. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 5 years requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A very interesting little figure is embroidered on the skirt. Design No. 1050.

No. 9620, CHILD'S SLIP-OVER DRESS; with pantalettes. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 4 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. The pantalettes are a practical feature of this smart slip-over dress, the pockets of which are effectively embroidered. Design No. 1050.

No. 9622, Girl's Dress; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt, with loose side panels caught under at hem. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material. A good-looking banding design is used as a trimming. Design No. 851. Following closely the mode of grown-ups.



Romper 9598
For 6 months to 3 years
Embroidery Design
No. 1017

Corset Waist and
Drawers 9587
For 1-6 years
Embroidery Design No. 632

No. 9587, CHILD'S
SET OF UNDERWEAR;
corset waist and one-
piece drawers. Designed
for 1 to 6 years. 3
years requires 1½
yards of 36-inch ma-
terial. The edge of the
drawers is scalloped,
Design No. 632.

Bloomers
9612
For 4-14
years



Kimono
9588
For 2-14
years



Dress 9589
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design
No. 1011

Dress 9611
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 1008

Dress 9613
For 6-14 years

No. 9613, Girl's Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material and 7½ yard 36-inch contrasting for the front panel, neck and sleeves.

No. 9598, CHILD'S ROMPER. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 2 years requires 17½ yards of 27-inch material. The pocket of this simple little romper is interestingly embroidered with an amusing motif. Design No. 1017.

No. 9588, Girl's KIMONO. Designed for 2 to 14 years. 8 years requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for the kimono, 1½ yards of 4½-inch ribbon for the collar, and 1½ yards of 2-inch for the sash. A simple garment which proves invaluable in the little girl's wardrobe.

No. 9612, Girl's PLEATED BLOOMERS; attached to underbody. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 6 years requires 17½ yards of 36-inch material for the bloomers and ¾ yard of 36-inch for the underbody. Quite an ideal model to be worn under play frocks.

No. 9589, Girl's Dress; with buttoned-on overwaist; front in two sections. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Very attractive embroidery is used. Design No. 1044.

No. 9611, Girl's Dress; opening on shoulders; panel back. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 15½ yards of 40-inch material for waist and 7½ yard 40-inch contrasting. The panel is effectively embroidered. Design No. 1008.



9598 9587 9588 9612 9589 9611 9613



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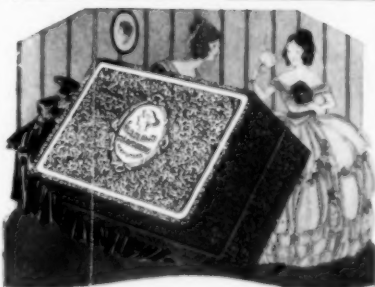
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Suit 9525
For 2-8 years

Dress 9512
For 2-10 years
Embroidery Design No. 782

Dress 9506
For 2-8 years
Embroidery Design No. 806

Dress 9537
For 6-14 years

Dress 9407
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 833

Dress 9538
For 6-14 years

No. 9526, GIRL'S DRESS; with sleeveless bolero which closes on shoulder and at underarm. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9512, CHILD'S BOX-PLEATED DRESS; closing center-front. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Embroidered in contrasting color, Design No. 782.

No. 9506, CHILD'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 2 to 8 years. 6 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Attractively embroidered, Design No. 806.

No. 9407, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch for midy and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch for skirt. The shield and sleeves are embroidered, Design No. 833.

No. 9525, BOY'S BALKAN SUIT; knee trousers, buttoned to blouse. Designed for 2 to 8 years. 5 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A very simple and practical suit for the little boy.

No. 9537, GIRL'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch plaid and 3/4 yard of 36-inch plain for the collar and cuffs.

No. 9538, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt, attached to waist at dropped waistline. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and sash.



9512 9525 9506 9537 9407 9526 9538



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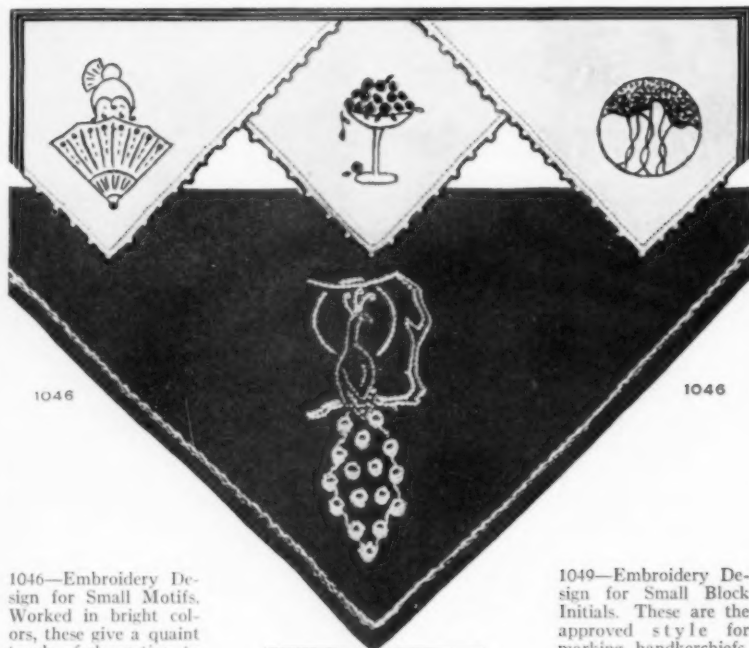
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Quaint Motifs and Correct Initials

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1046—Embroidery Design for Small Motifs. Worked in bright colors, these give a quaint touch of decoration to tea napkins. The little peacock (about 4 inches high) shows to advantage in each corner of a small black sateen scarf. The embroidery is simple but effective.

1049—Embroidery Design for Small Block Initials. These are the approved style for marking handkerchiefs, towels and napkins. The work is done in fine satin-stitch. The design is adapted to 6 alphabets, 1/4-, 3/8-, 5/8- and 1-inch high. These match initials No. 1048.

EMB

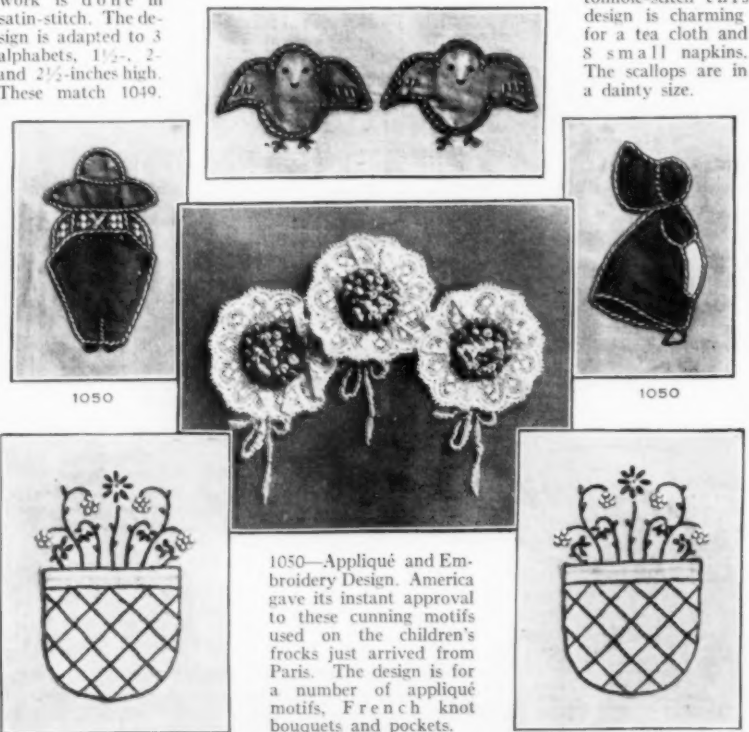


(Above) 1048-1049



1048 — Embroidery Design for Large Block Initials. These are the approved style for marking table cloths, towels and bed linen. The work is done in satin-stitch. The design is adapted to 3 alphabets, 1 1/2-, 2- and 2 1/2-inches high. These match 1049.

1047 — Embroidery Design for Butterfly Corners and Scalloped Edging. Developed in delft blue cotton in satin-, outline- and buttonhole-stitch this design is charming for a tea cloth and 8 small napkins. The scallops are in a dainty size.



1050—Appliqué and Embroidery Design. America gave its instant approval to these cunning motifs used on the children's frocks just arrived from Paris. The design is for a number of appliqué motifs, French knot bouquets and pockets.

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums



MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders, or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

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IOWA BIRD CO., Dept. N, Des Moines, Iowa

Harriet Changes Her Mind

(Continued from page 44)

"Yes," she asserted reluctantly, "I would, dear."

Her action selflessly justified, Harriet engaged a nurse.

Despite the added complexity of her household, she began to take on flesh.

But it was not so very long before her responsibilities with him recommenced. He began to talk.

"I'm sorry to have to disturb you," said the nurse one evening, "but I think you'll have to take Billy in hand, Mrs. Parker. He picks up everything he hears on the streets."

"Bring him right in, Nurse, and his father will talk to him!"

The nurse reappeared, dragging her reluctant charge behind her.

"Lee me lone! Lee me lone!" he shrilled, kicking at her ankles.

"Come here, dear!" Harriet held out her hand invitingly.

Billy advanced cautiously, and accepted the outstretched hand. He carried it quaintly to his lips. Then he bit it.

His mother jumped with pain. David threw aside his paper.

"Come here!" he commanded sternly. "This instant, sir!"

Billy toddled over, and rested his grubby hand on his father's knee.

"For God's sake, wadda wants?" He inquired distinctly.

"What do you mean by that!" sputtered David. "You must say, 'What is it, Father?'"

Billy's mood changed abruptly. He fixed his innocent eyes on his father's face. "What is it, Farver?" he repeated sweetly. "What is it Farver? What is it?" David felt foolish.

"Go-go over to your mama, and say, 'I'm sorry!'" he fenced.

Obediently, Billy ran to his mother's side, and held up his lips to be kissed.

"I see, my mummy!"

"Oh, my little darling," melted Harriet, and buried her head in his soft little neck.

He clawed her face away from his.

"Wanna piece candy!" He was suddenly businesslike.

"You'd only spoil your appetite, Boy, dear! Nurse will give you a nice, refreshing drink of water!" essayed Harriet timidly.

Billy let out a shriek, and stamped.

"Don't wanna drinky watty! Wanna piece candy, piece candy!"

"Not before supper time!" interposed his nurse firmly.

Billy plunged his small, furious body against her stolid person, and beat her stomach with his fists.

"You git out! Git out o' here. Don't like you. I'm going knock your block off."

His parents gasped. The nurse smiled smugly.

"There, you see! He says everything! And, of course, I can only take care of him, Mrs. Parker."

"Of course!" repeated Harriet stupidly.

"Billy, dear, you're very naughty, and you hurt Mother! Come here!"

Billy lurched toward her, and made a wild slap for her face.

"I'm going to whip him, now!" cried David.

"Don't, dear!" pleaded Harriet. "Let me attend to him this once! Please!"

David subsided, muttering to himself. Harriet turned to the nurse.

"Give him a piece of candy," said she wearily, "and take him to bed!"

It was with tacit agreement that they avoided the subject of Billy, after he was carried, shrieking, from the room.

"I wish," remarked David casually, "you'd go to see Mamma tomorrow!"

"I can't go," replied his wife, dully.

"Oh, you always have an excuse when I ask you to go to see my folks!" retorted David pettishly.

"It's not an excuse this time, dear! It's a catastrophe! It's the nurse's day out!"

A few mornings later, they were sitting at the breakfast table.

The bell rang. Manda came in with the mail, and Harriet looked over it. Withdrawing one letter, she glanced through it, and stuck it hastily in her blouse.

"What's it?" queried David between hasty gulps of coffee.

"Oh, just a bill!" she answered indifferently.

David left for the office. Manda shuffled in to clear away the dishes.

She bent heavily to pick up a piece of bread that Billy had dropped. There was a white card lying beside Harriet's chair.

"Mis' Parker!" she drawled.

Harriet's head was in the ice-box.

"Well?"

"Yoh-all want this heah cahd, Mis' Parker? It spell—'Chile Study Membership Blank,' Mis' Parker!"

Harriet appeared suddenly at the dining-room door. Her face was flushed.

"I'll take the card, Manda," she said stiffly, holding out her hand.



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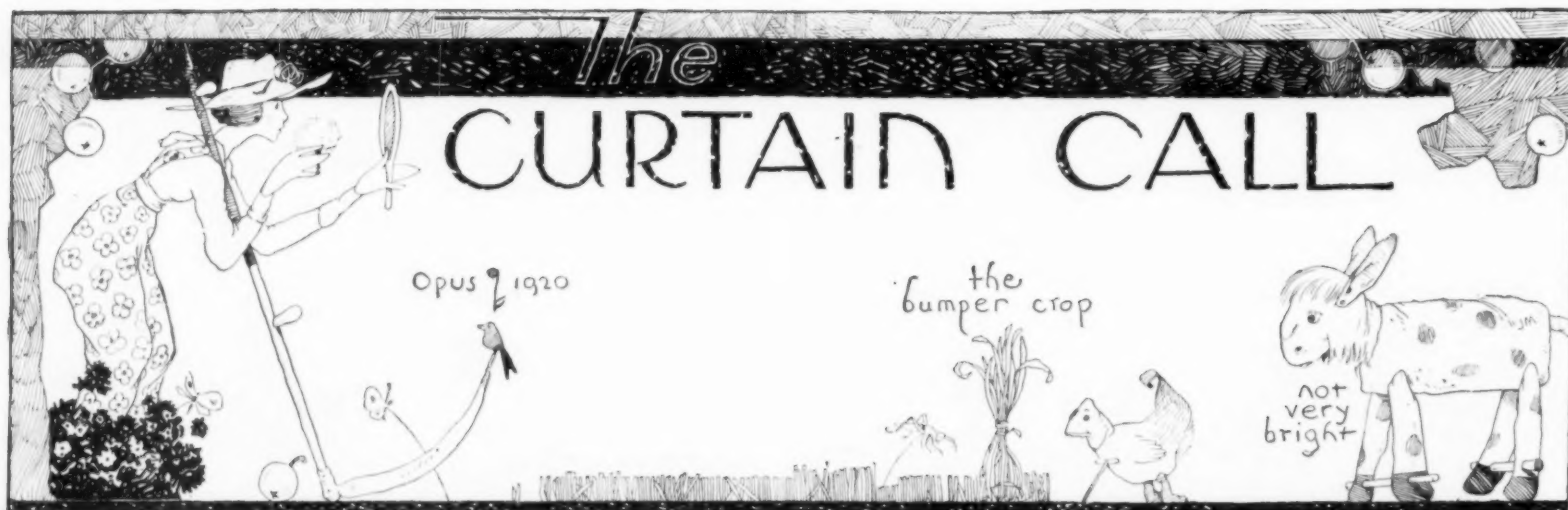
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Real Stuff

TO our mind, Mrs. Penfield of The Custard Cup is this season's champion among literary heroines. Florence Bingham Livingston, who set her down on paper, is a person whom Mrs. Penfield herself would approve. She was born on a farm in Burlington, Vermont, lived there during her childhood, and has spent most of her life in California. Let her tell the story of her own life:

"On one side of my family are generations of open-handed, fun-loving individuals; on the other, a long line of thrifty, serious-minded Puritan pioneers. I accepted inheritance from both; as a result, I get a double viewpoint on any subject, which I fancy is the secret of the unfailing freshness and diversity which the humdrum facts of human existence always have for me.

"Like a chameleon, I enjoy fitting into different backgrounds. I have a college degree tucked away, but I can put on a gingham uniform, dig my piece-work check out of its wooden pocket in a cannery, and sling slang till no one suspects that I have a thought beyond a peach pit and what will be doing at the band concert on Saturday night. I have been in intimate association with fabulous wealth, and I have had the higher privilege of picking blackberries at four cents a drawer, side by side with men and women who didn't know the taste of butter.

"I hate receptions, artificial amenities, and the unnecessary machinery of social living; I love the out-of-doors, books, animals, and particularly human beings.

"When I was eight, I decided that the time was ripe for me to write a book. With a long pencil and a huge piece of wrapping paper, I sprawled on the floor and waited for the first sentence—which never came. My surprise amounted to shock, which kept me from further attempts till I left college. Then, without preliminaries, I reeled off two novel-length manuscripts, each of which made one trip to a publisher. When they returned, I buried them in my desk, and gave up the descriptive business of writing. I have managed the house, done the family sewing, worked in an office, painted china, investigated industrial conditions by first-hand experience, reported for newspapers, and given illustrated lectures on the San Francisco Exposition."

Reading The Custard Cup, however, you will agree that her literary career has advanced since she was eight years old.

No Barrier

AUNT CINDY, the cook in a certain Virginia family, was famous for her beaten biscuit—and her piety. No camp-meeting was successful without her as leader of the "testifying."

One night, the master of the house was surprised to discover Cindy setting out for her home with a chicken, incompletely concealed beneath her apron. He reproached



her. "How can you pray and sing with this sin on your conscience? Do you think you can deceive the Lord?"

"Laws, Marse Tom," said the culinary saint, indignantly, "do you'se think ah'se goin' to let one little chicken come between me and Mah Jesus?"

A Queen's English

MRS. STEVENS had offered liberal wages and privileges; but still the general houseworker seemed a little undecided about coming. "Do you do your own stretchin'?" she asked suddenly.

"Do we do our own what?" Mrs. Stevens asked, puzzled. "Stretchin'," repeated the woman. "Do you put all the food on the table and stretch for it yourself, or do I have to shuffle it around to you?"

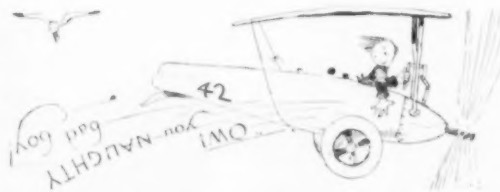
Probably!

HOW nice!" said the amiable Mrs. Brown to the little Jones girl who had just acquired a new little sister. "And is the new baby going to stay?"

"Oh, I think so," said Miss Jones confidently, "she's got her things off, anyway."

Going Down

LITTLE Carol's Aunt Augusta was always pointing out to Carol's mother the weak point in her son's development. One day, after Aunt Augusta had ended a trying visit, little Carol remarked that he wanted, of all things, an airship. "An airship," repeated his mother. "Why an airship?"



"So I could fly high up in the air with Aunt Augusta, higher and higher, until I just couldn't go any more."

"And then?" asked his mother, curiously.

"And then," said Carroll, savagely, "I'd drop Aunt Augusta."

A Lady Moans:

I AM grown old!
On earth there is no ease;
My heart throbs hold
Such countless agonies.

I am so old,
God has not heard my pleas,
My thoughts unfold
But hopeless memories.

I am too old
To care, should life displease,
Too old to mold
Dreams to realities—

I am thirty.

Polka Dots

THIS year the girls are all wearing them again. When great-grandmother was a girl, they were fashionable too. Polka dot was as extreme and fashionable a frippery as today's ankle wrist-watch. You may have thought that the polka dot was as ancient a material as the plaid, which Cleopatra is said to have worn on cool mornings by the Nile. Not quite so ancient. Back in the thirties of the nineteenth century, a Hungarian dance professor, traveling through Bohemia near the Polish border, saw a little peasant girl dancing a strange new step, which he memorized, and took back to Prague with him. He called it the Polka—which is the feminine of Polak. In 1839 the polka was the rage of the world—like the fox-trot, or the jazz today.

In 1844, James I. Polk was running for President. The Polka came in, and the Polk party appropriated it. The merchants and manufacturers began to trade upon this coincidence. Godey's Lady Book was filled with Polka hats, and finally appeared the next design in fabrics for gentlemen: "Polka dots." Every generation has worn them since.

In 1920, no doubt, young girls will startle society by introducing georgette crêpe—until some historian produces an old magazine, and Fashion, the old copy-cat, is caught imitating herself again.

The Dark Horse

WHEN Mrs. Jones asked her husband why the Great Unknown is always referred to as a 'dark horse' rather than a chestnut or a cob, he couldn't tell her. But the New York Tribune told her. Down in Kentucky, a new and unknown dark horse ran away with unexpected honors on the track. Now it is a political byword.

Such expressive phrases belong to all time. Julius Caesar might have so referred to Anthony, Othello to his Iago. Thackeray has referred to the 'dark horse' in a parliamentary election. Lord Bryce, in his American Commonwealth, explains its significance as an American expression:

A dark horse is a person not very widely known in the community at large, but known rather for good than for evil. . . . Speaking generally, the note of the dark horse is respectability varying on colorlessness, a good sort of person to fall back upon when able but dangerous favorites have proved impossible."

Open Doors

SOMETIME, after setting down a story like John Fleming Wilson's "Uncharted Reefs," you wonder how and where he got it. We quote his letter:

"If anyone could spend a week with me he would quit with the feeling that I was an odd-knowledge junkman. I can inform you accurately as to the latest freight rate down the Sacramento River to San Francisco on 25,000 barrels of salted shad for China. I can give you an account of the queer love-affair of James Q. Smither, one-time Woo-sung pilot, afterward skipper of the ill-fated Cypromene, who traded an eighteen-pound oyster which a half-caste Macao comprador wanted for his best girl. I know the name of the pawnbroker off Shaftesbury Avenue who bought Capt. Evan Evans' watch, sold it to a girl working extra at East Croyden, and how the girl's employer found the watch in an old glove and remembered that the passengers of the S. S. Kow-lun, after a typhoon, recommended him to the Board of Trade.

"All this is my material for the stories I write. I used to think that I went and found all these things out so that I could write; now I know that I am the slave of the things I know and can't help putting them down so that other people will understand why Tom Barrett went and did so and so.

"Not long ago I was in San Diego. I came into the hotel and a woman stepped up and called me 'captain'—which title I once bore. I didn't recognize her.

"Have you seen Arthur?" she asked.

"I know hundreds of Arthurs, but only one with whom her voice was associated.

"I thought he had gone to the dogs," I said, unthinkingly.

"No," she said quietly. "To me."

"It was as if a door had opened and I stood in a blaze of light. Arthur turned up presently and one glance was enough; the man whom we had all thought gone to the devil had done no such thing."

That is the real fun of life: to label So-and-So as a dead bird or a poor fish, and then come around the corner and discover that So-and-So fought his battle and won it.

Progress

THIS new generation is disconcerting and exhausting. So often it knows too much. It is a pleasure therefore to read some of the strange facts ascertained in the public-school examination papers, which we quote from a recent number of the *American Child*:

"Romulus obtained the first citizens of Rome by opening a lunatic asylum."

"There were no Christians among the early Gauls; they were mostly lawyers."

"The king was not to order taxes without the consent of Parliament."

"Georgia was settled by people who had been executed."

"In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this is known as Pilgrims' Progress."

"Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward."

"George Washington married Mary Custis, and in due time became the Father of His Country."

"Shakespeare founded 'As You Like It' on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge."

"Tennyson wrote 'In Memorandum.'"

"I don't know anything about the constitution as I was born in Kansas."

"A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives."

Peace

ONE fine spring evening, Mr. Murphy sat on his front door-step, enjoying the balmy air. His neighbor, O'Donnell, happened along. "And where is Mrs. Murphy?" he asked "That she is not with you on your own front door-step?"

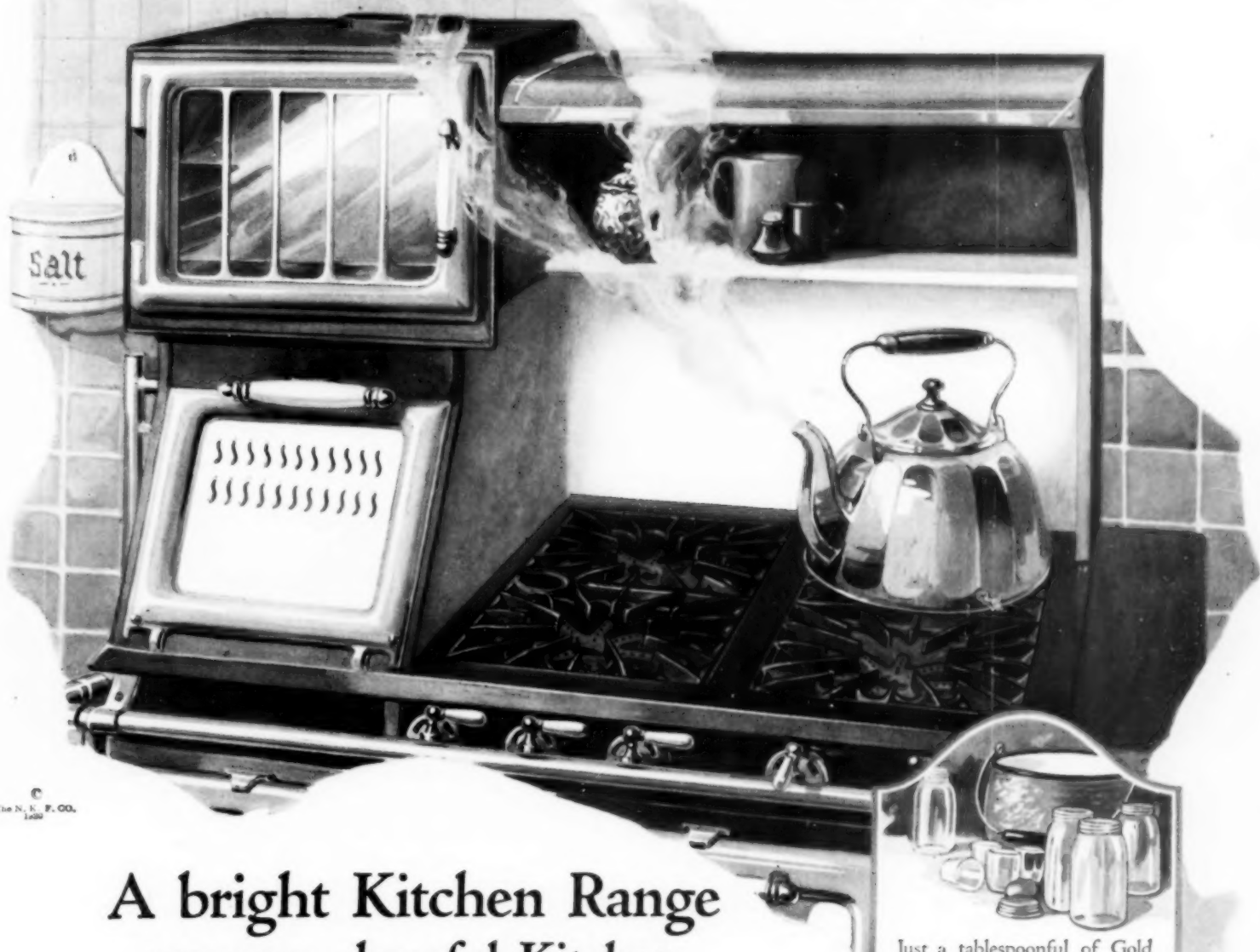


"She has gone," said Mr. Murphy, "for a change of air."

"Has she indeed?" answered the interested O'Donnell. "And I suppose it is to Coney Island or Newport that she is gone?"

"Ye suppose wrong," answered Mr. Murphy. "And isn't she seated this moment at the back door-step?"

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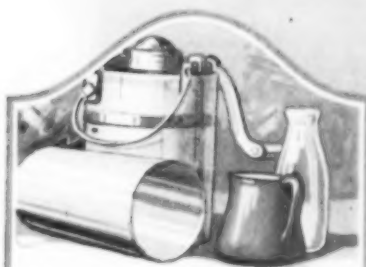
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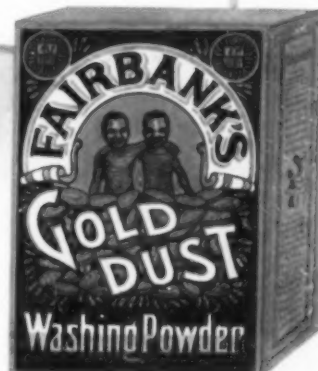
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Cashmere Bouquet *The favorite perfumed soap for three generations*

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Its flower-born fragrance is delicate, yet lasting; piquant, yet refined; reminiscent, yet elusive. Nor is that exquisite perfume its sole attraction, for Cashmere Bouquet is luxuriant in its lather and so wholesomely pure that it is safe even for baby's delicate skin.

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